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THE PEACH'S PROGRESS

"Understand, People, There's Just One Person Who's Going to Have the Handling and Spending of This Money. That Person's Me!"

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

GEORGINA had washed out that sensible little blue frock of hers, and Peach had washed out her foolish little heliotrope one, side by side, in washbowls, on the back porch, and now they had to hang them out to dry. There was a fierce sun like a fire, and a gentle wind, soft as soft, so that the frocks would be ready for the iron, in their mother's hot kitchen, in no time.

From the blowy little drying ground Peach could look over a tumbled wall covered with clematis, and see, across another garden and another wall and a street, the windows of the office of Lenville's one lawyer. And above the wire blind that shrouded the lower half of the left-hand window she could see a head, rising, and then dipping again to its work. She knew that Lawyer Goodman's son Harry was stealing looks at her in the blowy drying ground, and that Georgina saw this too.

All the time as they washed and then pegged out the frocks, Georgina was upbraiding Peach sternly:

"You ought not to have done it, Peach Robinwood; you simply ought not to have even thought of such a thing without asking your mother and father first."

"And you, I s'pose, Georgina."

"Oh, I don't say me. I'm only your elder sister. I'm nothing in your young life. But that you should dare go and do it without asking your mother and your father beats me. What mother will have to say about it I don't like to think."

"Father ——"

"Father'll say exactly the same as mother."

"He always does say exactly the same as mother," said Peach.

"None of your sneers about mother and father now, Peach Robinwood," said the virtuous Georgina; "you'll please to remember they're mine as well as yours, and I won't stand for it. But I repeat that what they'll say when they see what you've done I don't like to think."

"No more do I," said Peach; and she leaned up against a plum tree in full blossom, as though, feeling hardened, abandoned, wanton as doubtless she was, she needed its support.

"This old plum tree, Georgina," she said, kissing its trunk, "knows every bit about you and me, right from when we were babies till now that we're grown up."

"You never will be properly grown up," answered Georgina, and she picked up the basket of pegs, prepared to go indoors.

"Where are you going?" demanded Peach.

Georgina paused, reproach in every line of her. "It's a good thing some people can remember when it's baking day, even if others can't; and can remember mothers don't keep as young as they used to be, even if some people think they do."

"If that means you're going in to cook on this boiling afternoon, just stop a minute first. Listen!"

"I'm listening."

"You're not to tell her about me."

"I'm sure I don't want to. I don't like breaking my mother's heart, even if you do. She's got trouble enough surely."

"What trouble, Georgina?" said Peach.

"What trouble? I like that!" Georgina paused.

"She's got a home and a husband and two daughters," said Peach, "but there's nothing else the matter with her, is there?"

"No doubt you'll understand better, as mother often says, when you're a married woman—if any man's ever rash enough to marry you."

"I've never met a man yet who didn't somehow seem to like me," said Peach.

"That sort of liking!" said Georgina.

"Well," Peach murmured in a soft voice, "what sort of liking do you get, anyway?"

"Miss Clever!" said Georgina, turning.

"Mind," said Peach after her, "you don't say a word. I'm going to keep out of the way till suppertime, when dad's home; and by then I'll have fixed it somehow so that they can't say a word to me."

"I'd like to know how you think you'll do that."

"So'd I," said Peach.

Georgina went indoors.

"No doubt it's a good thing," said Peach to the plum tree, "that the Lord made good girls as well as bad ones; or who'd iron my little heliotrope this afternoon when she finds it's dried bone dry and I'm not there to take it down?"

Peach sat down on the grass under the plum tree for a little while to think, and she could see Harry's head bob up and down again as he stole his furtive looks at her. She thought of her parents and of Georgina, who, pious neighbors always said, would get her reward some day.

"But when is some day?" Peach thought. "And what is the reward?"

She knew that her own reward was supposed to be Harry Goodman; and that, equally, it was supposed to be entirely undeserved.

Peach reflected on Harry. She leaned against the old plum tree and closed her eyes and thought. Supposing she followed her mother's urging and her father's advice and agreed to marry Harry. Lawyer Goodman would at once—being a wonderful and generous man, people said—buy a building lot and start to build upon it a two-story house for the young people. Around this house there would be more or less of an imaginative garden tightly fenced in from the surrounding lots. Inside this house Peach would dust and clean and cook and sew and mind ba——

"Babies!" said Peach, opening her eyes with a start.

And they would go to the cinema in the evenings, and occasionally give a formal party to the local residents.

Life!

"Life!" said Peach to herself sardonically, and she laughed; and Harry's head bobbed up and down again for the twentieth time.

This time she gave him a little signal with a little handkerchief. The handkerchief was of bright orange and made a gay little flag in the sunlight. She flicked this slowly five times. It meant, "Five o'clock."

That the five o'clock meeting would be at Amy Crawford's was taken for granted. Amy was her greatest friend, and she was always round there in the afternoons unless her mother frustrated her. And Peach, as she rose from the grass and followed two dancing butterflies down the garden, wondered how Amy was feeling about it now—this unauthorized rebellious thing that they had done together just an hour ago, simply to show Lenville their defiance.

As she slipped through the garden, keeping out of range of the kitchen window, Peach pulled on her shady hat, which had lain beside her on the grass under the plum tree, shook out her scant skirt, hitched her stockings, and developed from the immature hoyden who had argued with Georgina into an entrancing young lady about to walk, to the admiration of everybody, down the principal street of a small town.

And, indeed, no sooner was she upon the tree-shaded sidewalk than she felt the usual attention fluttering about her. It was amazing to see how many perspiring storekeepers in their shirt sleeves felt it necessary to come to their doors at that particular time to take the air, and how many youths darted quickly out of offices with letters to post, and how all such male inhabitants of Lenville as happened to be walking up the street, too, were constrained to stop Peach to ask how her mother was. And her mother was probably, physically, the strongest woman in the town. And when they had satisfied themselves about her mother, yet they could not let Peach go, but proceeded to the health of her father and then to the health of Georgina.

Peach went on up the sidewalk, past the boot store of Papa Lepscheim. He had the loveliest shoes in Lenville; indeed, a pair of his gaudiest summer sandals shod Peach at this very moment; and if you bent and looked down you could always see the gnarled old man working away at repairs in his basement workroom, the top of whose window just stretched above the level of the street. Generally, Peach bent and looked in and smiled, though today she was too preoccupied in thinking, "I wonder what Amy feels about it now." But Papa Lepscheim looked up if she did not look down, and as he saw her slender legs and those sandals going by, he smiled to himself under his unsanitary old beard.

Peach hastened up Amy's garden path to the two-story house, just such a house as Lawyer Goodman would build for a young couple if—if ——

There were Amy's two small children playing about by the chicken run, very dirty, and sticky with the candy they were nibbling; but Amy herself was indoors, cutting out rompers on the dining-room table.

"Amy!"

"My dear!"

They ran together and kissed and patted each other as if they had not met for quite a week, whereas they had parted but a little while ago after a mutual conspiracy of revolt.

"How do you feel about it now, Amy?"

"I daren't think. How do you?"

Little young Mrs. Crawford passed a hand over the back of her head, cropped by Peach but two hours ago; and Peach threw off her hat and felt her head, cropped by Amy.

"I feel fine."

"S-s-so do I. But you're not married."

"Does it make so much difference if you're married or not?"

"I should think so! What he'll say ——"

"Tell him to mind his own business."

"Should you?"

"I should." *(Continued on Page 122)*

"Peach Robinwood! Of All the—If Ever I—Your Father Would Die—of All the Unheard of, Outrageous—Take Off Those Furs!"

THE DOCTOR

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

"Good!" She Said. "You Say, I Do It! You Say Live: I am Your Dona! You Say Die: I am Your Dona!"

IT WAS *untagati*—bewitched—already, that grove of palms, with lesser growth crowding around the knees of them, because of the aged witch doctor who had been found dead there and left to rot where he lay. There were bones of him yet, white as negro teeth, dragged here and there through great grave aisles of the palms by the jackals; and it was here that the men of the Assouti tribe carried their women, afflicted by the strange new plague, and laid them out to die. They were women only; the ghastly thing had so far not struck at the men; they lay on the ground where they were put; they died with clockwork regularity; and the hostile heathen villages that stood at the lips of the valley—outlines of domed brown huts against the sky, with sullen staring armed men massed before them—watched as Dr. Arthur Pringle lifted one limp black body after another in his arms and carried it to the great pyre which stood ready for the torch.

It was said of the Assouti that they never laughed. But the doctor was too far off to see. But beside the pyre there knelt a slender girl, nursing a little fire of wood whence the torch should be lighted. As he arrived with his last pitiful black burden, she looked up. His ample camp, with its many servants, its comforts and its decencies, was full a mile away; no threats or promises would drive the negroes nearer to the place of death.

For assistant, for aid and companionship, he had only this morsel of courage and endurance who knelt beside the fire, a golden-hued, great-eyed *dona* of the coast of East Africa, doll-like in her littleness and as pretty as a Madonna of Raphael. He was himself a tall man, well into the middle age, gaunt and angular. He had heard of the epidemic at his mission upon the Zambesi, and had hastened down forthwith to that land which makes hell credible and proves that instead of a devil there are many devils. And doctor though he was, he had discovered nothing of the nature of the epidemic save that its symptoms were definite, that it attacked only women, and that it was invariably fatal. It was new and it was dire.

He arranged his limp burden in some decency upon the pyre. He busied himself for some moments in heaping the wood of the pile to a more orderly fashion: then stood upright and wiped the sweat from his brow with his bare forearm.

"Now?" asked the girl, still kneeling. Her voice was low and rich, but her tone was commonplace and matter-of-fact.

He answered in a manner as casual as hers; of course, it was from him that she had learned that manner of unemotional utterance. She rose; she had in her hand the torch made of the central ribs of dried palm leaves, a bundle of them, flaming at their tips. He stood labor stained, gaunt and markedly ugly, yet somehow with that effect of grooming and breeding which men of his type and class never lose. He watched her, almost abstractedly, as she waved the torch to and fro in the air to give life to its flame; he still looked on while she leaned forward and thrust the flame into its prepared place among the sun-dried boughs. They caught immediately; fire spouted up in a jet; and among the negroes on the hillside there was a stir of movement.

They both stepped slowly back from the scorch of the fire.

"Well," he said when they were under the shade of the trees, "only four left now! And no hope! Never has been from the beginning."

The girl looked up at him; they can battle with looks, these girl-women of the East, as men can battle with swords. And yet there was a restraint in her; it was easy to guess where she had learned it. Her voice was still quiet as she spoke.

"I 'ave told you," she said; "you 'ave done nothing—only give your life for dirty black womens. An' give my life, too," she added. "You work for them; you carry them in your arms. Now they 'ate you; they 'fraid of you."

She paused. Her newly acquired and imitated manner of speech and gesture still held her. Her great black eyes were alight; there was fear and fervor in them.

Doctor Pringle looked down to her. It is well sometimes to encounter a man who is fastidious in his aversions, who fears cowardice more than he fears death, who loves duty more than he loves reward. And Dr. Arthur Pringle, with his beak of a nose and his thin mouth set on a slant, his great bony hands and his narrow chest, was one of these.

"It is tonight," she said in that deep voice of hers. "Tonight, Art'ur. Oh!"

She could imitate him, up to a point, as a boy imitates his hero. But the fire in her was only quelled, not quenched. Of a sudden she flamed. Her tiny hands, the color of yellow-rose leaves, clutched at the bosom of his shirt. She seemed to make an effort to shake him, to force him to her will.

And he, from his height, smiled down upon her with those lips that were wry but never unkindly. She was urging him, pleading with him.

"You mus' go! They are all round us, but per'aps you can get through. It is one chance—the one chance! Or else —— Shall I see you be carried to the fire like you showed them w'at to make? I shall see that—yes? An' you think I can live? Art'ur, Art'ur, save me from that! Not for you, Art'ur; not for you! For me, Art'ur! For me!"

He still had that crooked smile as he laid his hand on her head.

(Continued on Page 107)

HINDENBURG—By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHEN the world read at the breakfast table on April twenty-seventh last that Field Marshal von Hindenburg had been elected president of Germany, the general impression was that democracy, or as much of it as had existed since the revolution of 1918, was ditched and that a new era of sword rattling, with all its dangerous possibilities, was at hand. Nor was it an unreasonable supposition.

The former chief of all the Teutonic armies, comrade in arms of Ludendorff, answerable in those stirring battle days to none but the Kaiser himself, likewise the royal favorite and a war idol as well, had been lifted with dramatic suddenness to be head of the republic that had risen out of the ruins of a stupendous and disastrous struggle. In that dark hour of defeat and disillusionment Germany had thrown off the imperial trappings and—structurally at least—dedicated herself to an order in which socialism was predominant.

It seemed incredible therefore that the grizzled old warrior who had emerged from the conflict with a sort of legendary glamour, and whose name was synonymous with reaction, could reconcile himself to the democratic idea. His success at the polls dazed a Europe that had believed itself shock-proof. It remains the outstanding political phenomenon of these shifting times.

Alongside Hindenburg's election, the return of Caillaux is a mere incident. Economic necessity dictated the French Finance Minister's comeback. The restoration of Hindenburg to the spotlight, on the other hand, is invested with high political, as well as economic, significance which does not altogether escape us.

No wonder the echo of the Hindenburg landslide—his majority was nearly a million—was amazement not unmixed with alarm and apprehension. Most of the Continent, as well as England, at once beheld William Hohenzollern polishing up his eagle-crested helmet, rusty from long disuse, and giving notice to the servants at Doorn. It saw the Dawes Plan scrapped, the security pact imperiled, and finally the reappearance of the mailed fist flashing defiance. At the very moment that peace, amity and coördination were setting up their abode amid the once-embroiled peoples, along came this bolt shot by the German electorate.

A Middle-of-the-Road President

WITH his inauguration, Hindenburg took the oath to support the republic, and he has done this ever since. Instead of being the white hope of reaction and the advance agent of a monarchy reborn, he has so far proved to be just the reverse. The old Junker crowd, that is the extreme right, expected him to be the peg upon which to hang a new era of glory. The radicals firmly believed that he would afford them every provocation for condemnation and worse. He has disappointed most of his old colleagues, and at the same time given the Socialists and even the pinker elements nothing to complain about. The reds, of course, have a chronic grouch that the millennium could not relieve.

With the blunt ruggedness of a soldier—and soldiering is his profession—Hindenburg has played no favorites and pursued a middle policy, animated by the sense of duty that is his fetish. You readily comprehend this when you talk with him.

President Hindenburg Riding Through Essen When He Went to Attend the Celebration of the Liberation of the Ruhr

Hindenburg's closest crony, curiously enough, and almost inseparable companion on his frequent shooting trips, is Herr Braun, the Socialist President of Prussia. There are strange political bedfellows in Germany these days.

The instance afforded by the reception of the delegation from the Army and Navy Veterans' Association is characteristic of Hindenburg's presidential attitude. A few weeks after the inauguration a group of former army and navy officers called at the palace to pay their respects. They were surprised to find their old chief and comrade attired in a frock coat, which, by the way, is the present-day Hindenburg uniform.

Before they could utter a word the president said sternly, "Why have you come here in uniform when you were expressly told not to do so?"

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The Presidential Palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin

The spokesman of the delegation answered, "We have worn our uniforms because our civilian clothes are all worn out. These garments are the best that most of us have."

"In that case I will forgive your offense," was Hindenburg's answer.

Anti-Red

AFTER the usual greetings and congratulations had been extended, the leader pulled a petition embodying a request for certain reforms out of his pocket. Before he could hand it over, the president said:

"I cannot accept your petition. If the reforms that you suggest are as good as you say they are, they will come to me in the natural course of events. I cannot listen to any special pleading or make promises."

The big point to be emphasized here at the start is that in place of the bemedaled and martial figure with which the whole world is familiar, Hindenburg, the Reichspräsident, to give him his German title, is today revealed as a benign and frock-coated old gentleman—he is seventy-eight, an astonishing age at which to assume such strenuous responsibilities—who is building up a new tradition. You have only to cross-examine the Germans of all classes, as I did over more than a fortnight's period, to find that a remarkable evolution is in process. A god of war—the second Thor, the Germans used to call him—is, it would seem, being transformed into a deity of peace.

Nor is his fresh entry into the people's affections due to any drastic power that rests with Hindenburg. Under the constitution, the president of Germany functions precisely like the King of England. He is a sort of show piece who signs state documents, is nominal commander in chief of the army and navy, and does the social thing. He has none of the sweeping authority vested in the President of the United States. Real state stewardship in Germany rests with the Chancellor and the cabinet.

Hindenburg's hold upon practically every class except the communists grows out of respect for his achievements and his character. He entered upon peace with less criticism than any other outstanding German war figure.

Ludendorff beat it to Sweden almost the moment hostilities ceased. On his return he plunged into politics, the excursion ending in his overwhelming defeat for president in the first national election, in which he received only 280,000 votes out of more than 30,000,000 cast. His war performance, which was distinguished both in strategy and organization, is lost in the political obscurity which is now his fate.

Hindenburg saw his bitter job through to the finish. He conducted the retreat and demobilization of the German armies. It was largely due to his poise and calm reconciliation with the inevitable that Germany was spared the horrors of anarchy. When he laid aside his sword, it was to retire to the peace and quiet of a little house on the Seelhorst Strasse in his native city of Hanover—a gift from the people—where he lived without the slightest participation in public affairs until what he considered a national duty brought him to the fore.

Much of the same spirit that inspired his immediate post-Armistice conduct guides him now. In the stately palace in Berlin which is now his home he has set up a new G. H. Q., where he is commander in chief of the reorganized forces of normalcy. The stabilization of the mark has been duplicated, through his election, by

a kindred stabilization of politics so far as it is humanly possible to achieve it in a country where there are twenty-seven parties. But he has done more.

Hindenburg is the new bulwark against Bolshevism. It was the acute fear of a fresh red offensive, following the outrages in Bulgaria last spring, that contributed to the old field marshal's election—that and the women of Germany. The *Deutsche Hausfrau* and her sisters of nearly every social station marched by the million to the polls on that fateful Sunday in April and put the cross alongside the name of the man whom they believed would bring order. Hindenburg brought out the biggest woman vote ever known in Germany.

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An Autographed Portrait Taken Since He Became President

It is worth relating, too, that the election of Hindenburg meant more than a complete upset of all prophecies. It was the strongest wallop yet administered to the German communists. They showed a loss of nearly 2,000,000 votes. This is highly significant, because the German Reds have always been the particular protégés of Moscow. Ever since 1918 the Bolos have lavished money, energy and their best talents to disrupt the Reich. It has been their favorite hunting preserve.

One reason why Hindenburg swept into office was that, on an eleventh-hour decision, the average German decided to take his chances with all that he stood for—that is, in tradition and temperament—as against the possibility of a fresh incursion of the crimsoned gentry who still seek to dominate the universe through fear and force.

One more commentary will serve to round out the approach to Hindenburg the man. The German Reichspräsident expresses the fourth emphatic rebuke to radicalism. In the rising tide of world conservatism which means the ultimate doom of communism, Coolidge scored first with an overwhelming election that gave the radicals no comfort. Then came Stanley Baldwin in England, whose government succeeded a régime that veered strongly to the left. Third developed in France the downfall of Herriot. And now Hindenburg.

The Ban of Silence

HENCE, viewed from almost every angle, Hindenburg is at the moment perhaps the most suggestive figure in European public life, for personal as well as for political analysis. Mussolini is invested with dramatic glamour, but he has been written about and interviewed to the limit. The new Caillaux likewise has had many close-range historians. Benes, the strong man of Czecho-Slovakia, well-nigh perished with the Geneva Protocol, but not until he had had his ample say in public print.

So, too, with Lloyd George, Tchitcherin and Poincaré. Despite the universal familiarity with Hindenburg's war activities—and no figure in that titanic struggle had so remarkable a rise—he has had no first-hand interview.

Although I had other missions in Germany, my principal human objective was Hindenburg. Aside from the peculiar pertinency and problem that attached to his elevation to the presidency, I had a strong desire to meet the generalissimo.

I began the campaign on the day I reached Germany. Fortunately I met Herr Stresemann, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Dr. O. C. Kiep, chief of the press section at the Foreign Office, at a luncheon almost immediately. The moment that I expressed my desire to meet and interview the president I went bang up against a stone wall. I discovered, first of all, that there is an unwritten law that no German president can give an interview. This precedent was established by Ebert, who never talked with journalists. It was, of course, the familiar never-done-before argument that I have encountered and been forced to combat and overcome in the course of my work all the way from Tokio to London.

Perhaps this ban of silence grew out of the former Kaiser's adventures and indiscretions with interviewers. His famous interview, published in the Daily Telegraph of London, was really the prelude to Agadir, which brought Europe to the brink of war. His equally famous but unpublished talk intended for the Century likewise developed into an international episode. It was not only set up but the magazine was ready for distribution when his advisers, alarmed at his frank criticisms of his contemporaries, especially the Czar, prevailed upon him to have it withdrawn.

A President Who Doesn't Talk

BE THAT as it may, Hindenburg respected the Ebert precedent from the start. It appealed especially to him. He was first and last a soldier, and he believed in deeds and not words. During the war, when it was good propaganda to do so, he gave only two interviews. He made no speeches during his campaign, merely issuing a radio address which enunciated his platform. Furthermore, he strictly avoids touching on specific political subjects in his conversations with foreign visitors.

It is only fair to say that in avoiding interviewers Hindenburg makes no god of himself. He is merely respecting a precedent. In reality, as I discovered, he is a simple old man who is fundamentally very human. He is what the Germans call *gemütlich*, which means congenial. Whenever the occasion offers he gets into his green shooting togs and goes out to his little hunting lodge not far from Potsdam, often accompanied by Herr Braun, and has a day's sport. On these expeditions he stops to gossip with the farmers and makes himself generally agreeable.

Accustomed to the flow of publicity from the White House, much of it the result of direct contact with the chief executive, Americans will be surprised to learn of this bottling up of the German president. There is no similar restriction, however, on other members of the government. Every Friday afternoon the Chancellor or some other high official goes to the weekly tea given by the press section of the Foreign Office and is heckled by the foreign and other correspondents. Sometimes more than fifty assemble there. I attended one of these gatherings when Stresemann was the target. I was amazed at the questions hurled at him. He answered all with good grace.

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Receiving a Bouquet on His Arrival at Bochum on the Ruhr

I was determined to see Hindenburg. When I discovered that a straight interview was out of the question, I suggested an audience. This also had never been done before with a journalist. An audience would enable me to meet the president face to face at any rate. From long experience with difficult subjects I felt that once I got to him I would be able to extract something—a message at least—out of him for publication. Such proved to be the case. The audience was arranged. It was distinctly understood, let me add, that though technically I went in a private capacity, so to speak, I was to write my impressions of him.

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Hindenburg Reviewing Troops at the Maneuvers in Mecklenburg, the Only Time He Has Appeared in Uniform Since His Inauguration

In His Strenuous Seventies

INCIDENTALLY, there was another difficulty. Despite his great age, Hindenburg is almost constantly on the go. Two weeks before I reached Germany he had attended the autumn maneuvers of the German *Reichswehr* in Mecklenburg, standing for hours while the troops filed by. Yet he withstood this strain easily. During my first week in Berlin he spent three strenuous days in the Ruhr as chief guest at the festivities to celebrate the liberation of the region from the French. He made two or three speeches each day, attended various banquets and returned to the capital in fine fettle. His physical hardihood, considering his years, is little short of amazing.

The time for the audience was set for a Wednesday morning at quarter-past ten o'clock. To have conformed strictly to etiquette, I should have worn the old-time frock coat, to which, oddly enough, European royalty, especially King George, and other national chiefs are still addicted. I had none and wore a morning coat.

The palace that houses the German presidents is at 73 Wilhelmstrasse, the name of which for many years was synonymous with the mainspring of the German *Weltmacht*, which means world power. Not far down the street, and on the same side, is the German Foreign Office. This locality bears the same relation to Teutonic diplomacy that

(Continued on Page 74)

What I Have Said I Have Said

By ARNOLD BENNETT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

RALPH and Maidie, his wife, were walking up Grosvenor Place on a fine warm morning. He was forty and she was getting on that way. She had a snub nose, freckles and red hair. On the other hand she was slim and pretty, and she did not look her age. He had married her, long after his very sensational rise in the world, from his own original class.

Just as he had once been a working engineer, so had she been a board-school mistress, in the Five Towns. She had left a board school to enter and rule his town house, his country house, his yacht, and to make the acquaintance of his swell friends and keep even with them, and with forty or fifty servants, and to keep her end up in general—and especially with him. In the main she had succeeded, by learning some things and flatly refusing to learn other things. They had had many and magnificent quarrels, and one baby.

The baby was her strong point, for he adored the infant with all the undisciplined fury of his nature. But she had other strong points. In addition to loving her in his neolithic manner, he respected her, because she belonged to the select band of persons who had absolutely no fear of him.

Lord Furber Turned His Back on the Bus and, Accompanied by His Wife, Walked Right Off the Pavement in a Southwesterly Direction Toward Belgrave Square

They were going that morning to a wholesale house behind Holborn to buy the finest perambulator in the world for the baby. They were walking, because she desired to walk through the streets by his side. They had walked from Belgrave Square as far as Grosvenor Place when he was overtaken by an attack of his notorious restlessness.

"Here, lass," said he, snapping at her. "I've had enough of this. I take my exercise with tennis. Let's have a taxi. We should be all day getting to Holborn at this rate."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"See here!" said she. "We'll go on the top of a bus—that's fair does."

Now he had not been on a bus nor in a bus for many years. The notion of a bus made a romantic appeal to him. There was something most amusing and strange about the notion of him traveling by bus.

"No!" he repeated.

She laughed happily, knowing that he meant yes.

"Yes," she said. "It's No. 99. It passes here and goes right along Holborn, 2d. It'll be here in a minute."

They waited; 25's, 25a's, 25b's, 125's, 44's, 16's went by, having duly stopped in front of them. But not a 99. It happened that Maidie was just as impatient as Ralph himself, though differently.

"Oh, come on," she said at length. "We'll take a 25 and change at the top of Bond Street."

He loved to see her impatient—if she grew impatient first. The spectacle of her girlish impatience would put him into a mood of superior and benevolent serenity. He would treat her as a placid, experienced, kindly old gentleman might treat a charming, capricious child.

"Now don't be impatient, my dear," said he. "We have all the morning before us. You decided we should go by a 99, and we'll go by a 99 and no other. It's bound to be along soon now. And I'm not going to stir from this pavement till it does come along."

"Let's walk on a bit then."

"No. I'm going by a 99, and I shan't stir from here till it comes," he repeated. "Not on your life."

"I know they don't run often," she said.

"You ought to have told me that before," he said.

Five minutes elapsed. At last Ralph, whose serenity was beginning to wear thin, beckoned to a policeman.

"How often do the 99 busses go past here?" Ralph inquired.

The policeman answered, "Oh! They took that service off yesterday, sir."

"The h-ll they did!" murmured Ralph in a queer tone.

At that moment a 25 bus came up.

"Come on!" said Maidie; she was very quick in resolve.

She had one foot on the step when he pulled her arm.

"Here," he said. "I said I wouldn't leave this pavement except by a 99. Not on your life, my girl."

"Pah!" she burst out, in blazing disdain. "You can't come that sort of thing over me, my lad. Are you coming or aren't you?"

As he made no reply, she shook off his arm and boarded the bus, which instantly departed.

II

"OFFICER," said Ralph, approaching the policeman again, "I wonder whether you could do something for me. I'm Lord Furber."

And he was Lord Furber—Lord Furber of Bursley, the first person who had ever given to the mother of the Five Towns the distinction of serving for a territorial title. Public munificence connected with a Midland university, and his extreme distinction in the engineering world, accounted satisfactorily for the title. And, unlike many peers of the lower middle class, he had used his peerage where a peerage ought to be used, namely in the House of Lords. He spoke frequently and trenchantly in the House of Lords, exasperating the aristocrats therein by telling them what he deemed to be the truth about themselves, and then soothing them by telling them what he knew to be the truth about the laboring class. His speeches were well reported, especially in his own newspaper, The Echo; so that of late he had become a celebrated figure in two worlds, if not in three. He was known of the populace. Newspapers no longer said "Lord Furber, the great engineer." They said "Lord Furber."

The policeman did not blench before the dazzling name. He was wearing the blue-and-white armlet of duty, and all the majesty of Great Britain was behind him. He just benevolently nodded.

"Are there any habitual loafers around here that I could send on an errand?"

The policeman looked about, and Ralph looked about. Not a loafer. Everybody seemed to be either busy with his own urgent affairs or well dressed. The policeman said he knew of none.

"I suppose you couldn't go yourself—and risk it. Worth your while."

The policeman gave a grandiose grin at the extraordinary folly of such a suggestion.

"I tell you what I could do, My Lord," said he. "I could do it for you when I come off duty—twelve o'clock."

"Thank you. I'm very grateful for your offer," answered Ralph, turning away, and instantly and entirely forgetting the policeman.

He had a sensation of discomfort. He was being balked, he who was never balked, he with whom to want was to have in all material things. He was marooned, in the middle of Grosvenor Place, on a triangular area of pavement, which an invisible barrier prevented him from leaving, and he wanted immediate contact with his establishment of servants, secretaries and other persons whose function in Nature's plan was to do his bidding. Once contact was effected, the rest would be easy to his masterful volition, limitless resources and organizing ingenuity.

He saw a man standing by a horse near the pavement. The horse was attired in a costly black mackintosh upon which were printed in white the words, Our Dumb Friends League. The business of the horse, which was fed, lodged and clothed by an association of kind hearts who had somehow never heard of the existence of the motor van and the motor lorry, was to help, free of charge, overtaxed horses up the hill from Victoria to Hyde Park Corner. The horse had that minute arrived from Victoria, with another horse and a coal cart in tow, and was very proud because this was his first job in three days.

"See here," said Ralph to the horse's attendant. "I'm Lord Furber." The attendant touched his hat. "I live at Essington House in Belgrave Square—you know, the big house on the corner. Can you run down there—it isn't a couple of minutes—and ask for my secretary, Miss Hummel, and ask her to come up here to me now, as quick as she can? It'll be worth ten shillings to you."

"Will you hold my horse?" the man asked.

"Sure!" cried Ralph, rather gleeful at the picturesque prospect of Lord Furber holding a horse in Grosvenor Place.

He seized the rein, and the man set forth. But the horse, inexcusably forgetting that he was a dumb friend, gave a loud neigh and set off after the man. Lord Furber was dragged into the roadway and became, with the horse, the center of a protesting mix-up of motor cars, taxis and vans.

"Hi!" shouted Ralph to the man, who returned. "Take your damned nag. He's too Thoroughbred for me."

The policeman had to straighten out the disorder.

It was at this juncture that Ralph found the idea which he ought to have found at the start. He stopped an empty taxi.

"See here, driver. I'm Lord Furber. I live—" and so on, ending with, "Bring her back here. It'll be worth a pound to you."

The driver, whose taxi was gay with curtains and flowers, and who was accustomed to the unfathomable caprices of the rich, merely touched his smart hat and sped away, throwing over his Melton Mowbray shoulder, "Back in five minutes, guv'nor."

He was back in four minutes

"The young lady wasn't in, My Lord. They've telephoned for her to your city office."

"She'll know where to come to?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"You're a smart fellow," said Ralph, paying a pound. "D'you want a job?"

"No, My Lord. Thank you, My Lord. I own this here bus. She's my wife. And she'd miss me."

It seemed to Ralph as if, after a long period of sheltered existence, he was out again unprotected in the bleak winds of the wide world. He had three things rarely found in combination: great brains, character and great wealth. He was also a realist about human nature, and he was well aware that such a combination is and must always be surrounded by flattery.

He thought that in his estimates of himself in his relations with mankind he had made all due allowance for flattery. Now he discovered that he had not.

The young policeman had maintained all his nerve and independence; the horsekeeper had shown no great disappointment whatever at the loss of ten shillings, and the taxi driver had humorously turned down the mighty peer.

Worst of all, Ralph had believed in the dependableness of Miss Hummel as deeply as he believed in anything. Miss Hummel ought not to have budged from Essington House; but, counting on a free morning, and drawn away by the attraction of love, she had failed in the supreme duty of not budging.

Yes, his tremendous confidence in himself as a manipulator of men was slightly impaired. He was in the most difficult moral quandary that he had ever been in. He could not decently escape from it without help. But could he rely on his power over anybody?

III

STILL, after all, he was well served. In less than a quarter of an hour a taxi stopped at the pavement, and two people emerged from it—Miss Hummel and St. John. St. John, a fashionably and ceremonially dressed man of forty, with an immaculate silk hat over graying hair, and manners to match, was Ralph's principal secretary; there were other secretaries, but they had no share in the events under narration.

"Here, what's this?" Ralph inquired brusquely. "I didn't ask for two of you."

"Sorry, sir," said St. John. "The message was that you wanted your secretary, and as we didn't know which, both Miss Hummel and I came."

"The message was for Miss Hummel," said Ralph. "But she wasn't at home."

"Sorry, sir," St. John repeated, showing absolutely no trace of the thought ever present in his mind that, whereas he was a Balliol man, his employer's father had been a working porter.

"No, keep the taxi," said Ralph to St. John, who was feeling in his pocket. "Miss Hummel, stroll down there and take the number of that policeman."

Miss Hummel strolled. Ralph did not want the policeman's number; he only wanted to speak to St. John alone. He continued:

"St. John, it would be a great convenience to me, and perhaps to you, too, if you'd get that affair over and propose to the young woman and marry her. I'll present you with a flatful of furniture for a wedding present. She's spoiling."

St. John smiled and blushed.

"Very good of you, sir. I know you wish us well."

"Think about it. I don't want you now. Thanks for coming."

St. John got back into the taxi and departed, having dutifully displayed no anxiety as to the reasons of the great man for sending for a secretary to meet him in the middle of Grosvenor Place—and waiting for the secretary. Him—waiting!

Nor was Miss Hummel any less discreet. She gave the policeman's number, and also wrote it down on her tablets, and then waited with dignity for ukases.

Her father and grandfather had been colonial judges. Ralph liked to be served by members of the ruling classes. She was thirty, plain, a fatalist, and had no notion of making the best of herself by means of clothes.

Ralph was one of those men who can confess themselves only to women. He would confess himself shamelessly to Miss Hummel on nearly every subject except his wife. Miss Hummel liked it, had lived for it until the excellences of Mr. St. John had begun to affect her.

Ralph had meant to tell her of his fearful quandary. But confronted by her calm, expectant face and her shabby gloves, he suddenly knew that he could not. Miss Hummel had many most admirable qualities, but not that of greatness of soul. The scale of her soul was restricted; and Ralph felt that the first necessity for him was to be understood, and that only a great soul would be capable of understanding his unique predicament and the nature of those invisible barriers which prevented him from leaving the pavement in the middle of Grosvenor Place until a 99 bus came up to remove him. His intention had been to discuss ways and means with the usually resourceful Miss Hummel, but he couldn't begin in practice without disclosing the awful secret of the quandary, and so he did not begin.

His brain, impeded therefore in one direction, jumped off in another and, working furiously, soon informed him that the sole way out of the quandary was to invoke the highest possible human aid.

He was an extremely influential man and enjoyed the friendship or the acquaintance of nearly all the other extremely influential men in London. And he used them and expected them to use him. Thus, if he needed at a day's notice a suite on a crowded liner, he would start at the top and ring up the chairman of the line and say, "See here, Alfred, I want a ——" And he would assuredly get it. This system has its advantages, but few can make it work. Ralph now determined on a course of amazing audacity even for him. He would send for the sublime overlord of all the passenger traffic in the streets of London; a personage so lofty, so recondite, so hidden in mysterious clouds of authority that not one bus driver in five hundred had ever

(Continued on Page 95)

Lord Furber Was Dragged Into the Roadway and Became, With the Horse, the Center of a Protesting Mix-Up of Motor Cars, Taxis and Vans

THE FEEL OF THE AUDIENCE

By Fanny Brice

THERE is no thrill more wonderful than that which comes with the feel of a friendly audience, and it is a thrill that comes more than once in a lifetime. It is subconscious but powerful, much like sensing the presence of a friend in the darkness. An audience reflects an actor's attitude as faithfully as a mirror. If he is relaxed and sure of himself his audience gives him its heart. But if he feels fear or works too hard for his effects it strains with him and there is thrown over the house the chill of discomfort.

An artist who goes out on a stage with the query in mind, "I wonder if they will accept me," is beaten before the start.

One must accept oneself. If one can see the picture of the character portrayed, then the audience will have to accept it. I learned this truth shortly after my first appearance on the stage. That first appearance was unpremeditated. I was trapped in a lie I had told to get into Frank Keeney's Theater, in Fulton Street, Brooklyn, to see an amateur-night performance, and was pushed before my audience without the hint of a warning.

The amateur night was a neighborhood institution. It usually came on a Friday, and there was not a young girl or boy who couldn't be counted among those present when the performance began. The day of my debut dawned with me in ignorance of what it held for me. All I had was a wild desire to see the performance. As I did not have a quarter, which was the price of admission to the cheaper seats, I worked all day on a dress for a neighbor woman. It was late when I finished it, and when I arrived at the theater the quarter seats were sold out. Going back to the stage door, I told the doorkeeper I was one of the entrants for the amateur contest. He looked me over. I was not imposing. I weighed only seventy pounds, and my frailness and the air of determination I must have worn appealed to him.

"Go ahead in and grab the prize," he laughed.

Fanny Brice in One of Her Latest Successes

Frank Keeney, the owner, had the aspiring artists herded in the wings. They were of every variety, from the boy who thought he could dance to the girl who thought she was another Bernhardt. I announced my entry.

"And when do I go on?" I added.

My idea was to watch the show until the act preceding mine appeared before the audience. Then I would disappear. But Mr. Keeney saw in the question only another symptom of the stage-struck.

"Oh, you won't be on for an hour," he assured me.

"What do you do?"

"I sing."

Having secured myself from a surprise attack, I gave all my attention to the actors and I was getting much amusement when there was a pause. One of the amateurs had disappeared. Mr. Keeney fixed his eye on me.

"Here," he ordered, "that girl was to sing. You do too. Get out there."

He accompanied his command with a push and I found myself staring at my first audience. I think my mouth was more than slightly open and I wanted to sink through the floor. But several of the newsboys recognized me.

"Come on, Fanny!" they encouraged. "You show 'em! Sing When You Know You're Not Forgotten."

The piano player, accustomed to seeing amateurs suffering from sudden paralysis, started to play, and before I knew it I was singing. I did not regain consciousness until I was halfway through the song of the man who was so sadly happy to know he was not forgotten by the girl he could not forget. The audience demanded an encore; and when Mr. Keeney had convinced me of this by pushing me forth again, I sang Cheer Up, Mary. The rules of an amateur night are simple. The performers go through their acts—if lucky—and when all are finished they parade across the stage. The one who gets the most applause wins the prize. I won it that night, mostly through the strength of the lungs of my supporters. It was a five-dollar gold piece and I don't think I waited to say "Thank you." I streaked home and burst in on my mother.

A Professional Amateur

"MAMMA," I yelled, "look what I got! Five dollars, just for singing two songs at Keeney's. I'm going to be an actress."

The year of my debut was immensely valuable to me, because I absorbed the theater. I learned things unconsciously. I mean by this that I took in experiences and they went to the storehouse of my subconscious mind to wait for the time I was ripe to use them. Any art is the result of a development rather than a spontaneous thing. A person works, and as they work they ripen, and their experiences are brought forth when needed. That first year I spent as a professional amateur, scanning the advertisements for notices and appearing at every theater in Brooklyn, New York and Newark where amateur performances were given. I made out pretty well financially—marvelously, I thought—but what I was getting, though I did not realize it, was wonderful training in the psychology of audiences.

All audiences are basically alike, but they differ in detail. The amateur-night audience is primitive. It is a thing of large proportions. It is either terribly cruel or vastly appreciative, leaping like a wild animal on the weak, praising to the skies those who please it, and always admiring a fighter.

I learned to watch its every move and to beat it to that move. When it wanted sentiment I gave it tears by the bucketful. When it wanted funny stuff I clowned to the best of my ability.

My repertoire consisted of sentimental ballads and darky songs. It never occurred to me to do a Jewish characterization. When it did it was one of those accidents of the theater. Two songs have greatly influenced my career. One was Mon Homme; the other was Sadie Salome, written by Irving Berlin.

The Easiest Crowd to Play To

I HAD just returned to New York with a burlesque show and had signed a contract with Max Spiegel to go out with his College Girls. The salary was small, but I held the rank of soubrette and this satisfied my artistic pride. I had not been long out of the amateur ranks. Two weeks before we went on tour a benefit performance was given by the Friars at Auburn, Long Island. Artists from every branch of the profession were invited to perform and Mr. Spiegel asked me to appear for him. At my request, Mr. Berlin gave me two songs he had just written. They were Cherry Rag and Sadie Salome. I looked them over and saw I would have no difficulty with Cherry Rag. That was within my experience. All it needed was singing with a negro accent. But Sadie Salome puzzled me. It was written straight—that is, in regular, unaccented English. I knew it was a comic song; yet sung that way it fell flat. So I went to Mr. Berlin and asked him if it was to be sung straight.

"Is Sadie straight English?" he asked me in return. "Of course not. Sing her with a Jewish accent."

Singing My Man, the Song That Attracted David Belasco's Attention to Her and Procured Her a Contract to Act on the Dramatic Stage

The story the song told was that of a Jewish girl whose ambitions to become a shimmy dancer shocked the members of her family.

Up to this time I had never met an audience with as much class as that which attended the benefit. It was composed largely of society people and people of the stage—actors, actresses, singers, dancers and managers who had reached the top of their profession. People of this sort make the easiest crowd in the world to play to. They appreciate every effort made by a performer and they are kindly in overlooking any crudities. But I was the least experienced person on the program, being only a few months out of the amateur ranks. I determined to do my best, but some instinct made me sing the Jewish song first.

Laughter crowned it almost from the opening words. Reacting to the appreciation, I put my soul into Sadie Salome and she rewarded me threefold. The first reward was a seven-year contract calling for eighty-five dollars a week for the first year, and providing for a ten-dollar weekly raise in every succeeding year. The second reward was the centering of Mr. Flo Ziegfeld's attention upon me, and this resulted in a contract to appear in the Follies of 1910. The burlesque contract was voided when it was learned that I was only seventeen at its signing and therefore below the legal age. But the greatest reward of all

(Continued on Page 181)

The Impersonator in a Scene From the Music Box Revue

HERE WE ARE AGAIN

The Recollections of an Old Clown

By Robert Edmund Sherwood

Robert E. Sherwood at the Age of 20

Pete Conklin, Clown and Jester

Johnny Patterson, the Irish Clown

CLOWNS as a class are or should be pantomimists. The better the pantomimist, the better the clown. At no place in clown pantomime should words be necessary to elucidate the points desired to be put over. Exact mimicry or imitation of men's actions must be used to take the place of words. In pantomime, the clown may mimic whom and when he chooses. He can delight his audience by carrying his mimicry to such a perfection that verbal explanation is superfluous.

To accomplish this much-desired result requires a life-long training. Much of the fine pantomime portrayed by clowns in the period following the Civil War was handed down from father to son for many generations. For example, the act of pretending to cover the lash of the ringmaster's whip to prevent being stung with it was used by England's best-loved clown, Joseph Grimaldi, while performing at Astley's, in London, in the early part of the nineteenth century. Grimaldi passed it on to Irish Dan Rice, after whom our American Dan Rice was christened. Tony Denier, Johnny Patterson, George W. Adams and Al Miaco all used it in their day, and it always got over. No clown in my day made much of a hit unless he was capable of improvising or creating.

Joeys of the Past

THERE were in the early days few if any better known clowns than George L. Fox and Tony Denier, unless perhaps one may except Grimaldi, who must be given credit for the euphonious appellation of Joey, the nickname of all clowns to this day. Grimaldi descended from a long line of court jesters. One of his ancestors is said to have been the official buffoon at the court of Queen Elizabeth. He appeared at court on an occasion crowned with a red wig, very similar in shape and color to the hair of Her Majesty, if one is to believe the biographer of Grimaldi.

Joe Grimaldi in the Pantomime of Mother Goose

Fox, Denier and Adams were contemporary, appearing singly and jointly in pantomime productions in the old Bowery Theater. Denier and Fox's last joint appearance was on the stage of Barnum's Museum, just before it burned for the last time. Although quite young at the time, I remember very vividly the hit they made in their joint act. To avenge a fancied insult, Denier was supposed to kill Fox in a duel and then endeavor to conceal his body in an empty barrel. Try as he would, he was unable to hide the feet of the "corpse" so they could not be seen. Much perplexed, he laboriously contrived to lay the body of Fox across the mouth of the barrel, and turning his back, went into a deep study as to his next move Fox then suddenly jackknifed into the barrel, completely hiding himself

George L. Fox

Then began on the part of Denier a search for the body. Each time he backed up to the barrel Fox reached out and grabbed him from behind, much to his consternation and fright and to the amusement of the audience. The act ended in Fox rolling the barrel off the stage, and Denier showing remorse for his deed by crying into a large handkerchief from which a deluge of tears would fall from a big sponge that was concealed in it.

After their separation, Denier produced the pantomime extravaganza of Humpty Dumpty and became the author of several books on gymnastics. For some years he maintained a school for acrobats—the first gymnasium of which we have any record.

Of the clowns of that period, there remain Jules Torneur and myself, and we seem good for many years yet. "Julie" is still actively engaged with the Barnum and Bailey show, but does no acrobatic work, although he appears in the ring twice daily throughout the season. On account of his wide acquaintance with performers and other employes he is given the job of distributing mail that comes in care of the circus. Mentally and physically he is sound as a dollar, and like all clowns takes a keen interest in children.

A Pied Piper in New York

ONCE each year, dressed in my old clown costume, it has been my privilege and pleasure to lead from 400 to 600 orphans from a charity bureau in New York to Madison Square Garden to see the circus. I always make up in Julie's dressing room, take a taxi down to the bureau, put the children on a long rope and lead them up to the garden. When I leave on my mission old Jules never fails to say to me, "Now, Bob, be sure to lead them round on this side of the garden so I can see them." And Jules is always there, peeping out through the little round window which lights and ventilates Clown Alley.

There was no circus clown in the world who could stretch the heartstrings of an audience as far and hold them there longer than Fox. His was a face readable as the pages of a book printed in good large type, and the wonderful swift changes that came over it were like fleecy clouds and sunshine chasing each other across a summer sky. Poor Fox, who sent a thrill of joy into the hearts of thousands of little folks, his was a hard, an undeserved fate.

(Continued on Page 150)

THE WOMAN OF IT

"Very Well," Michael Ross Growled Hastily, "I Promise. And Now Get Off My Ship"

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

THE ordinary hoarse bellow of a ship's whistle, somewhere on the bay front, would never have stopped Augusta short in the middle of her morning inspection as a rule. She heard all ships' whistles, of course, because she had been the best chief stewardess on the best passenger lines on the best and most uncomfortable seas too many years to be oblivious of them, but as manager of Miss Trimble's she deliberately did not concern herself with them. Yet there was something about this whistle that brought her up all standing, quivering with astonishment and some sudden, more familiar emotion. In the first place, not satisfied with two or three well-disciplined toots, this one went on groaning and snorting and whooping at crazily irregular intervals, like some sort of disconsolate leviathan with the hiccups, mad or in pain or mourning for its mate. Listening to it, the familiar emotion stirred even more deeply within Augusta. It was a vague sense of recognition. It was a sudden flash of old angry disquiet.

Augusta stood like a blue-clad, white-aproned, white-capped statue of arrested motion. Flecks of blazing white Florida sunlight spun between leaf shadows from the vine overhead on the pergola to glint on her smooth, taffy-colored hair, blaze in her calm sea-blue eyes and shift across the cream-and-rose serenity of her firm cheeks. Only the white column of throat within her crisp open collar showed where the sudden emotion had cramped her breathing.

One of the swathed figures dozing in the good morning sun and wind on the chaises longues appointed for that purpose lifted a head, and murmured, "What in the world is that, Augusta?" But Augusta was oblivious of the voice as she was of all the rest of the big establishment humming and buzzing about her.

She was oblivious of the fact that in the gymnasium the morning class of fat millionaire dowagers were favoring a little their flabby corset muscles, because the eye of Augusta had not yet shot into them a little fearful activity. She was oblivious of the truth that every table in the long airy manicure room, each with its two heads, customer and manicure girl, bent under its drop light, was subdued and industrious in expectation of her brief raking glance. She did not seem to care at all that every booth in the hair-dressing rooms, already giving out the swish of running water, the hum of hair dryers or the clear expert music of the marcel irons, would be better for her passing. The shower rooms and the massage rooms, the office and the reception room, even the wind-swept dormitory where Miss Trimble's girls were hoarded at night like so many alert and rosy jewels, held certain matters to be greatly improved by being shaken up and set down hard by Augusta's efficient morning grip. But here was Augusta standing in the sunshine, lifting a bewildered face to the smart trade wind that whisked in from the sea, louder and wilder and more incredible, the agonized and abnormal bellowings of that ship.

The stoutest swathed figure on the farthest chaise longue wriggled suddenly and sat up. "Augusta," it said, its voice gaining imperial confidence in exact ratio to the attention it gained—"Augusta, you've simply got to discharge that brunet massage woman in the second room. She's got me all black and blue this morning, and I particularly told her I wasn't up to it. I tell you plainly, Augusta, this is the third time I have objected to her and it's the last, and you know yourself that Miss Trimble would not like to lose my patronage or that of all the friends I have brought here. I simply won't stand ——"

For as long as it took the ship's whistle to emit one long expiring moo, Augusta stood motionless. Yet when she interrupted Mrs. Livingston Nathan, the wife of The Nathan of the New York bond house of Nathan, Nathan, Nathan and Nathan, her eyes were only slightly warmed by her absent-mindedness.

"Oh, pipe down, Mrs. Nathan," Augusta said in careless, if deadly tones. "I saw in the paper this morning where you was up all night to a party at the Deauville Club. You ought to've had more sense at your age, Mrs. Nathan. It's a rotten advertisement for us to have you go laying down on your schedule like that. First thing I'll have to give up letting you come. You stayed out long enough now. Go in and tell Stella in the gym I said you were to have twenty minutes easy stretching and a warmish shower, and then you go home and go right to bed this afternoon after a lunch of nothing but crackers and milk, or I'll skin you. And you go to bed tonight at nine-thirty too. Yeah, I know you were figuring on going to Mrs. Westcott's party. She told me. But you're not going. What would I feel like, having you look a sight, with your son coming home from Mexico or wherever next week. Snap into it now, Mrs. Nathan. Hit the deck."

"I refuse absolutely," Mrs. Nathan rebelled. "You are insufferable, Augusta. I won't go. I won't go a——"

"Great thundering hurricanes," Augusta crooned, hardly delaying her stride past Mrs. Nathan's chair. "Do I have to tell you twice or do I have to carry you? You get up and get." The edge of Mrs. Nathan's pink silk wrap whisked through the doorway with a departing squealing giggle from that easily amused lady.

"Booo-oooo-wahh," went the frenzied ship's whistle again, resuming with apoplectic vigor.

"Why, Augusta," Miss Trimble said in astonishment, seeing Augusta pause in her office doorway with her apron off and a high-riding straw hat replacing the confection of stewardess cap she would wear. "Why, Augusta, I didn't know you were going out. I hoped you'd take Miss Corwin here for an examination. Miss Corwin heard about us in Daytona and came in the first day she was here."

"Stameetcha," Augusta said, dropping an eyelid toward Miss Corwin. "Glad to take you for hair and face any time. Make appointments with the departments. But no exercise or body work. Y'ought to go right away to a good doctor, Miss Corwin. Weakish heart, I should say, guessing. I'm going out. Hear that?" Even through the screened and curtained window, the voice of the afflicted ship penetrated sadly. "There's a ship down at the docks," Augusta went on, her jaw projecting with unusual violence. "Michael Ross' ship. There's something the matter with it and I'm glad of it. I hope it chokes. I'm going down to see what it is so's I can be gladder. Katie Healey can take my appointments. G'by."

The rousing morning wind crackled Augusta's unfashionably full blue skirts and whanged away at the unballasted side of her straw hat, until she had to hold it well down over her absent eyes. She strode rapidly along the crowded pavements as if dragged forward by a very passion of energy, in spite of pedestrians and automobiles and the laden railroad tracks, to the docks. Turning down there, hat still low, she crashed full into a young man who had been striding toward her, a young man who recoiled and stared and called her name.

"Augusta—why, Augusta—where in the world —— Stop, Augusta. Don't you know me?"

Augusta stopped dead, eyes traveling up and down the figure before her. He was as tall as she; a young, lithe, rubber-muscled fellow, with a tossed crest of black curls

and a dancing black eye in a brown face that was not accustomed to indifference in women's eyes. His blue uniform jacket, with the chief engineer's insignia at throat and cuff, was pulled hastily over a soiled working singlet. There was a smudge of grease on one cheek.

"You know me, Augusta," he insisted. "Sure you know me. It's Steve Ross. My gosh, I couldn't be gladder to see anybody in this world right this minute."

"Steve," Augusta's eyes were a steady, blazing blue. "Little Stevey Ross. Well, if it isn't —— Why, Steve, you handsome rascal, you've gone and grown up. But listen, Steve, that's the Mary Ross' whistle, isn't it? I can't seem to see her. What in the name of Joshua is the matter?"

The smile on Steve Ross' face twisted into a grin of exasperated and rueful amusement.

He turned and pointed.

"Why, there she is, Augusta. Just where you're looking. Say, listen, I was just tearing off to find somebody, some woman, to help us. We're in a kind of a mess. You're just the one. Come aboard, will you?"

Augusta was heedless of him, letting her glance scan the whole length of a big cargo ship unloading at the wharf.

"But, Steve—great hulking hoptoads—you've painted her. Even the funnel's painted different. I was looking for that old dingy brown thing with the black stripes. And now she's all blue and orange and white. Great limping fishhooks, Steve—you don't mean—it isn't that Michael isn't still the master of the ship?"

Steve shouted. "I inform the universe he's master of that ship," he said. "I wondered how long before you mentioned his name. Remember that fight you and he had in Gibraltar, about the amount of paint he used, when you were on the Aloha? Well, since then he's spent more money for paint than any skipper owner I ever heard of. Every port and every calm, the paint brushes are slapping it on."

Augusta smiled absently, her eyes roving all over the big, serviceable, smart-looking ship, the dull steel-blue of its big hull, the gleaming white and orange of the upper works, the shining bridge where the brass work winked in the sun, the officers' stateroom doors forward, every brass knob shining, the funnel with its stripe, the clean-looking crew quarters aft. Cargo hoists and winches were clattering. A swarm of stevedores with hand trucks rumbled from her open cargo ports to the hollow-echoing warehouse. Crates and boxes and bales in nets, an interminable line, were pouring from the Mary Ross with a piping and well-ordered bustle.

Augusta's notrils breathed in lovingly the smells of oily salt water and new paint.

Then with a whoop and a howl that resounded over the busy wharves, over the bay dotted with yachts and islands, assaulting the tall office buildings on shore, outraging the highest flights of the very buzzards, that insane whistle began bellowing again, stunningly, over their very heads.

"Boo-wow-raaa-blaa," howled the Mary Ross, that sturdy and paint-smartened ship. "Blooo-waaaaw-blaaa. Waah-waah-grr-r-ump."

"What in the name of ten suffering fried eels is it, Steve?" Augusta shouted, staring upward in astonishment. "What in heaven's world ——"

"Graaaa-aaa-arumppp," snarled the Mary Ross. "Blaa-wow-blaa-wow-graaaa."

"Look," Augusta cried again. "Look, Steve. That's never—Michael?"

A tall, huge-bodied man, resembling Steve's lithe agility even at that distance, clad in a glistening starched uniform from which the sun glanced, swarmed up the ladder to the bridge and ran, actually ran, as if the dignity of a ship captain was nothing to him, to hurl his whole weight upon the tightly shut door of the chart room, behind the steering gear. The door was evidently soundly and snugly locked. Augusta could see his big shoulders heave against the panels, his weather-browned face grow red with effort under his gray hair. He strained and heaved with a hasty vehemence that made the whole thing seem doubly extraordinary.

"Wup-wup-wup-blaaa-aaa-aaa," howled the Mary Ross in derision.

"That's Michael," Augusta shouted, as if not yet believing it. "That's Michael Ross, acting like a monkey on a stick. Who in the world is locked up in the chart room, and what in the world's got into the whistle?"

"Come aboard," Steve shouted at her.

"I'll not set foot on the gangplank of that ship," Augusta said, abruptly stopping short. "I told Michael so the last time I saw him. Not until he begged me. And I won't now."

Steve turned back to her with a real concern in his eyes.

"Aw, Augusta, have a heart. You and Michael would rather scrap than eat. I think you wouldn't miss it for anything. But I'm in a mess now and you're the only one that can help me out. Aw, Augusta, you wouldn't go back on me now?"

Augusta stared into his black eyes with her own that were like warm blue steel.

"What is this mess that you and Michael are in?" she asked steadily.

Steve glanced around him. Over their heads the whistle was silent, as if biding its time.

"Well, I—well, you see, Augusta, it's a girl."

"A girl." The color slowly drained out of Augusta's face, leaving it creamy. "Do you mean to say that after all these years Michael Ross has brought a girl on this ship?"

"Michael? Good gosh, no! Not Michael. Never! This girl is—well, she—I guess you'd say she was my girl, except that she ——"

"Michael let you bring a girl on the Mary Ross?" Augusta's gaze bored as deeply as ever, but in her voice was the beginning of a ripple of amusement, almost of relief.

"Great guns, Augusta, how you do jump down a chap's throat. I didn't bring her. She's a stowaway. I don't even like her or anything. I saw her on shore in Bridgetown, Barbados, and I kidded her along a little, and blest if after the ship sailed we didn't find her in the spare stateroom. Now she's locked herself in the chart room and keeps on blowing the whistle because Michael wants to send her ashore. He threatens to have the door broken down and have her arrested, but that would be an awful thing for the ship if it got around."

"Well, you dratted young puppy," Augusta said, smiling broadly. "I suppose you made love to the poor thing, and now you want to turn her off, and she won't stop pulling the whistle cord until you promise to marry her, or something like that. I must say I like her spirit."

(Continued on Page 165)

"I Mind You Now, a Tall Overgrown Girl, Telling Me Then How You'd Hate Me All Your Life Long ——"

BUTTERCUP DAY

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"LADDIE," said Ukridge, "I need capital, old horse—need it sorely."

He removed his glistening silk hat, looked at it in a puzzled way and replaced it on his head. We had met by chance near the eastern end of Piccadilly, and the breathtaking gorgeousness of his costume told me that since I had seen him last there must have occurred between him and his Aunt Julia one of those periodical reconciliations which were wont to punctuate his hectic and disreputable career. For those who know Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge, that much-enduring man, are aware that he is the nephew of Miss Julia Ukridge, the wealthy and popular novelist; and that from time to time, when she can bring herself to forgive and let bygones be bygones, he goes to dwell for a while in gilded servitude at her house in Wimbledon.

"Yes, Corky, my boy, I want a bit of capital."

"Oh?

"And want it quick. The truest saying in this world is that you can't accumulate if you don't speculate. But how the deuce are you to start speculating unless you accumulate a few quid to begin with?"

"Ah," I said, noncommittally.

"Take my case," proceeded Ukridge, running a large, beautifully gloved finger round the inside of a spotless collar which appeared to fit a trifle too snugly to the neck. "I have an absolutely safe double for Kempton Park on the fifteenth, and even a modest investment would bring me in several hundred pounds. But bookies, blast them, require cash down in advance, so where am I? Without capital, enterprise is strangled at birth."

"Can't you get some from your Aunt Julia?" I asked him.

"Not a cent. She is one of those women who simply do not disgorge. All her surplus cash is devoted to adding to her collection of moldy snuffboxes. When I look at those snuffboxes and reflect that any single one of them, judiciously put up the spout, would set my feet on the road to fortune, only my innate sense of honesty keeps me from pinching them."

"You mean they're locked up."

"It's hard, laddie; very hard and bitter and ironical. She buys me suits, she buys me hats, she buys me boots, she buys me spats; and, what is more, insists on my wearing the damned things. With what result? Not only am I infernally uncomfortable but my exterior creates a totally false impression in the minds of any blokes I meet to whom I may happen to owe a bit of money. When I go about looking as if I owned the mint, it becomes difficult to convince them that I am not in a position to pay them their beastly one pound fourteen and eleven or whatever it is. I tell you, laddie, the strain has begun to weigh upon me to such an extent that the breaking point may arrive at any moment. Every day it is becoming more imperative that I clear out and start life again upon my own. But this cannot be done without cash. And that is why I look around me and say to myself, 'How am I to acquire a bit of capital?'"

"Buttercup Day," She Said Winningly

I thought it best to observe at this point that my own circumstances were extremely straitened. Ukridge received the information with a sad, indulgent smile.

"I was not dreaming of biting your ear, old horse," he said. "What I require is something far beyond your power to supply. Five pounds at least—or three, anyway. Of course, if, before we part, you think fit to hand over a couple of bob or half a crown as a small temporary ——"

He broke off with a start, and there came into his face the look of one who has perceived snakes in his path. He gazed along the street; then, wheeling round, hurried abruptly down Church Place.

"One of your creditors?" I asked.

"Girl with flags," said Ukridge briefly. A peevish note crept into his voice. "This modern practice, laddie, of allowing females with trays of flags and collecting boxes to flood the metropolis is developing into a scourge. If it isn't Rose Day it's Daisy Day, and if it isn't Daisy Day it's Pansy Day. And though now, thanks to a bit of quick thinking, we have managed to escape without ——"

At this moment a second flag girl, emerging from Jermyn Street, held us up with a brilliant smile, and we gave till it hurt—which, in Ukridge's case, was almost immediately.

"And so it goes on," he said bitterly. "Sixpence here, a shilling there. Only last Friday I was touched for twopence at my very door. How can a man amass a huge fortune if there is this constant drain on his resources? What was that girl collecting for?"

"I didn't notice."

"Nor did I. One never does. For all we know, we may have contributed to some cause of which we heartily disapprove. And that reminds me, Corky, my aunt is lending her grounds on Tuesday for a bazaar in aid of the local temperance league. I particularly wish you to put aside all other engagements and roll up."

"No, thanks; I don't want to meet your aunt again."

"You won't meet her. She will be away. She's going north on a lecturing tour."

"Well, I don't want to come to any bazaar. I can't afford it."

"Have no fear, laddie. There will be no expense involved. You will pass the entire afternoon in the house with me. My aunt, though she couldn't get out of lending these people her grounds, is scared that, with so many strangers prowling about, somebody might edge in and sneak her snuffboxes. So I am left on guard, with instructions not to stir out till they've all gone—and a very wise precaution too. There is absolutely nothing which blokes whose passions have been inflamed by constant ginger beer will stick at. You will share my vigil. We will smoke a pipe or two in the study, talk of this and that; and it may be that, if we put our heads together, we shall be able to think up some sort of scheme for collecting a bit of capital."

"Oh, well, in that case ——"

"I shall rely on you. And now, if I don't want to be late I'd better be getting along. I'm lunching with my aunt at Prince's."

He gazed malevolently at the flag girl, who had just stopped another pedestrian, and strode off.

Heath House, Wimbledon, the residence of Miss Julia Ukridge, was one of that row of large mansions which face the common, standing back from the road in the seclusion of spacious grounds. On any normal day the prevailing note of the place would have been a dignified calm; but when I arrived on the Tuesday afternoon a vast unusual activity was in progress. Over the gates there hung large banners advertising the bazaar, and through these gates crowds of people were passing. From somewhere in the interior of the garden came the brassy music of a merry-go-round.

I added myself to the throng, and was making for the front door when a silvery voice spoke in my ear, and I was aware of a very pretty girl at my elbow.

"Buy a buttercup?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Buy a buttercup?"

I then perceived that, attached to her person with a strap, she carried a tray containing a mass of yellow paper objects.

"What's all this?" I inquired, automatically feeling in my pocket.

She beamed upon me like a high priestess initiating some favorite novice into a rite.

"Buttercup Day," she said winningly.

A man of greater strength of mind would no doubt have asked what Buttercup Day was, but I have a spine of wax. I produced the first decent-sized coin on which my fumbling fingers rested and slipped it into her money box. She thanked me with a good deal of fervor and pinned one of the yellow objects in my buttonhole.

The interview then terminated. The girl flitted off like a sunbeam in the direction of a prosperous-looking man who had just gone by, and I went on to the house, where I found Ukridge in the study, gazing earnestly through the French windows which commanded a view of the grounds. He turned as I entered; and as his eye fell upon the saffron ornament in my coat a soft smile of pleasure played about his mouth.

"I see you've got one," he said.

"Got what?"

"One of those thingummies."

"Oh, these? Yes; there was a girl with a tray of them in the front garden. It's Buttercup Day. In aid of something or other, I suppose."

"It's in aid of me," said Ukridge, the soft smile developing into a face-splitting grin.

"What do you mean?"

"Corky, old horse," said Ukridge, motioning me to a chair, "the great thing in this world is to have a good level business head. Many men in my position, wanting capital, and not seeing where they were going to get it, would have given up the struggle as a bad job. Why? Because they lacked vision and the big, broad, flexible outlook. But what did I do? I sat down and thought. And after many hours of concentrated meditation I was rewarded with an idea. You remember that painful affair in Jermyn Street the other day, when that female bandit got into our ribs? You recall that neither of us knew what we had coughed up our good money for?"

"Well?"

"Well, laddie, it suddenly flashed upon me like an inspiration from above that nobody ever does know what they are coughing up for when they meet a girl with a tray of flags. I hit upon the great truth, old horse—one of the profoundest truths in this modern civilization of ours—that any given man, confronted by a pretty girl with a tray of flags, will automatically and without inquiry shove a coin into her money box. So I got hold of a girl I know—a dear little soul, full of beans—and arranged for her to come here this afternoon. I confidently anticipate a clean-up on an impressive scale. The outlay on the pins and bits of paper was practically nil, so there is no overhead and all that comes in will be pure velvet."

A strong pang shot through me.

"Do you mean to say," I demanded with feeling, "that that half crown of mine goes into your beastly pocket?"

"Half of it. Naturally, my colleague and partner is in on the division. Did you really give half a crown?" said Ukridge, pleased. "It was like you, laddie. Generous to a fault. If everyone had your lavish disposition, this world would be a better, sweeter place."

"I suppose you realize," I said, "that in about ten minutes at the outside your colleague and partner, as you call her, will be arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses?"

"Not a chance."

"After which, they will—thank God!—proceed to pinch you."

"Quite impossible, laddie. I rely on my knowledge of psychology. What did she say when she stung you?"

"I forget. 'Buy a buttercup' or something.'

"And then?"

"Then I asked what it was all about, and she said 'Buttercup Day.'"

"Exactly. And that's all she will need to say to anyone. Is it likely, is it reasonable to suppose that even in these materialistic days chivalry has sunk so low that any man will require to be told more by a girl as pretty as that than that it is Buttercup Day?" He walked to the window and looked out. "Ah! She's come round into the back garden," he said with satisfaction. "She seems to be doing a roaring trade. Every second man is wearing a buttercup. She is now putting it across a curate, bless her heart."

"And in a couple of minutes she will probably try to put it across a plain-clothes detective, and that will be the end."

Ukridge eyed me reproachfully.

"You persist in looking on the gloomy side, Corky. A little more of the congratulatory attitude is what I could wish to see in you, laddie. You do not appear to realize that your old friend's foot is at last on the ladder that leads to wealth. Suppose—putting it at the lowest figure—I net four pounds out of this buttercup business. It goes on Caterpillar in the two o'clock selling race at Kempton. Caterpillar wins, the odds being, let us say, ten to one. Stake and winnings go on Biamuth for the Jubilee Cup, again at ten to one. There you have a nice, clean four hundred-odd pounds of capital, ample for a man of keen business sense to build a fortune on. For, between ourselves, Corky, I have my eye on the investment of a lifetime."

"Yes?"

"Yes; I was reading about it the other day. A cat ranch out in America."

"A cat ranch?"

"That's it. You collect a hundred thousand cats. Each cat has twelve kittens a year. The skins range from ten cents each for the white ones to seventy-five for the pure black. That gives you a million two hundred thousand skins a year to sell at an average price of thirty cents a skin, making your annual revenue at a conservative estimate three hundred and sixty thousand dollars. But, you will say, what about overhead?"

"Will I?"

"That has all been allowed for. To feed the cats you start a rat ranch next door. The rats multiply four times as fast as the cats; so if you begin with a million rats it gives you four rats per day per cat, which is plenty. You feed the rats on what is left over of the cats after removing the skins, allowing one-quarter of a cat per rat, the business thus becoming automatically self-supporting. The cats will eat the rats, the rats will eat the cats."

There was a knock upon the door.

"Come in," hollowed Ukridge irritably. These captains of industry hate to be interrupted when in conference.

It was the butler who had broken in upon his statistics.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," said he.

"Who is he?"

"He did not give his name, sir. He is in holy orders."

"Not the vicar?" cried Ukridge in alarm.

"No, sir; the gentleman is a curate. He inquired for Miss Ukridge. I informed him that Miss Ukridge was absent, but that you were on the premises, and he then desired to see you, sir."

"Oh, all right," said Ukridge resignedly. "Show him in. Though we are running grave risks, Corky," he added, as the door closed. "These curates frequently have subscription lists up their sleeves and are extremely apt, unless you are very firm, to soak you for a donation to the church-organ fund or something. Still, let us hope ——"

The door opened and our visitor entered. He was rather a small size in curates, with an engaging, ingenuous face, adorned with a pair of pince-nez. He wore a paper buttercup in his coat; and directly he began to speak, revealed himself as the possessor of a peculiar stammer.

"Pup-pup-pup ——" he said.

"Eh?" said Ukridge.

"Mr. pup-pup-pup-Ukridge?"

"Yes. This is my friend, Mr. Corcoran." I bowed. The curate bowed. "Take a seat," urged Ukridge hospitably. "You'll have a drink?"

The visitor raised a deprecatory hand.

"No, thank you," he replied. "I find it more beneficial to my health to abstain entirely from alcoholic liquids. At the university I was a moderate drinker, but since I came down I have found it better to pup-pup-pup completely. But pray do not let me stop you. I am no bigot."

He beamed for an instant in friendly fashion; then there came into his face a look of gravity. Here was a man, one perceived, who had something on his mind.

"I came here, Mr. Ukridge," he said, "on a pup-pup-pup-pup-pup ——"

"Parish matter?" I hazarded, to help him out.

He shook his head.

"No, a pup-pup-pup ——"

"Pleasure trip?" suggested Ukridge.

He shook his head again.

"No, a pup-pup-pup uncongenial errand. I understand that Miss Ukridge is absent and that you, as her nephew, are therefore the

(Continued on Page 174)

"Be on Your Guard. One of the Greatest Rascals in the Profession is Hanging About Your Grounds"

A Roman Farmer, New Style

By WILL PAYNE

WE DROVE north from Rome up the valley of the Tiber for a dusty hour or more; then, in a glare of sunlight, swung through a venerable gate, beyond which several men stood talking in the shade of a bare, whitewashed stone building. The man who stepped forward looked under forty. He was freshly shaved except for a small black mustache; and as for his clothes, if you had met him in a New York business office it would by no means have struck you that he was out of place. Observing his athletic build and springy movements, you might have surmised that he had made a record in some line of college sports.

When he heard that an inquisitive American wanted to look over a Roman farm, he was all cordiality. For the next two hours he conducted and explained with an unfailing flow of energy and enthusiasm.

A Sicilian Town of 7000 Inhabitants, Nearly All of Whom Work on the Mainland

First, in low gear, we wound up the small but uncomfortably steep hill at whose foot the bare stone structure stood. The buildings on top of the hill had once been a monastery. Now the farmer uses the top story of one wing as a dwelling. In the cool living room, with thick stone walls and little windows, we must wait a few minutes for some very black coffee. After that hospitable ceremony the farmer led us out on the balcony. This was September and harvest was over. As usual in that region, there had been very little rain for nearly five months. Many square miles of flat, sere and almost treeless valley lay beneath us, with the Tiber meandering down, its crooked course traceable by willows along the banks when the water was not visible. Dun hills closed the view beyond the river to the west and equally dun Alban Mountains made the eastern horizon.

Three Crops and a Grazing Fee

EXCEPT the stone building at the foot of the hills, only one house—a small, dingy brick affair, originally built for a shooting lodge—was in sight. At the end of the dry summer season it is about as dreary a view as you will find anywhere—very classic ground. Some miles farther south there is a fine view of the dome of St. Peter's on the horizon; but as seen from the road or from our balcony it looks as though all the juice had been squeezed out of it ages ago.

The farmer, however, was pointing eagerly to the confines of his land. It ran across the valley to the hills on the west and equally far north, comprising nearly 2500 acres. Together with the 2500 acres adjoining on the north, it belongs to one of the noble Roman families who prudently appropriated a great part of the land in Central Italy long ago and have held on to a good deal of it ever since.

There are honorable exceptions; but in the main these aristocratic landlords appear to have been inspired by a noble determination to get as much as possible out of the land and put as little as possible into it. As another enterprising lessee farther up the valley remarked to me quite sympathetically, "You see, they had a great deal of land here and elsewhere. The rent was sufficient for their living expenses, so they didn't wish to bother with improvements."

Our farmer leased this 2500 acres two years ago at a cash rent of nearly five dollars an acre—a stiff price, I should say, for land that was in the condition of this tract when he took it over. But by that time high prices for agricultural products had inspired landowners, noble and common, to mark up the rent. The farmer told us he was then negotiating for the lease of another 2500 acres. He would have to pay a yearly rent of six dollars and a half an acre. All the same, he meant to take the land if he could get it. He would show us why.

Under his guidance we returned to the main road and soon struck off to the left into the farm. The city chauffeur was not enthusiastic about taking his new shiny car over the rude ox roads or mere cow paths that the farmer pointed to, and I shared his doubts concerning several culverts over deep ditches that were made of saplings bound together. The farmer assured us they would bear more than the weight of the car, and proved to be right.

Concerning the ditches, this flat land usually gets too little water, but sometimes far too much. A marble tablet, waist-high in the corner of the stone building where we met the farmer, shows where the Tiber came in the flood of 1900. That, I judge, would have put 90 per cent of the farm under ten feet or more of water.

The farm is divided into several big fields by rail fences, the posts only three or four inches thick, to which horizontals of half that size are nailed. The first field showed the land as it was when this lessee took it over—rough grazing of poor quality. About 700 acres is still in that primitive state. In the next field his tractor should have been at work turning over the tough old sod to be planted to wheat in October and November. It was not at work, however. The farmer led me around it so that I could see the crack. It looked exactly like what happened to my own first and only tractor when it struck a rock the size of a half-bushel basket concealed in Michigan soil. This tractor had struck no particular rock, but the yellow soil turned up in furrows beside it might have come out of a limestone quarry. My boot heel made no impression on the big, solid chunks. That was what it had all been like. But 700 acres had been vigorously worked for two years, with seventy pounds of chemical fertilizer to the acre. This year it yielded thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre. That was one reason why the farmer proposed to take over the adjoining 2500 acres, even though he had to pay six dollars and a half an acre rent.

Sheep on the Banks of the Tiber

Nearly 700 acres more is in a species of alfalfa that thrives with little rain. It had been cut for the third time the week before our visit, and a threshing machine in the field was winnowing out the seed—to be sold, the farmer said, for export to the United States, where they have no good seed of this variety.

"Besides the seed, I get three crops of hay that is shipped all over Italy. The hay of this third crop, which is threshed for seed, isn't much good. But now the sheep will come in from the north and graze all winter. I get a good price for the grazing privilege. March fifteenth the sheep will clear out, and then, pretty soon, I shall have another crop of hay."

In the field where the broken tractor stood, two big white oxen with immense horns were drawing a plow to scratch a line along the ground that would guide the tractor when it resumed operations. At the threshing machine two similar beasts were hauling hay. The undersized and scraggy horses are used only for lighter tasks; but the big white oxen with great horns that do the heavy work are the most impressive agricultural animals I have ever seen. I asked the farmer how many cattle he had.

A One-Man Roman Round-Up

"I HAVE 200, but no stable for them. That will come later. Yes, and a dairy with good milch cows too! Would you like to see a herd of cattle that live and breed in the open the year round?"

I would; and again the disheartened chauffeur was consigned to a mere cow path that ran between a freshly plowed field and the willow-grown bank of the river. The ground got too rough for wheels and we went forward on foot, presently descending a path to a long sand beach lapped by the Tiber. It was then past noon. The cattle, with some sheep and horses, were taking their siesta, like good Romans, beside the water. An enormous bull looked twice the size of any other animal. The cows are never milked, but used only for draft and breeding. Calves are broken to harness and sold for draft—or for veal, to the infinite regret of every American in Italy. After six weeks in that sunny country we usually approached the dining room softly booing.

Led by the farmer, we walked along the beach, with pauses for questions and explanations, then climbed the

The Old Monastery Where a Roman Farmer Lives

steep twenty-foot river bank at the farther end, to discover that the whole herd of cattle, for some mysterious reason, had set off in a brisk migration toward Rome, the bull towering among them. I should have called it hot there in the open at midday; but the farmer sprinted away in magnificent form over the plowed ground to head off the runaways. Running over plowed ground is not an easy feat in any temperature, and our host moved in a circuit so as not to excite the animals to a faster pace. I admired his performance greatly, but wondered whether it would not chill his cordiality toward the stranger who had brought on the trouble.

In spite of his nimble heels, it seemed the cattle were going to beat him, but he whistled from time to time as he ran, and just when we thought all was lost—really, it belongs in a movie scenario—a lone horseman armed with a fish pole galloped into view. Horseman and horse knew their job. In very short order they had the eloping cattle rounded up and headed back for the river. On closer view the horseman's weapon proved to be not a fish pole but a long wooden rod that looked like one. With it he jabbed the cattle in flank and shoulder. On his lean, wiry little horse this Roman cowboy obligingly posed for a photograph. Except that I knew the river a few yards away to be the Tiber, and for the pole, I would readily have taken him for a cowboy on the banks of the Rio Grande. Many like him are employed in this district.

The farmer, dripping with sweat and laughing, then headed off the big bull for a photograph. In view of the immense horns, I would not have attempted that, but the great creature proved disappointingly docile. Still laughing and mopping his face, the farmer then took us back to the bare stone building for luncheon. One end of it contains the farm canteen, with a meager stock of dubious-looking edibles for sale, a tiny bar over which native wine is served, and a combined dining room and kitchen, which was very popular with the flies just then. We ate out under the trees, and friendly hens, hopping to the table, pecked at our bread. Beside us I noticed a tile-roofed dirt court for playing bowls.

Booms and Big-Scale Farming

THE farmer's enthusiasm bubbled during the meal. Next year, with more acres in wheat and alfalfa, he would make a net profit of 200,000 lire, after paying his land rent. That net figure comes to $8000, and I shouldn't mind laying a small bet that he will do it. His dark eyes sparkled as he explained that then would come a proper stable, milch cows, a dairy. He was full of schemes for improvements and extensions, and when he took over the adjoining 2500 acres he could work to better advantage.

"But your lease runs only twelve years," I objected. "What will become of your improvements if the landlord refuses to renew it?"

The answer came readily, "Oh, he is sure to lease it to somebody. It may as well be to me."

Not only a resourceful, energetic business man, you see, but one who is not at all averse to a speculation. In the past few years a good many large-scale tenant farmers like this one have appeared in Italy, which will probably have a quite important effect on agricultural output.

And not only in big-scale farming. You cannot spend much time observantly in Milan and Turin without becoming aware of a quite boomy air—a big output of energy and a hum of industry. I noticed more important new buildings under construction in Italy than in England or France. Many Italians are making money these days. According to my observation, there never was much foundation for the myth that only extravagant Americans travel first-class in Europe. Certainly there is no foundation for it now—especially in Italy. The train in which I rode from Milan to Rome carried five sleeping cars. Our car had only one woman passenger, and in the two cars that I had a chance to look over with some care there was only one compartment whose occupants were speaking English. The sleeping-car passengers, by a great majority, were Italian business men, and Italian passengers pack the first-class compartments of the day trains.

I gave considerable attention to the new-style Roman farmer, because he struck me as typical of an outstanding feature of the present Italian situation, not only as to agriculture but generally. In various directions one catches an air of push and prosperity. However, there is another side to the story, as follows:

"How many hands do you employ?" I asked the farmer.

"I employ 250 permanently," he replied. "At harvest it may run up to 500."

"What do you pay the permanent hands?"

The answer came with equal promptness: "Twenty lire a day for the men; fifteen lire a day for the women. I have more women than men."

Twenty lire is eighty cents. Fifteen lire is sixty cents. The hands board and lodge themselves. You see women doing many kinds of heavy field work.

"Where do the extra hands at harvest come from?"

The farmer waved his hand to the east. "They come down out of the hills."

Italy is not quite so large as California and has nearly the same area of cultivable land. Also, it has about 40,000,000 inhabitants, half of whom get their living directly out of the soil. The hills are full of men and women ready to come down when a job offers.

A mile or so farther up the valley the manager of another new-style farm showed us his wheat field that won this year's prize for best cultivation in a regional competition. The farm comprises somewhat more than 2500 acres. It also is owned by a noble Roman. The present lessee, from whom all improvements date, has had it three years. At first it was the same tough grazing land that we had seen below; but the prize field of forty-four acres yielded an average of fifty-eight bushels of wheat to the acre this year. When we saw it the stubble had been carefully burned to destroy insects, and a good-sized American tractor was turning the soil over for fall sowing. The dirt that rolled from the plowshare was dark and soft. Though my boot heel made no impression on the chunks in the first field I visited, a lump of this dirt the size of my fist crumbled at a slight pressure of the thumb. The whole field looked clean as a whistle.

There is an object lesson in what proper cultivation and fertilization will do. But this field was exceeded the present year, the national prize going to one, even larger, that turned out an average of sixty-one bushels to the acre. The farm that contains the prize field employs from 300 to 400 hands. It is a brilliant success from the point of view of agricultural output, but perhaps not from the point of view of the men and women who actually till the soil.

Four good oxen, the manager said, will plow as deep as the tractor; but the tractor is cheaper because it does twice as much work in a day as four oxen and it doesn't eat when it isn't working.

This new-style, big-scale, efficient farming is part of the battle of wheat that is frequently mentioned in Italian newspapers. The slogan of the battle is Premier Mussolini's declaration that "Italy can and must feed herself." In the crop year 1924–1925, 3,000,000 long tons of wheat were imported, and in August you could buy something over twenty-seven Italian lire for an American dollar. The 1925 harvest was decidedly larger, and this crop year's imports will be correspondingly less. By the middle of September you got only twenty-four lire for a dollar.

The battle of wheat is also a battle of exchange. Italy has to import coal, iron and many other raw materials.

Wooden Plows are Still Used on the Smaller Farms in Italy

If, in addition, she has to import much wheat the lira is likely to suffer. So the government is exerting itself—quite intelligently, I should judge—to stimulate increased production. The new-style farmers get various benefits and bonuses for improved yields. Nor does the government overlook the lowly. On the main road near the first farm stands a row of plain cement-and-stucco houses built by the government and sold to farm laborers on fifty years' time. Only in the Roman Campagna, however, has the government built houses for the laborers. Some other measures in their behalf will be mentioned later.

New Houses for the Farm Laborers

An Italian Threshing Crew of Men and Women

The Battle of Wheat

IT IS properly called the battle of wheat, because bread is the great food staple and wheat is the one big crop. Italy's production of oats, rye and barley, lumped together on a ten-year average, amounts to less than 17 per cent of her wheat crop. Our average outturn of those three cereals—to get the contrast—is greater than our wheat crop. Corn may also be reckoned as a food grain, but Italy produces less than half as much of it as of wheat, though we produce more than three times as much. Italy's rice crop, by weight, is only a tenth of her wheat crop. As for that grand nourisher of men, the potato, Italy grows only a seventh as much as France, with nearly the same population; less than half as much as England and Wales, and only twice as much as Switzerland, which has a tenth

(Continued on Page 159)

JUDITH ISCARIOT

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

DAYS faded into days on that gray table-land southwestward from Saubala, and the winds played a mighty game. Dust from packs, dust from camels ahead, dried dust from camel hide and hair—"camel flake," "camel pepper," "camel dandruff"—variously named among the tribes of Asia—forever pressing its way into one's tea, fruit and rice, nostril and purse. In twilight we came to the sweeping fork in the caravan routes, the portal of the Great Serai showing ahead. For hours I had studied the huge fore-square of stone. Massive as the Great Wall and doubtless born of the same fear-mad whim, the ancient caravansary seemed to have eased its way into nature itself. Above its towers, as the light went out of the western sky, I saw the circling birds that follow the call of decay.

The wind howled like a far-off wolf pack. The caravan jammed. A torch flamed out ahead. The gate lifted instead of drawing apart; my camel passed through a thirty-foot thickness of wall to a huge open square, where the herds and flocks and trains were sheltered from the wind but open to the sky. The air was pungent from smoke of many cooking fires, and I remember the grim silent butchers in their stalls at the right, holding up strips of newly cut meat, of sun-cured and smoke-cured meats—setting them down and holding them up. Following the torch, I passed figures of folded camels jawing like terrible old women, and off in the far shadows like dim tapestries in a ruined castle, elephants feeding—a herd of *hathis*, silent shadows. Then my own camel knelt.

Next morning at daybreak I lay awake watching the sky. Interminable rainless grays stirred above. The bark of a dog further roused, a snappy, intelligent small dog from the sound, and a voice said, "All right, Grief. Who'd ever have thought I wasn't already up and dressed?" From his blankets at a short distance appeared the head of a white man, the voice whimsically American. I strolled over after breakfast. Tripod and big black box were visible among the packs. A small brindle terrier, jaw down on the blankets, eyed me disparagingly.

"Yes, I take photographs for a living," the man said. "My name's Merlin—out for elephants this trip, traveling with Bond-Finley's herd from Saubala ——" He pointed toward the elephant lines at the far end of the Serai. In the talk that followed I learned that Merlin was especially interested to get a battle of elephant bulls.

"Not so easy, either, Mr. Crawford," he remarked. "Of course, you can fake anything. I told a rajah in Burphal what I was looking for and he worked up a feud between a couple of old grandpas and drove them together—mahouts on deck, you understand—fires burning round them, conchs, and kettledrums on, full blast. They did start goading each other, but it wasn't what we were out after, was it, Grief?"

Occasionally he referred to his dog like this, glancing down with a winsome apologetic smile. The terrier's stub whacked twice, a sort of "I'll say" bearing out the story. "If you can't deliver the goods, you fake 'em," Merlin added curiously, "and the first thing you know, you find yourself a little liar, trudging around the world with a black box. Bond-Finley, that's the Englishman in charge of the elephants here, tells me I'll get what I want down Shushumna country, if anywhere. Going that way?"

"Yes."

"To Darhana?"

"Possibly," said I, "but I was told it wasn't positively necessary to go through to Darhana to get to Samadhi."

"Never heard of that."

"I haven't found anyone who has," I laughed. "I may have to go to Darhana first after all."

"Samadhi," Merlin repeated.

I could see he was interested, but I felt like knowing him better before talking about what I was out after. I inquired at this point why the elephant outfit was lying up here in the Serai.

"Feeding up a bit. Bond-Finley's got the Mongol keepers eating their nails off from staying so long already. They've just so much food and forage for the winter caravans and the elephants have made deep inroads in that."

I Caught the Looming of the Charge at the Camera, the Folding Roll of the Streaked Shoulders, the Reaching Forward of That Reptile Trunk

"But what's his idea of taking the herd down into the Shushumna country?"

"Pickings pretty well gone from the Ghats and Himalayas, they tell me. It takes elephants to catch elephants. Bond-Finley's out for fresh stock; his third trip this way. He, or at least one black female in his string, is responsible for scores of the big boys piling timber and transporting munitions down Calcutta side or up Bombay side."

"One female, you said ——"

"Yes, we'll go over presently. Her real name is Drona, but I call her Judy. She's my idea of how an elephant ought to look and is uncommonly friendly to me, but I don't like her game. Lures the wild ones into the drive—they end up in stockades."

The terrier bounded in from affairs of his own. He hadn't been gone three minutes, but there was need to fill his eyes with his master again. The hard fighting glint of his breed softened. He took his sniff and look, and was about to resume life afresh on his own hook when Merlin said:

"Stay here, Grief. We're off for a look-see at Miss Judy ——"

The dog wilted to his blanket. I remarked how well he minded.

"He has to have his part straight to stay along with this elephant crowd. Embarrassing otherwise, for *hathis* and small dog don't hit it off together. Gudakesha comes over here to see him every evening, because the kid isn't welcome at the elephant lines. Gudakesha maybe he'll know about Samadhi. You'll like the old man. He's Judy's mahout—ranking mahout in Bond-Finley's outfit, in fact."

Then I was standing within six feet of the head of an unchained mammoth that showed unmistakable signs of delight in our coming at least, in Merlin's. An elephant calf isn't what you'd call young to look at, but this damsel, said to be fifty, positively glistened with an indescribable sense of youth. Her trunk half-looped around Merlin's shoulders. I caught his most fetching look again, that embarrassed apologetic smile.

"They do say she has a case on me—started right off in Saubala. I've been making some sketches of her—rake of her head and gleam of her eyes—the public's bound to catch."

I caught what he meant—delight in life like a sunning cat, vigor softly alive in her—gleam in her hide, music in her tipping sway, sublimated light of joy in the small black eye.

"But her Indian name, Drona, is intriguing," I said. "Why call her Judy?"

"Short for Judith—Judith Iscariot—for tricking her own people out of the cool and juicy jungles into slavery down in British India!"

"But I've heard their psychology is different that you can't get next to elephants by figuring out what we would do in their place ——"

"Thanks, Crawford," he said quickly. "It'll be a favor, if you keep me reminded of that."

Merlin had a servant bring over his tiffin case and we lunched together. I had opened a marvelous picture book—a human book of moving pictures. "I have photographed that," he would say, ending the matter so far as he was concerned, whether it was an Indian Durbar, New Orleans Mardi Gras or Mexican revolution. He had "done" tigers in India and Korea, jaguars in the lower American jungles. "Hard to get to—those shadow cats," was his comment on the latter. Among the photographs he carried were several of one certain woman. Certainly she had been posed against memorable backgrounds. "Leila in Taormina," "Leila in Sonora-town," "Leila in G's Ashram in Allahabad." Evidently she had joined him in various places round the world.

"Mrs. Merlin," he said. "She wanted to come this trip, but I left her back in a little bungalow on a hill in Saubala."

More action stills were uncovered—wild men and animals shot through a lens rather than a milled tube—several of the prints extraordinary enough to start a rousing vogue at home, but Merlin apparently lacked the subtlety of the show-off; his business to advertise others. His slim quick hands were a study; something almost feminine in them, and in the eager changing play of expression in his face.

I kept trying to think where I had seen the like before, and suddenly knew that it was the look of the new type of gamester that held me—a trace of the same thing I had seen in the faces of those who go up into the air and down under the sea in ships—Archie Merlin who had to have continual fresh fields for his camera. "I have photographed that."

Again that evening we went to the elephant lines, where I met Bond-Finley, the type of English sportsman and soldier and hunter that has kept sunup on the British Dominions; Gudakesha standing at a distance, his hand on the trunk of a darkish mountain larger than Drona, and plainly of the same noble type.

"Astonishing Hindu—Gudakesha," Merlin whispered after Bond-Finley had left. "The old mahout has the map of the elephant brain on the palm of his hand, as the saying is. That's old Bhima he's standing with. Lord of his world, Bhima—second only to Judy here. You see, the females run the show ——"

We stood in the dusk at Drona's head, as she heaved and tipped consummately, and I fancied a speck of light in her eyes, like a bit of curled white-hot wire. Merlin seemed queerly stimulated here in the elephant lines.

"Bhima and Drona, aristocrats," he went on. "The rest of the herd are just elephants—the common shadowy sort you see below in Indian service. There was still another, a third of the royalty, called Bhishma—vanished from Darhana the last trip down, they tell me. Bond-Finley hasn't gotten over that—his one black mark."

"Is Drona sister or mate to that one yonder?" I asked.

"How about it, Judy? Is it Brother Bhima, or closer than that?" Merlin laughed, touching the dark auditorium from which the eye gleamed at him beneficently. "They're secretive as eagles, Crawford. And the mahouts get to be the same. More they know, less they talk—like the deeper you go into a lodge."

Gudakesha now approached, a slim ascetic of considerable years, gray-white as a priest. He had bidden Bhima stand at a short distance, and gave me salaam with dignity, hand on forehead.

"I was just telling Crawford how Judy's heart affairs are entirely her own," Merlin said.

"It is not so exactly," Gudakesha answered gently to me. "In Drona is evidence of exceeding attachment, causing apprehension. Merlin-sahib does not appreciate——"

"I appreciate all right," my friend said soberly. "What I can't swallow is the game she plays for Bond-Finley—on her way down into the Shushumna right now for another chain gang."

"A lack of understanding, sahib, an appearance, no more," said Gudakesha. "It is not that Drona will behave unseemly in her attachment. The apprehension that I know is that there is sorrow in all attachment—even in the eyes of the little dog that waits for Merlin-sahib so bravely." Gudakesha held forth his thin arm to the pale arrowy scar on Drona's brow. "And in one so very vast, the sorrow of attachment burns long. Already the days of Drona's exile are burdensome to bear." As if sensing the danger of saying too much, Gudakesha added in the tone of formula: "She is of an ancient race, sahibs, of a passing splendor—as is Bhima yonder in the shadows, as was Bhishma who no longer walks with us——"

"I've heard there are elephants in Samadhi," I said.

It was like the dawning of a great light that I saw in the mahout's eyes. Then—startling lightness in so old a man—he was on his feet, under Drona's lifted trunk, when an instant before he had been sitting on his heels.

"Drona will stand in her own place and Bhima also," he said in stately fashion. "It is that I would go to see the little dog that obeys so perfectly, since he cannot come to us."

I stood for a moment rubbing my eyes and looking up at the early stars above the Serai, before following. Grief raced toward us from the dark at Merlin's call; then we fanned up a fire under fresh fuel cakes and sat in silence, until there was left not the slightest doubt that Gudakesha had taken us out of hearing of the elephant lines to learn what I knew about Samadhi.

"The fact is, I haven't been sure that it's an actual place, or just a condition of the mind of the man who told me," I laughed. "I don't recall being enjoined to secrecy in any way——"

"Is the sahib on his way to Samadhi?"

"That's what I set out for. Is it straight that there's a hidden pass?"

"Did not the sahib receive directions?"

"I was told not to go to Darhana, but to leave the main caravan trail before crossing the Shushumna—to start eastward when two mountains called the Upadhis were in alignment—when the cone of the second could be seen through the notch of the nearer, in fact—something of the sort."

"I pray—speak softly. And what is the sahib's errand?"

"That fact is, I've a sort of penchant for studying primitives," I confessed. "A monograph I did in connection with the silk weavers of the Great Grass Jungle—brought me reward of word of this tribe sequestered in Samadhi, supposed to be entirely unspoiled by civilization."

Gudakesha's face was upturned as if in prayer that the Samadhi folk might be permitted to remain in their isolated peace.

"Can't one go from Darhana to Samadhi?" I persisted.

"It is not a great distance in kilometers, my friend, but a moist tongue of the jungle stretches between."

"No trails?"

"No man trails," Gudakesha answered, "though there are those among the enlightened who can find the way."

"What is Samadhi, anyway?"

"It is a place of peace."

We sat late that night, our heads close together over the little fire. I remember Merlin's eager face and the occasional light in the eyes of the old mahout, far whiter than firelight. He spoke the name Samadhi, as if it were a poem and a song all in itself. Certainly he wasn't to be nailed for facts. Part of the time I couldn't tell if he were talking of elephants or of men, but it was unquestionably clearer in my mind at the end, that the southern slopes of the Shushumna, cut off from the teeming world of the Indian plains by the great grass jungle on the south, and from the north by the broad dreary table-land, the larger part of which we still had to cross, was the elephant habitat of all the world; that Darhana was comparatively an open district, but that Samadhi was a sort of inner preserve, much cherished by those who had been there; the home not only of a remarkably innocent tribe of primitives, but the place of origin of the lordly race of elephants of the Drona and Bhima breed.

"If it's their private paradise, why keep Judy and Bhima out?" Merlin wanted to know.

The answer was elusive as usual.

"There must always be those, sahib, who forswear Nirvana for the common good."

"Are the people of Samadhi hostile to the entrance of strangers?" I asked.

"Not against those who find their way, and who come with empty hands."

"But if it's so blessed harmonic there," Merlin mused, "a man looking for a battle of elephant bulls—had better stay out. Excuse me, Crawford. I forget I haven't been asked."

"The fact is I've been putting it up to you all evening," said I.

"Peace has sometimes to be preserved by engaging in war," Gudakesha broke in unexpectedly. "Among the brothers of the shadow that roam the Shushumna country around Darhana are certain rogues and outcasts in which evil is fully ripened."

"Referring to elephants?" my friend asked.

"Yes, sahib."

Merlin's hand went out to the mahout impulsively. "I don't mind leaving Bond-Finley when we come to these Upadhis—but Judy and you, Gudakesha——"

"Our path of duty lies on to Darhana with the English, sahib. The sorrow of all attachment is inevitable."

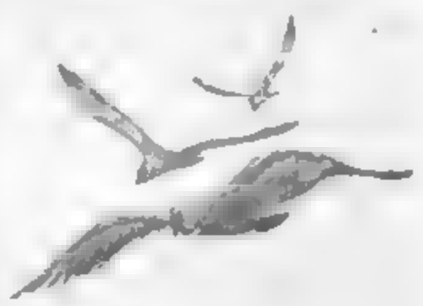
Heading south toward the Shushumna Range presently, I wasn't slow to see I had hooked up with a master in the art of caravan travel and all that pertained. I have seen Merlin sit for hours in the wash of sun and wind, between the humps of a dromedary, eyelids trailing, the dog across his knees, movements of his body altogether rhythmic—sitting in a kind of easy rumination from which he emerged as fresh as from sleep. I have seen him brush a wool shirt, water always scarce, until it gleamed as fresh as the coat of a healthy hound; and take a full-length bath—perfunctory as some men about dinner clothes, over that bath—with only a scant tin cup of water, perhaps—pale streaks of wintry twilight in the west, icy wind cutting in.

Our servants were mainly in the way, for Merlin could make a canned fish taste like mountain trout caught at sundown. Afterward he would drop back against his windbreak, blown sand sometimes skiting past like gravel, his water pipe singing friendly as a teakettle. Usually in the evening we passed an hour with Gudakesha, sitting at the feet of the stately ones. More and more, the old mahout showed his apprehension as to the effect Merlin's leaving the caravan might have on Drona.

"It is that I sense death and strangeness in the air," he said, "and this as we approach the land of peace——"

I had a sudden feeling in the pit of the stomach of being trampled in the dust.

The peaks of the Shushumna Range were cold facts at last—a ridge of gray rock, gray as cement, running east and west. The steep high slope we faced was forever cut off from the balmy light of the south. Rifts of dirty snow showed in the steep clefts, sparse cold trees, a new chill in the shadows as we climbed the foothills, listless play of sunlight only a few hours in the middle of the day. One twilight as Merlin prepared supper—it was the evening before the second Upadhi was sighted through the notch of the nearer, signaling the time of our divergence from the caravan—cries reached us from the elephant section, and against the pale suffusion



(Continued on Page 98)

"Think of This Stuff With Slow Music! Isn't He the Fightin' Fool?"

SICK PER CENT

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE Wildcat, leading his mascot goat, met his ancient adversary, Honeytone Boone, in Oakland. The Wildcat was broke. Honeytone, the saddle-colored promoter, was worse than broke by seven dollars' worth of room rent. After the first handshake, Honeytone went through a few motions. He doubled up his right fist and dug his knuckles into his left eye. He lifted a beseeching gaze to a heaven blind with fog. His features drooped with the look of a hound dog about to howl. He crooked his right arm and held it above his bowed head in a position of defense. He laid his left hand above his heart.

"Worthy brotheh, whut says you?"

"Nemmine 'bout dat thrice-acute hailin' sign of distress. Save yo' gestures," the worthy brother advised. "Dem beseechin' gymnastics falls on a stummick twice as empty as de one inside yo' own vest. Save yo' strength fo' a lingerin' death. Whut you got in dat satchel?"

"Ain't no satchel—dat's a valise."

"Nemmine whut de outside is. Whut you got inside dat satchel?"

"Ain't nuthin in dis valise."

"Dat satchel same as my stummick. How much money you got?"

"No mo' dan a snake has wings."

"Hope, good-by. I figgered likely dey was somebody's missin' property in yo' satchel us could sell to git ration money."

"Yo' figgers adds up zero."

The Wildcat heaved a sigh that shrank him to boy size.

"Nemmine whut dey adds up—gimme dat satchel!" He made a grab at Honeytone's baggage, and his action marked the birth of a scheme whose success would result in the capture of two square meals. "Hold dis goat!" Within three seconds thereafter he was en route to a destination which he revealed in a parting call to his famished companion. "Remain put whilst I 'filiates wid de pawn man round de corner."

Honeytone stayed put for two reasons. First, experience had taught him that he could trust the Wildcat; and second, the valise belonged to another inmate of the rooming house, who had been sound asleep that morning when Honeytone left.

At the pawnshop the Wildcat talked fast, and before his hypnotized victim realized it the valise had been exchanged for two silver dollars. Leaving the pawnshop, the Wildcat's hunger was forgotten for a moment in a glittering display of brass watches and yellow jewelry set with gaudy stones. The back row of timepieces, lacking foundations of velvet-lined boxes, were displayed on a sluggish stock of plush ear muffs. The Wildcat had not seen a set of ear muffs since his departure from the sunny South, but a boy could never tell when a good pair of ear muffs would come in handy.

"How much does you want fo' dem lug mufflers?"

The pawn man batted his eyes, but recovered sufficiently to deliver himself of the retort courteous—"Make an offer."

All things are relative. The Wildcat had seen spells of weather in his homeland where a good pair of ear muffs were worth something less than a million dollars.

"I figgers dat big pair is worth fo' bits."

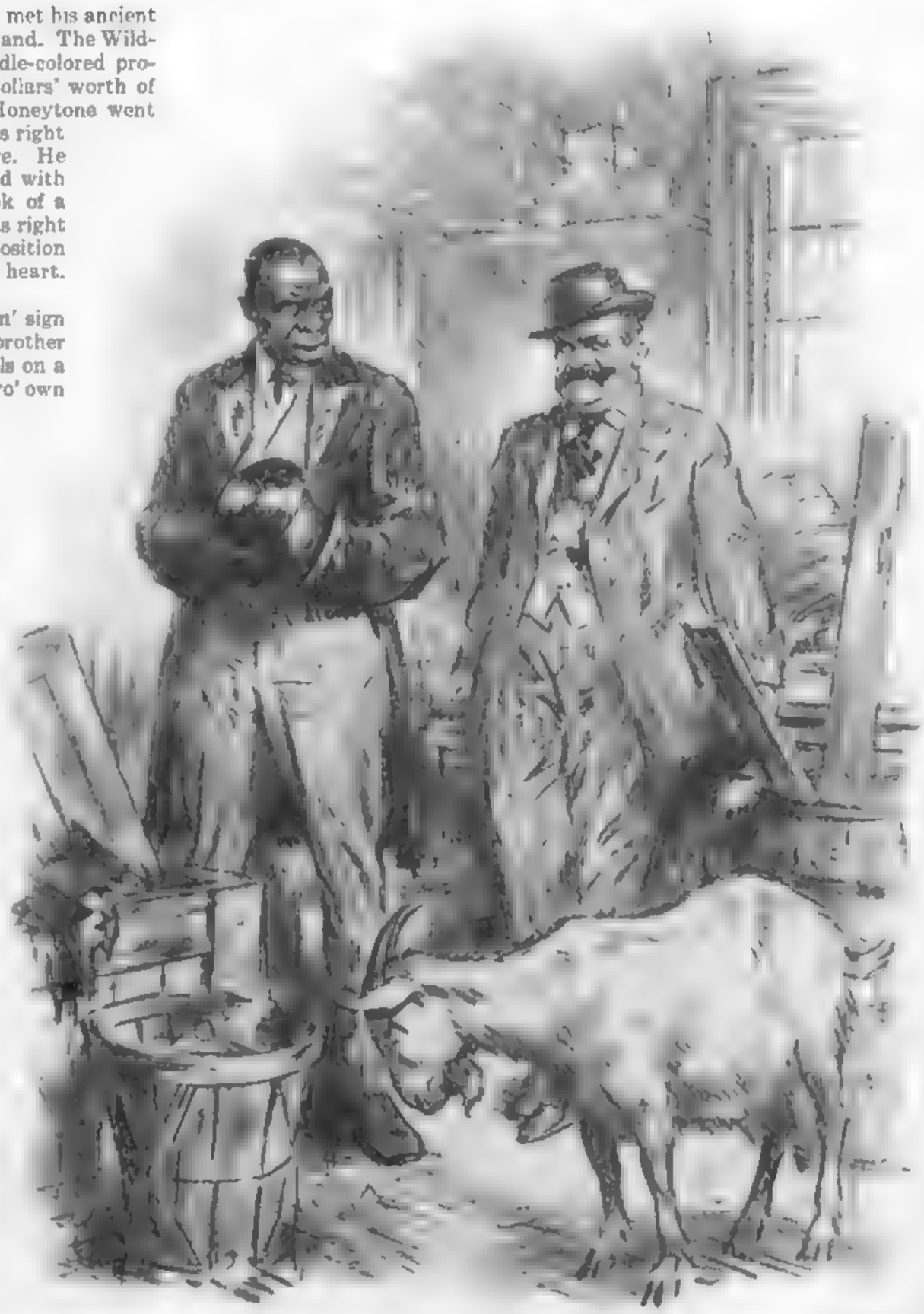
The pawn man pressed his luck. Ear muffs, it seemed, were mighty scarce articles in the San Francisco Bay region. By taking a 50 per cent loss for the sake of friendship and future business, the large pair of ear muffs could be sold for positively not a cent less than a dollar.

"Wrap 'em up; dat seems fair enough."

The Wildcat parked his ear muffs in his coat pocket, and then, all set for a cold spell, he returned to where Honeytone and Lily awaited him. Honeytone's greeting included a recital of the mascot's conduct.

"Nevah seed sech a literary goat in my bawn days," he complained. "Whilst I was gazin' at de traffic, dis Lily roach up an' et half de newspapeh outen my pocket."

"Honeytone, Lily been changin' lately. Ise seed de time when all dat goat craved was railroad time-tables an' dese here chronic supplements. Goat gittin' old now. Ain't so partial to gaudy pictures. On'y last week I seed Lily eat de worst murdeh trial evah published. Fust thing us knows dat animel begin to relish history. Lily gittin' to be one of dese reg'lar internal librariums."



"Cap'n, Suh, I Ain't Seed No Lottery Tickets"

"Speakin' of dese internal mattehs, Wildcat, whut was de net casualties in yo' battle wid de pawn man?"

Neglecting to mention his ear-muff commission on the transaction, the Wildcat announced the state of their finances

"One dollah, an' here it is."

"Gimme dat money."

Honeytone appointed himself treasurer and led the march to a near-by restaurant, run by a Greek whose motto was Quantity First.

Properly expended, a lot of food can be purchased for a dollar, and in this instance the consumers' dollar brought home the bacon and eggs and bread and gravy and potatoes, four cups of coffee, a quart of tomatoes, two bowls of soup, a double order of shop-worn stew and, for the mascot goat, a bale of wilted lettuce. Midway of the meal, the Wildcat, preparing for his second round, heaved a deep sigh.

"Dere you is, Honeytone. Whut I tell you? Lady Luck sho done noble by us."

Honeytone grunted his scorn of the Wildcat's guardian angel.

"Huh, Lady Luck didn't hand you no dollah. De pawn man hand you de dollah, 'cause I had brains enough to 'quip myself wid dat valise."

"Who 'quipped you wid luck enough to meet up wid me an' Lily? Tell me dat. Honeytone, you would of been standin' on de corner starvin' to death or holdin' onto dat satchel thing yet, if Lady Luck hadn't booned you wid a good Samaritan."

"Is dat so? Where at would de good Samaritan been widout my valise?"

"Samaritan don't need no satchel. If it hadn't been a satchel, somethin' else would happen as long as Lady Luck was dealin' de cards."

"Wildcat, fo'git yo' history. Cast yo' gaze into de immediate future whut confronts us, an' whut does you see?"

"All de future I sees is dis beef stew."

The Wildcat abandoned the controversy and dived deep. Coming up for air, he found Honeytone harping on the same subject.

"Oveh an' beyond dat beef stew whut you nearly drowned in, tell me whut else you sees in de future?"

The Wildcat closed his eyes for an instant, enjoying the complicated flavors of a large lump of beef.

"All I sees is us settin' on a rainbow, wid Lady Luck fixin' to shove us down de slope to where a pot of gold money is pleadin' to be found by a fast spendeh."

"You cain't see nuthin. You puts yo' trust in Lady Luck, an' all you gits out is one li'l ol' pot of gold. Brains is my motto. Whilst you been gratifyin' yo' stummick, I is agitated my brains, an' whut is de outcome?"

"Outcome is I wins heavy. Honeytone, my stummick is mighty near pacified, whilst de mo' you eats, de mo' yo' brains gits agitated."

"Dey's de shadder of truth in whut you says. Lissen to me, boy—us needs capital."

"Dat ain't no news."

"I don't mean jitney money fo' no hand-to-hand battle wid Ol' Man Trouble. I means capital fo' de f'nancial development of a enterprise whut leaves us swimmin' in de Gold Riveh."

"Where at is dis ellafump money you mentions?"

"Ain't gwine to reveal nuthin till de right time comes. I tells you confidential, Wildcat, dat wid exploitation money behind my brains yo' li'l ol' Lady Luck income ain't nuthin. On'y thing us needs to git mighty rich an' git it mighty quick is a stake."

"How big a stake does you mean?"

"Thousan' dollahs is de right size. Us might start slow an' steady wid two or three hund'ed, but de less us has de mo' delay us faces."

"Fo' once in yo' life you speaks de truth. Did us have a millium dollahs, dey wouldn't be no delay at all 'bout bein' rich."

"Wildcat, don't waste no words. Us is played some winnin' bets an' some losin' bets in de days gone by, but right now de scheme my brains thought up will make yo' past prosperity look like a hard winteh. Where at kin you git five hund'ed dollahs?"

"No place dat I knows of."

"Start out wid yo' Lady Luck an' do de best you kin. Meet me here Friday wid all de capital you kin raise, an' den git undeh coveh whilst my brain storm showehs down de golden hail."

Convinced by some quality of Honeytone's words that his companion had struck a money trail, the Wildcat enlisted in the cause and pledged himself to meet Honeytone on the following Friday, equipped with whatever stake Lady Luck might boon him with during the four intervening days.

The Wildcat's first harvest day was a blank, but falling in with a bootlegger who needed a truck driver for an overland expedition, he cleaned up fifty dollars on each of the two following nights, and was able to display a net capital of a hundred dollars at his Friday meeting with the promoter.

"Honeytone, dere you is. Lady Luck didn't feel so agile, but she done de best she could. Dere's a hund'ed dollahs luck money. How much did you take in wid yo' brains?"

Honeytone's intellectual achievements during the four days had netted him four free meals and nothing else.

"My brains is been too busy developin' de intricate details of our enterprise to gimme time fo' sech triflin' things as makin' money."

"How fur along is you got wid de deep thinkin'?"

A note of skepticism in the Wildcat's voice impelled Honeytone to elaborate the details of the financial campaign on which he had built his dreams of wealth. Bearing down heavy on appropriate additions to a vocabulary

cultivated solely for exhibition purposes, Honeytone outlined his plan.

"Wilecat, lean dem ears south whilst I inculcates you wid de rudiments of dis fo'theomin' f'nancial miracle. Whut's de best payin' bus'ness in de world?"

The Wildcat took thought.

"Outside of cultivatin' dese early-ripe seven spots in de li'l green valley where de spotted cubes roams wild, I 'spect de likker bus'ness is de easiest gold minin' whut is."

"You 'spects right. Not de likker bus'ness in gin'ral, but de high-toned bus'ness wid bonded likker. Leavin' out de likker in dis bonded likker thing, whut is you got left?"

Honeytone answered his own question.

"Bonds—dat's de golden residue. Talk about yo' gold mines an' yo' diamond mines an' de national debt whut de Democracks an' Repub'cans runs up when dey gits de chance—dat ain't nuthin compared to whut you an' me kin promote wid de bond bus'ness."

"You mean de bond bus'ness like white folks does, where some lady puts in a hund'ed dollahs an' gits out sick per cent de fust year an' de bond man whut sold it gits out de pen'tentiary ten years lateh?"

"Ain't nuthin like dat a-tall. De name of us is de Gold Premium Dividend Bond Syndicate. See kin you 'member dat. White folks is got to wait a year fo' dey underwriters to amortizate de compound refundin' collateral befo' dey gits a cent outen dey measly li'l ol' railroad bonds an' sechlike, whereas us pays de Gold Premium right back to our customers ev'y Sat'day night. How much does dem Gov'ment Bonds of Liberty pay back, do you reckon?"

"Neveh paid me nuthin but deductions. I was in de Army."

"Ain't no reason fo' remainin' igrump all you life—dey on'y paid 5 p'cent at de best. Us doubles dat an' den some. Main trouble wid de ordinary bond bus'ness is dat de presidump of de bond company is got to pay int'rust money to dem whut owns de bonds. In dis Gold Premium Dividend Bond Syndicate whut you an' me starts, de int'rust goes de othah way. De bonds is ten dollahs apiece. De int'rust is 10 p'cent a week. Dat's a dollah a week. Whoeveh buys de bond is got to pay us back his dollah a week int'rust or else us takes de bond away f'm him."

The Wildcat wrestled an obvious problem for a moment, and finding no solution, he questioned the promoter of the enterprise.

"Where at is de bait whut 'suades folks to buy a ten-dollah bond in de fust place?"

"Ise comin' to dat. Lissen to me. 'Spose us starts out an' sells a thousan' of dese gold bonds. Dat's ten thousan' dollahs, ain't it?"

"Sho' is."

"Dat ain't nuthin, Wilecat. Dat's a li'l ol' premium dividend you an' me divides betwixt us on de free-silvah basis, as promoted by de ancient Democracks. Dey ironclad, nonassessable motto was Sixteen to One. Accordin' to dat, as presidump an' treasurer of dis bond syndicate, I gits sixteen dollahs fo' bein' presidump, sixteen dollahs fo' bein' treasurer, an' you gits one dollah fo' bein' janitor."

"Go ahead, Honeytone. Afteh you is rigged de odds thutty-two to one agin me an' Lady Luck, den whut?"

"Us is sold a thousan' bonds, dat's ten thousan' dollahs. De fust week's int'rust falls due an' whoeveh owns de bonds pays in a dollah apiece. Dat makes a thousan' dollahs int'rust us takes in de fust week. Figger out how many weeks dey is in a year."

"Widin two of fifty."

"You mean two mo' dan fifty—fifty-two thousan' dollahs ev'y year us takes in f'm de fust thousan' folks you 'suades to buy bonds."

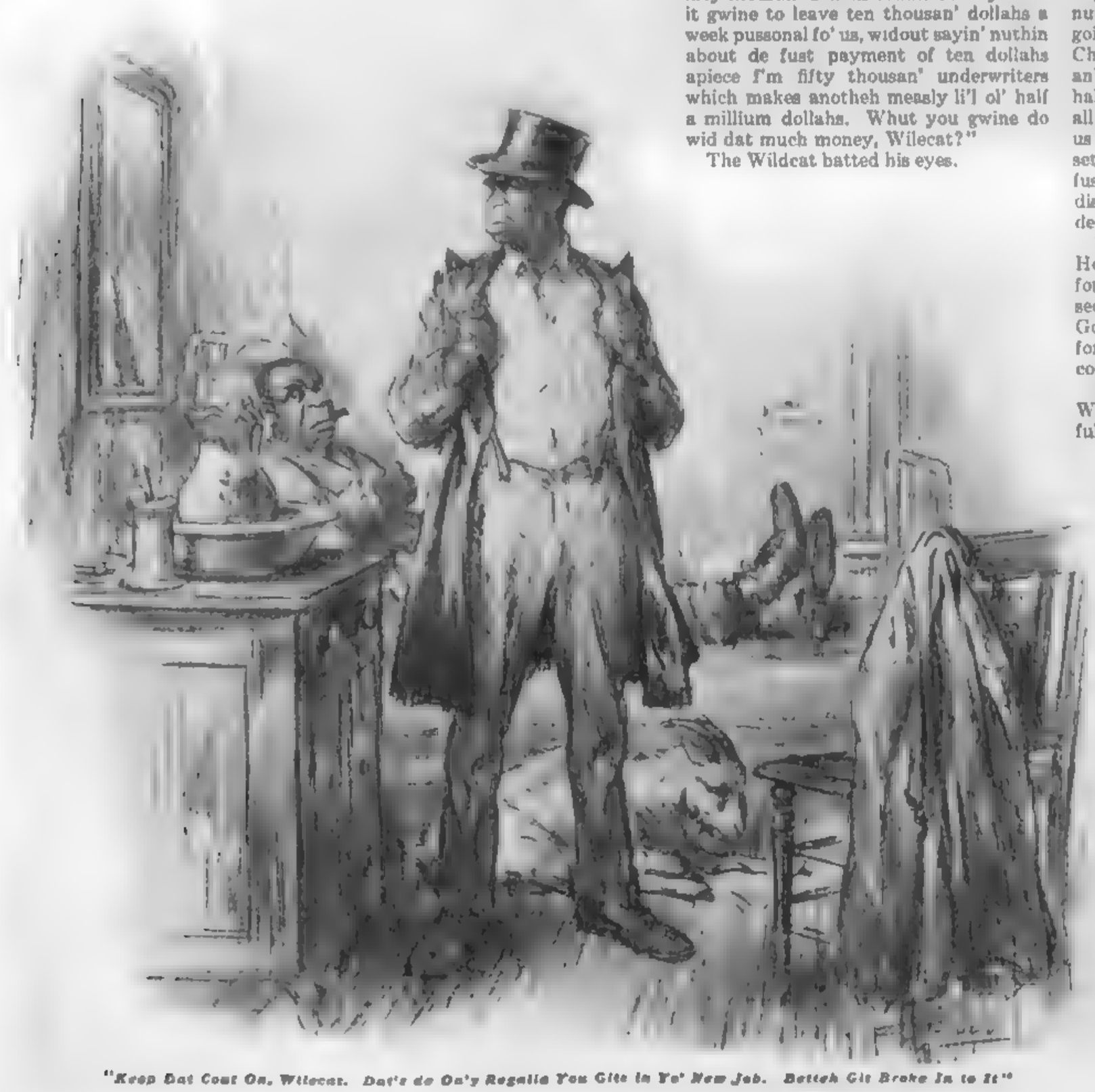
"Cain't see yet how I 'suades 'em. Nobody gwine to pay in ten dollahs in de fust place an' keep payin' a dollah a week widout gittin' somethin' f'm it."

"Now you is shootin' close to de meat! Ev'y Sat'day night, right afteh de int'rust is all paid in, us declares a dividend on de Lucky Numbeh Collateral Refundin' System. 'Spose us amortizizes dis thousan' dollahs. Fust thing us does is set five hund'ed dollahs aside as de Gran' Premium Rebate, two hund'ed dollahs as de secondary rebate an' a hund'ed-dollah bill fo' de man whut draws de third lucky numbeh. Dat leaves us two hund'ed dollahs ev'y week outen ev'y thousan' bonds whut you sells. How many niggers is here in Oakland an' Sam Framcisco?"

"On Sundays it seems like a million."

"Nemmine Sundays, say, o'dinary days—dey's a hund'ed thousan' easy, an mind you, dis ain't nuthin but a branch office of de main scheme. 'Spose you sells a bond to half of dese boys—dat's fifty thousan' underwriters contributin' a dollah a week. Dat allows us to dangle a gran' weekly fust premium of twenty-five thousan' dollahs fo' 'suadin' purposes. Nobody gwine to hold back, an' wid fifty thousan' dollahs comin' in ev'y week it gwine to leave ten thousan' dollahs a week pussonal fo' us, widout sayin' nuthin about de fust payment of ten dollahs apiece f'm fifty thousan' underwriters which makes anotheh measly li'l ol' half a million dollahs. Whut you gwine do wid dat much money, Wilecat?"

The Wildcat batted his eyes.



"Keep Dat Coat On, Wilecat. Dat's de Ou'y Regalia You Gits in Yo' New Job. Betteh Git Broke In to It"

"Pellow Brethren, I Greets You"

"Honeytone, you got me feelin' so joyful I 'spect I drink it up de fust few weeks."

"Boy, remain calm. I always told you, stay tame an' not git so allegorical. Dis here million dollahs don't mean nuthin to me. Quick as de word spreads, ev'ybody begins buyin' bonds, an' like I told you, dis Oakland bizness ain't nuthin den but a li'l ol' branch office. Soon as I gits it goin' I leaves it all to you whilst I organizes N'Yawk, Chicago an' all dem big towns where de real money is. You an' me is pi'neers togetheh in dis deal, an' does you crave half a dozen of dem mammoth income-bearin' towns, it's all right wid me. Dey's enough money in dis scheme so dat us kin travel round collectin' de dividends in a freight train set wid diamonds an' hauled by a solid-gold enjine. De fust thing us needs is action. Pay de man de money fo' dis li'l ol' lunch, bring dat mascot goat along, an' us busts de dam on de flood watehs of Gold Riveh."

The first attack on the dam that held Gold River enabled Honeytone to square himself with his landlady and to pay for the printing of the first issue of the reverse-interest securities. Thereafter the president and treasurer of the Gold Premium Dividend Bond Syndicate lay under cover for five or six days, during which the janitor of the new concern demonstrated his ability as a bond salesman.

Starting with a water haul on the first two days, the Wildcat struck a pay streak on the third day, and by careful cultivation of the luck sprouts his success was such that by Friday the president and treasurer felt justified in opening an office. Honeytone began his new career where all the world might watch him strut, in a long room formerly occupied by a ruined grocer who had extended credit.

The new office was flanked by a lunch room on one side and on the other by a Chinese laundry. As a general headquarters, the lunch room suited the Wildcat better than the home office wherein Honeytone presided, and the result was that with each new purchaser of a Premium Dividend Bond, the janitor of the firm indulged in fancy rations.

While his companion ate himself to within an inch of the sinking fund which was his share of the enterprise, Honeytone blossomed out in a plutocrat's regalia, beginning with a plug hat and finishing with a comfortable pair of balloon-tired golf shoes which were equally appropriate for a quiet fade-away or a more strenuous retreat.

On the fifth day, every two or three hours, the Wildcat checked up on the status of the project.

"How many is I 'suaded up to now, Honeytone?"

"Dat cinnamon-colored boy ketch hisself Bond 377. You betteh git down to de foundry an' see kin you ketch de outflux of dem sons of toil. Betteh do a li'l missionaryizin' wid dem boys so dat tomorr' afternoon when dey gits paid dey heads in dis direction."

"I got dem boys mighty well 'suaded. Lady Luck an' de gold premium is all dey kin see."

(Continued on Page 134)

A MILLION JUST AHEAD!

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

We Heard the Incessant Blatter of Sheep as They Made Their Way Into the High Country for Grazing

JACK NANKERVIS and I were lost—at least we thought we were, which amounted to about the same thing. Not an extremely comfortable sensation when one is atop a mountain pass, with no grub, no outfit, no hobbles for the horses; nothing, in fact, but the slicker behind one's saddle, and across the snow fields the shadows creeping deeper and deeper with the closing in of night.

Our outfit was back at Cathedral, merely a wide place in the road, where a tractor clanged and roared to the accompaniment of clattering scrapers and the musical cussing of mule skinners as, in obedience to the ever voracious demands of a motor public, the Forest Service was blasting an automobile road along a course which formerly had been no more than the meandering route of a little-used trail, hugging the rocky sidehills along the Cebolla as it traveled, unmolested and unmolesting, through a land that would be primitive for but a short time longer. Jack and I had watched the work with the air of men looking upon a sacrilege; one comes to view automobile roads in that light after one has enjoyed the unsullied stretches of the trail and compared them with the havoc which seems inevitable with the advent of gasoline. The flowers seem to grow prettier along a trail; at least there are not the gaunt holes where a columbine plant has been yanked up by its roots or an Indian paintbrush torn from its home, to wither and be thrown away an hour later. The chipmunks scamper about one in quite a friendly way, never having had the experiences of their road brothers in dodging mighty hunters armed with .22 rifles and boasting that they can always hit a live target much better than they can a paper one.

Signs of Civilization

AND there is a different sensation—as though one were on his honor. There aren't the signs along a trail that one sees upon a road; the announcement of punishment for polluting streams, for strewing rubbish about Forest Service camps, for carelessness in smoking, for polluting water, for catching fish under size, for dynamiting streams and lakes, for cruelty to animals and the dozen other posters which so enrage a woodsman, not because of the signs themselves, but because of the idiots who make them necessary.

That was why, as Charlie, our horse wrangler, had stowed our outfits in a construction shed, Jack and I had looked rather sadly upon the feverish activities at Cathedral. Another year and a frontier of Nature would have vanished. Another year and one more primeval portion of the Rocky Mountains would be given over to cars, both luxurious and tatterdemalion, more initials would be carved on trees, and cans strewn gayly about, to say nothing of other landscape aids in the shape of fluttering newspapers, pickle containers, discarded tires and perhaps, here and there, a slatternly hovel called a mountain cottage and designated, as always, by some such original name as Dewdrop Inn.

A Home for the Night in an Empty Prospector's Cabin in the Sagebrush Country

But right now even that would have been welcome. One of those inevitable accidents of the trail, a wrong calculation, had happened and our bright little idea of leaving the pack outfit and taking a horseback sally over the Continental Divide to the old mining town of Creede was beginning to show a few dull spots. The trail had branched at the junction of two gulches. It was a matter of choice and we had taken that which showed hoofprints—to follow it for miles.

The Bell

ONLY to find that the horses which had made those prints were no guides whatever—merely a runaway pair from some ranch or road camp exploring the mountains, and left behind in the first opening in the scraggly willows which stretched upward along the draw toward the roof of the world. Then the trail had faded in drifts and seepage and stretches of headwaters as a stream went through the throes of its beginning in rivulets which gushed from the rock slides, springs which oozed from the drift-blackened ground, and torrents converging from the great fields of white lying sullenly along the ridges. After that we had floundered along without any trail whatever, to cross the ridge, to make our calculations, hope that they were correct, then take heart in the faint outline of a sheep path, untraveled since the previous year. But night was coming and this tiny mark in the rocky soil might lead anywhere Jack waved a hand toward the sleeping heights above.

"Creeping spruce up there," he said. "Better bed down under it. No sense in trying to follow a blind trail at this time of day."

Then we heard the bell and halted. The clank, clank, clank of a heavy bell as if in progress, coming toward us eerily, weirdly in the growing dusk. We waited Closer and closer, at last to reveal at the opening of a near-by gulch, an undersized burro with a tremendous cowbell about his neck, while upon his back rocked a pack which seemed to contain a little of everything in the world. Beside him there strode a cadaverous figure, walking loosely as though his joints did not mesh properly, his white-bearded face shielded by a tattered black hat, and upon his loose frame a collection of clothing that was more in keeping with the costume of a vaudeville tramp than of a legitimate being: red patch set against black patch and this against gray; patches dovetailed one into the other, until at times the basic cloth was lost entirely in a maze of cross-stitching and haphazard

design until it could be compared to nothing but a patchwork quilt.

They served as a means of identification, those patches. We'd seen them before upon like beings coming suddenly out of silent gulches in the hills. So we talked guardedly as we made our inquiries and learned that the wagon road which led through the deserted town of Bachelor and on to Creede was but a quarter of a mile away, and that we could make it easily before complete darkness. But we failed. For Jack made a fatal error.

"Mining men?" the cadaverous one had asked, in inquisitorial directness. And Jack had answered thoughtlessly, "Well, we're just looking around."

For then he knew we were mining men. We were secretive. Persons who are on the trail of a bonanza are always supposed to hide their objective.

"Brothers!" he announced, as he looked about him and lowered his voice as though there were spies behind every twisted timber-line pine, and ears on every jumbled stone of this desolate, drift-ridden land. "Brothers, I've got just what you're lookin' fer. If it's a straight, fine, bang-up proposition, I've got it. Now if you'll jest wait till I can dig into this here pack an' git out a sample that I run across yesterday ——"

"But we've got to be off this trail by dark," we pleaded. He held up an ancient hand.

"You wouldn't pass up a chance at a million, would you?" he asked. "Brother, right there in that pack I've got float that ought to run a good five thousand ounces to the ton. Yes, sir-ree! Right there, in that there pack. You'd say so yourself if you seen it. Why ——"

Somehow we broke away—just in time to be able to follow a trail by dismounting and leading our horses. But even as we faded in the night his voice followed us, mingled with the clanking of that heavy bell:

"Well, now, if you don't want it yourself, maybe you'd know somebody. Somebody that'd be int'rested in a real, bang-up proposition ——"

Dreams That Didn't Pan Out

THE next day on the return trip, we saw him again, and watched unseen as with his wabbling burro and its giant bell he slowly made his way along the edge of a rock slide, at last to halt, drop the lead rope, bend suddenly, pick up something, then hold it to the light, digging feverishly at it the while with his hunting knife. This was followed by a long consultation accompanied by the waving of hands: Jack and I knew that he was talking it all over with himself. The decision was in the negative; at last he threw his find away and with his belled burro went slowly onward. Jack laughed.

"There went another million!" he said. "But then," as he neck-reined his horse to the trail again, "it doesn't make much difference. There's always another bonanza waiting for those fellows just around the next bend of the gulch."

A thought which caused Jack and myself to take a bit of a census not so long ago in re-casting the results of a six weeks' pack-train trip along the trails of the high Rockies, especially where they stretch through the metalliferous districts of Colorado. In that time we had met more than a score of men, all past sixty, some living in otherwise deserted towns, some merely sleeping where the night found them, others in huts—we even found one using as a sleeping spot a hollowed-out shelter in the deserted beaver hut of a dried-out dam—and a few occupying regal quarters in real log cabins with roofs that did not leak, all of them paupers—and all of them millionaires! The only men I've ever seen who could be starving and yet be rich, who could be without a cent in their pockets and yet refuse a fortune because it wasn't enough!

Panning Gold—the Lighter Sand is Gradually Washed Away Until the Heavier Grains Remain to Show Nuggets and "Colors"—or Nothing

They are the rear guard of an army, these men. An army of searchers and hopefuls which once flooded over the Rockies; the prospectors who opened a country to civilization and who liked the idea so much that they're still at it. Not that they grew rich at it, because they didn't. That is, not in actual money. But then, the high country has a strange effect upon one who lives in it alone and continuously. There comes a time when real money doesn't count. Especially with prospectors.

Just as an example, the happiest man whom I ever knew was an old prospector who lived up Spring Gulch, near the mountain town in which I make my home. His house was little better than a hut. He hadn't seen a city in forty years. He wore his hair in a braid, tied nattily with a bit of red flannel. And in the muss and tumble of that hut he had more evidences of riches than anyone since the days of Crœsus.

There would be, for instance, a bit of float that he'd picked up over by the Lamartine, which, if there were only a few thousands of capital to uncover it, would reveal a silver mine worth at least ten millions. Then there was that brown rock over there which was simply full of gold. To say nothing of a hundred other samples which he had uncovered here and there about the hills and which would

There was only one trouble. His actual living came from ten dollars a month which he received from the county. When he went into town with his ancient, green-faded Prince Albert coat and patched trousers, he would enter the first café he saw, order everything upon the bill of fare and then, with great gusto, pay his bill by the simple expedient of leaving a nickel on the table. All of which was forgiven. Because, you see, the name by which everyone knew him was Crazy Bill.

Crazy for gold. For the thrill of it rather than the possession of it. For the uncovering of it. The discovery of it. Crazy in fact now, where once there had been only the craze of an obsession, of following the will-o'-the-wisp. And that craze created an army that is lessening now in its ranks, with only a veteran here and there to bear onward the standards. An army that will not come again.

Prospecting Scientifically

FOR prospecting, like everything else, has changed since the days when the first searchers, with their picks and their pans and their burros, started forth with the thrill of a potential bonanza in every waiting mountain. In the first place, it has been pretty well established that simply because a rise in the earth's surface is called a mountain it does not necessarily follow that a precious metal is to be found concealed somewhere about its breast. In fact, mountains are a great deal like the rest of the surface of the earth. Some of them are good for one thing and some are good for something else, and a good many are good for nothing at all except ptarmigan which live in the vicinity of their snow patches and the mountain sheep which inhabit their rock slides. With the result that the prospector of today, understanding all those things and being of a different breed, doesn't waste much time in going over the entire upraised surface of the United States. He has a pretty good idea, gained from scientific knowledge, of where he will hit metal, and goes there and looks over the ground, finding it or not finding it, as the case may be.

A Prospector Drops Into Camp for a Chat and What Food May Not be in Use at That Particular Moment

Because the prospector of the present generation isn't a prospector at all. He is usually a scientifically trained person, educated in college, full of technical knowledge and not too much romance, who rarely goes out on his own hook, traveling instead at the behest of some mining company by whom he is employed to look

(Continued on Page 198

THE FIGHTING RABBIT

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY
M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"This Isn't Such an Abhorrent Thing After All," He Said Gravely. "I May Yet Like This Job"

WHEN I announce that Pete Hoover, the day gateman at the studio, was afraid of and abashed by Mrs. Cleo Wattsover, it affords a faint picture of the lady, because the day gateman at the studio is a tough egg. He is normally awed by nothing on two, three or four legs and would, without hesitancy, use the left eye of a ferocious lion as a cuspidor.

On a certain memorable occasion he spoke sharply to Senator Moses P. Hegeman, the one man who stands between the movies and more puritanical censorship, blocked his august passage and asked the statesman who the prismatic agnosticism he thought he was, and did he fancy he could go around crashing his way into movie studios without an official permit!

Yet Mrs. Cleo Wattsover impaled him on the end of a chilled-steel look and he opened the gate for her humbly, it being the first time the lady had ever entered a film foundry. Seven feet behind her, a shrinking, smallish man, wearing a brown derby hat and a prison pallor, leaned against a window sill and fiddled with his watch chain.

"Come on in," said Cleo, addressing him, and turning to glare again at the gateman.

The smallish man shifted to one shade paler, transferred his finger activities to the end of his mustache and remained inert.

"Come in, will you?" Cleo repeated, raising her voice; and the addressee walked slowly through the gateway, glancing timorously at Pete Hoover as though expecting a rear attack.

This scene constituted the formal entry into moving pictures of Cleo and F. D. Wattsover, and diligent readers of novels will immediately recognize the team that for ten years has been filling the public libraries with light literature. Their books generally run to three hundred and forty pages, fairly large type, plenty of chapters and no pictures.

They usually begin with a spirited description of a balmy afternoon in Southern France and a lovely stretch of motor road, with a handsome dog of an Englishman lolling back in the cushions of a high-powered Hizzola-Guzzuga. The car breaks down under a linden tree and the dissolute nobleman meets a little French girl of wondrous beauty padding home in her bare feet with the evening milk; and the novel is under way, with the odds all against the milkmaid.

It is either that or an argument in the palatial drawing-room of a Chicago pork-packing millionaire. The beautiful—and the Wattsovers have painstakingly avoided cock-eyed females—but headstrong daughter enters in a brown traveling dress with suitcase to match.

"Father," she says, "I am leaving for Mexico City on the noon train."

"Great heavens!" says the millionaire in an agonized voice; and that particular drama begins and dashes along furiously to the advertisements on Page 346.

For two decades Cleo and F. D. Wattsover have been husband and wife, and the F. D. means Felix, though nobody ever heard of him as Felix except the tobacco dealer in Warren's Mills, Connecticut. It was Felix who now bashfully followed his spouse past Pete Hoover and paused within the inclosure.

"What do we do next?" he inquired.

"Remain where you are," Cleo commanded. "I will find the man."

She departed for the man, who happened to be George R. Reynolds, president of the movie concern, and Felix glanced idly about him and saw six young girls, six California pippins, clad in lacy diaphanous robes, eating ice-cream cones and waiting in the sunlight to be called. Felix strolled slightly nearer, to see if it really was lace, or did he fancy it, and studied the artless creatures with the keen eye of a novelist.

"This isn't such an abhorrent thing after all," he said gravely. "I may yet like this job."

Felix is a small gopherlike man and his wife is a large woman with a husky voice. She returned presently, found her husband looking at any pleasant spectacle that offered itself, and dragged him off without a word. The Wattsovers, it goes without saying, are famous. Their books are to be found lying on the table in every dental office in America; and Cleo's name always comes first on the title page, just as ham always comes first in its notorious association with eggs.

After having written ten or twenty best sellers, the combined authors had finally attracted the attention of that great intellectual world which lies within the confines of Hollywood, and the voice of the movies spoke. It summoned Cleo and Felix. Back in Warren's Mills, Connecticut, the Wattsovers packed their trunks, Felix bought a quantity of heavy red underwear against the freezing nights in California, and they moved upon the Golden State. Felix could have had a lower berth, but it would have cost fourteen dollars more, and Cleo said that upper berths were really the more sanitary.

Prior to their coming, a business deal had been completed for them by their agents in New York, by the terms of which the movie people purchased, for specified sums, the world motion-picture rights to the Wattsovers' two leading novels. One of these was The Scarlet Petunia. The other was The Sacred Ibex.

It was agreed and written in the covenant that Cleo and F. D. Wattsover, hereinafter referred to as parties of the second part, did agree and bind themselves to journey to and to settle down in Hollywood, California, and lend their personal aid to the film production of their two best works. George Reynolds forehandedly rented a pleasant bungalow for them and had in flowers for the sitting-room table when they arrived. An office at the studio was set aside for the novelists and two secretaries were assigned them. A new rug, bright red curtains and comfortable armchairs were put in for Cleo and Felix, and George Reynolds personally escorted them to the scene of their labors and made an informal speech.

"Anything we can do here to make you happy will be done," said he cheerfully. "We want you to feel at home. Your suggestions will be carefully considered, and my own time is at your disposal. You are the artists who created these novels; and, after all, it is only with your help that we can successfully transfer the stories to the silver sheet. Let me know how you get on from day to day, and if you don't see what you want, ask for it."

He beamed upon the newcomers.

"Thank you," Cleo said crisply.

Felix said nothing at all. He had immediately sat himself down in a large leather chair and had spent the time not listening to Mr. Reynolds but in calculating if he could throw pipe ashes out of the window from where he was, or whether the desk would have to be moved.

"You will be all right, Mr. Wattsover?" Reynolds asked.

"Sure," said Felix. "D'ye mind if I stroll around the grounds a bit and look at the—and look at everything?"

"Stroll to your heart's content," laughed the boss. "Walk in on any of the directors. Prowl about the stages

and ask plenty of questions, because this business is new to you and it is only by asking that you will find out how we do it."

On the second day of their coming, I was presented, and Felix shook hands heartily, but Cleo merely nodded.

"This is Henry Parkman," said Reynolds. "He's one of our good scenario men. I picked him especially to work with you because of his training, and I hope you will get on well."

"I hope so," said Cleo. Her manner was a trifle pessimistic.

It was plain to the studio within a week that Cleo was the great driving power in the Wattsover family, and Felix a mere pusillanimous echo of the more potent personality with which he was affiliated. We found out interesting things about novelists, and husbands and wives who collaborate in literary endeavor.

I have always wondered about it. My own vague theory was that novel-writing husbands and wives sat down elbow to elbow, with their knees under the same table, thinking of the same thing and doing it successfully and uncannily. First, as I saw it, when contemplating the mysteries of connubial novel writing, the husband would write vigorously, tell the wife the last word, and urge her to go on from there; or else the husband would tackle all the large words that were hard to spell and let the lady write the easy ones.

Sometimes He Would Sit for Days and Days, While Cleo Knitted Doilies and Waited for Him to Conclude the Job

Perhaps she would dash off the love scenes and he would stop her in mid flight and tear into the red-blooded stuff, where the man was being a man. It has always puzzled me. Sometimes I concluded that the husband novelist would fill an entire sheet with words and hand it to his spouse, who would immediately write a second sheet and toss it back, after which they would call it a morning, go out into the kitchen and see if there was any cold ham in the ice box. It had me guessing, this problem, and no doubt it has caused thousands of others to wonder.

In the case of Cleo and Felix Wattsover the whole thing was ridiculously simple. Cleo had all the ideas, or at least she had the central themes, or what might be described as the major motifs. Felix had the little ideas, the demitasse notions that hung tail down from the main stem. After a large idea had been thoroughly clarified, Felix took off his coat, lighted a brier pipe, wet his lips with his tongue and did the actual work

When a given bit of novel was done Felix turned it over to Cleo, who criticized it, cut out this and that, changed all swear words into "the deuce" or "the dickens" and suggested further fresh action.

This accomplished, Felix sat down again in the same chair and did the thing over, using a blue lead pencil and making "embarrassment" always read "worry" because he could spell the latter. Sometimes he would sit for days and days, while Cleo knitted doilies and waited for him to conclude the job.

"Must be very interesting work," I said to him.

"What is?" he asked.

"Writing novels like yours."

"You think it's interesting? You're crazy. What I want to know is where I can rent a small automobile for about thirty dollars a week. We ought to have a little car while we're out here. I'm not going to walk around this town."

The studio eyed the strangers speculatively and then said in unison, "The poor, little henpecked mutt!"

"If I was Felix," announced Ruth Henderson, who plays comedy bits, "I would rise up on my hind legs and tell that woman where to get off. Felix is a nice person."

The movie folk irreverently called Cleo the Battle-Ax and other names, and commiserated with her unfortunate husband; and as a matter of truth, Cleo did badger him. She seemed to control his lightest act, and if there was resentment in him he concealed it. He behaved like a husband accustomed to leap at the word of command, and we detected this during the first conference between company officials, staff men, Director Jim Hawkes and the associated novelists.

This meeting was an important one, for it was to decide whether to make The Scarlet Petunia first, or The Sacred Ibex. The Petunia, we learned, had more of Cleo in it.

"Which do you prefer, Mr. Wattsover?" Reynolds inquired.

"I'd make the Ibex and go back to the name I gave it in the beginning," Felix said promptly. "Seems to me it has more action. There's a lot of lively Western stuff in it too."

He glanced at his wife.

"No," she said, tapping her desk gently with her glasses, and all turned to regard her. Cleo was at least forty-five, imposing, dignified, stately and calm. She carried placidity to a point where it almost offended one; and being from the East, she came to Hollywood with a fixed belief that everyone connected with the movies was, as the New York critic said, "less intelligent than a taxicab driver."

Her voice was rumbling, her manner serious and her chins double; but she knew the social customs of Europe. It was Cleo who tossed the French phrases lightly and casually into the dialogue. Felix knew how to order beer in French, and nothing more about the entire Gallic nation. The smoke curled up from the cigarette Cleo was now smoking, which she carried with the aid of a gold ring, cunningly fashioned into a holder.

"No," she said again, glancing momentarily at her husband. "I have given this serious thought. We shall make The Scarlet Petunia first."

The Petunia was the sexy one, containing a fairly generous filip of that ingredient, and its action was laid amid the decadent capitals of Europe. The Sacred Ibex was a domestic tale, having a sterling young American hero, a villain with hellish ingenuity and the usual beautiful Wattsover heroine. Inasmuch as the company had only recently agreed upon the wisdom of not crowding the public with too much sex, the officials preferred the Ibex.

"I am sure, Cleo ——" Felix began in his mild, wrenlike voice.

"Felix," said his wife, "will you be good enough to leave this to me? Gentlemen, you have asked my opinion, and I assure you that we will do better work on the Petunia if we do it now, while we are both fresh."

She glanced about her with Napoleonic complacency. Felix did not look precisely fresh at the instant. Neither did he look dismayed, downtrodden or unhappy. After being suppressed he gave himself over to a frantic hunt through the drawers of his desk, looking for notes he had mislaid. This, it chanced, was a custom. He was forever opening and shutting drawers in a fruitless quest for lost notes, which he never found, and which would have been useless had he found them.

President Reynolds issued a memo, the same afternoon, which informed that the corporation would immediately begin work upon The Scarlet Petunia; and the publicity department hurried about its job of acquainting the public with the unique virtues of the masterpiece. I plunged into my labor of collaboration with the two Wattsovers, and day by day I grew to loathe the sight of Cleo and the sound of her semibaritone voice. She dominated the job thoroughly. She ordered Felix to do this and that and he obeyed meekly, with never a flare-back. When we finished designing a treatment of the book, which is a detailed synopsis of all the action contemplated for

(Continued on Page 143)

"Hello, Wife," He Said Genially. "Home Again"

FOR BUSINESS REASONS

"Look at the Christmas Tree! Third Down, at Your Left—the Old Lady Dripping With Emeralds. Where Do You Suppose They Found Her?"

By Maude Parker Child

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY KNNIS STIVERS

NOT long ago a self-made man of great wealth gave a ball for his debutante daughter which was described by the newspapers as the most brilliant affair of the season. The next day an intimate friend who knew how much effort the host had put into making the affair a success congratulated him. To his surprise, the millionaire dismissed the topic as no longer interesting.

"Personally, I was bored to death," he declared. "But I wanted my girl to have as good a party as anyone else could have. You see, I started to work when I was fourteen—there were no dances and folderols for me. So I made up my mind, when my children were little, that I was going to give them everything I myself had lacked."

Probably no parents in the world feel this desire so deeply as Americans. It leads them, sometimes, into strangely mistaken bypaths of indulgence and expenditure which they term advantages, but it is based upon the instinct, splendid and pathetic at the same time, to give their children the best.

To this end men sometimes resort to devices which they would scorn to use in furthering merely personal ambitions. Much has been said about the mother instinct which leads some women to ruthless protection of their young. But in some instances where a father's own youth has been devoid of normal gayety and pleasure, he will stop at nothing to procure these balloons for his offspring.

Managing a Debutante's Campaign

TO THIS instinct can be traced one of the most important reasons for the close intermingling of business and society in our new social pattern. For instance, this particular man had always been scrupulous about asking personal favors of his business associates. He held in contempt those of his acquaintance who forced entry into clubs and otherwise used their financial power as a social lever.

But when he determined to bring out his only daughter, he used every weapon to make the affair a success. His first move, as he was a widower, was to engage a woman of social position who possessed unusual ingenuity to engineer the girl's preliminary summer and to map out her winter, of which the coming-out ball, as he knew, was only one incident. He did not choose for this position a woman who made a business of launching girls. He could have found these without difficulty, but he rejected the professional entrepreneur. Moreover, after a good deal of thought, he determined upon an energetic young matron who had but lately secured for herself a firm social position.

"Twenty years ago I would have picked the conventional aristocratic but impecunious member of the inner circle," he explained, "for in those days society was composed of a few people, and you had to know them or be completely out of it. This is all changed now. Today a girl, in order to have a good time and be popular, has to have a very wide acquaintance, especially among young men.

"Furthermore," he added, "I purposely selected a woman for this job who has a pretty good income; just good enough in fact to seem small in comparison with the very rich whom she likes to play around with. A woman like that is keener on money than one who is poor, for she is constantly tantalized by those who have more."

"You pay her a big salary?" his confidant asked.

"Sizable. But that wasn't the bait with which I caught her." His eyes twinkled. "You know, it's a funny thing, but even the most intelligent women think there's some magic about tips on the market. So when she was trying to make up her mind whether or not it would be worth while to give up her own plans, I happened to say that I sometimes had inside information about buying stocks. That settled it!"

Engaging an able campaign manager, however, was only the first step. He put his pride in his pocket and went to almost a dozen men of social prominence with whom he had business connections, and apparently told each one that he expected his help in making his daughter's winter a success.

In addition to being a man of financial importance, he was genuinely liked by most of his associates, and, furthermore, he had never before asked personal favors. Most of the men to whom he appealed responded with enthusiasm, and persuaded their wives and sons and daughters to contribute their share to the necessary fanfare and atmosphere of popularity. Dinners, luncheons, theater parties and dances were given in honor of the debutante, whose delight was only equaled by that of her father.

Two of the men to whom he had gone failed him completely. The wife of one of these not only refused to help out, but, apparently animated by a desire to prove her independence, sent out invitations for a rival ball the night of the girl's debut.

"That party cost her husband just about a quarter of a million dollars," an amused observer stated afterward. "I never knew —— to be vindictive before, but he started after our friend whose wife gave the ball, and he finally got him. The other man who didn't come across had been handling a lot of the legal work for one of ——'s companies. He's only handled one case for them since, and that took him to the tropics in the summer just when he had started to the seashore for a vacation with his family."

Usually business pressure is brought to bear before and not after the social event, however. Over a long period of years, not only in this country but to a limited extent in Europe, certain successful men have attempted to buy social places just as they have bought splendid houses and steam yachts

"In older countries they sell titles to them in addition," one of our retired diplomats declared.

Prospectors for Social Treasure

HE DESCRIBED a ludicrous example of this kind which had come under his observation not long ago.

"An American and his wife, self-consciously *nouveaux riches*, took a house in London with the hope of entertaining some of the British nobility. As their champagne was very dry and very plentiful, and their caviar apparently limitless, they finally succeeded in getting certain titled people to condescend to consume them.

"The Americans, who tried very hard to conceal the origin of their fortune—some humble thing, I believe—were particularly impressed when they entertained Lord and Lady X. They sent these names to the papers promptly, and even allowed themselves to boast about their acquaintance with the old English aristocracy.

"They were really consumed with delight at having such exalted people under their roof, and, I believe, expended tremendous effort in an attempt to live up to them.

"Unfortunately, they discovered one day that the noble Lord X had been just plebeian Mr. Smith or Jones only a few years ago, and had received his title after he had made a large fortune in whatever the English equivalent was of the humble goods at the source of the Americans' wealth."

It was only natural, perhaps, that men who in our pioneer days had opened up vast stretches of prairie lands with railroads should attempt to penetrate social territory in much the same ruthless manner. Others dug for social gold much as they had searched for precious metals.

The story is told of an exclusive organization, formed in New York during the time when society was small and

sharply defined, which made the initial mistake of boasting of its exclusiveness. Entrance into it became a challenge to certain of the financially powerful who were excluded. The second mistake lay in the publication of the names of the admissions committee

As soon as the entertainments of this small organization had justified its founders' boast of smartness and elegance, the clamor for entrance became terrific. Every conceivable form of pressure was brought to bear, but the committee was firm. It has been authentically stated that certain beautiful ladies even shed tears in their entreaties to be included.

However, an enterprising man of financial power waged a different campaign. He employed no sentiment, engaged no professional genealogist to prove his descent from illustrious forbears. He worked quietly until he had obtained an accurate statement of the financial condition of each member of the controlling group. He found that although one or two of them were satisfactory, the majority were not.

He maneuvered himself into a strategic position, then went to these men and told them that unless an invitation were forthcoming they would find themselves under financial embarrassment.

Not only this man but others forced admission with the crowbar of money power. So large was their number in fact that eventually the organization had to be disbanded.

A short time afterward the original exclusive group reorganized under a different name, being careful this time to keep their membership secret. It was too late, however; the newly rich, having once penetrated, could no longer be excluded from society. Moreover, society by this time had acquired a taste for luxurious entertainments which could only be provided by the very wealthy.

"I can remember the time," said a man who has watched three decades of New York society, "when people of assured position thought they were doing the parvenu great honor if they included him in their rather simple entertainments. But suddenly the coin was reversed and these same people began to be alarmed lest they should not be invited to the parvenu's splendid parties."

A man of one generation wealth who became a famous host arrived at this distinction through a curious process.

Social Boredom

"FROM a remote distance, society appeared to me as very brilliant," he confessed some years after he had become a part of it. "I remember one woman in particular whom the papers always spoke of as a society leader. I used to see her at the theater and occasionally at restaurants, and I looked at her with awe. She had that haughty Lady Vere de Vere manner which I admired so much—from afar." He smiled. "I shall never forget the first night I dined at her house. I admit that I was delighted. It seemed a symbol of success among the really right people. I was pretty young and easily pleased in those days. Furthermore, I had two daughters and a son growing up, and I was determined that they should have a place near the front row without having to work for it.

"Well, the first year or so that I went out with those people I guess I was too carried away by pride to ask myself whether I had a good time or not. But after the novelty had worn off, I woke up. Then I realized that I was bored stiff. So were many of them.

"I had done my share of entertaining along the most conventional lines; in fact, I was so afraid I might do something the others didn't do that my parties, if anything, were a little duller than theirs.

"Finally I broke loose. It came about the time I saw that this haughty leader of society was nothing but an affected woman without a spark of originality. Somehow the bubble burst then. So I made up my mind that from that time on I'd give them the kind of parties I myself liked—plenty of dash in them—and they could take 'em or leave 'em."

They took them with enthusiasm. There is even a romance connected with his social declaration of independence which a contemporary of his relates.

"He had been courting a young widow of the very *crème de la crème* of society," said this woman. "But although she was inclined to like him, she was afraid at first that he wanted to marry her in order to gain social position. After he had acquired this for himself in some mysterious way—something to do with business, I believe—this fear was set at rest. But then, when he had arrived, he became so conventional that all the flavor of his personality disappeared. She said she could scarcely distinguish him from a dozen other men she knew. She refused him again.

"It was at this time that he broke loose, as he says. I suppose the modern phrase would be that he shed his inhibitions and ignored the taboos of the very set to which the young widow belonged. As you know, she accepted him shortly after that, and it has been a very successful marriage."

A good many other vigorous men who have nourished social ambitions for themselves and their families have been unable to accept the restrictions which reaching their goal imposed. One of the tenets of correct behavior which they often found irksome was the insistence upon complete separation of business and society.

Not long ago it was considered vulgar for a man to invite another to his home to talk business with him. If he wished to entertain a business acquaintance, good taste demanded that he do so in a club or a hotel. This rule has been discarded by the majority of men of affairs today

At the time, however, when such a rule was more rigidly followed, society was confined to a much smaller percentage. Now that its boundaries have increased to such an extent that no one can perceive their exact outlines, the type of entertaining has necessarily changed.

During the era when a man who possessed a million dollars was spoken of with respect, if not with awe, society was based upon the hypothesis of a leisure class. But, due to a curious irony, as our country has become more prosperous it has enjoyed less and less leisure. So, at last, one finds that a larger number of our men of activity decree that the dinner table and the even more sacred golf course shall be used as an appendage to their offices.

Entertaining is rarely an end in itself today; it is often merely a means to an end. And that end is usually business.

Even the most ambitious do not, of course, entertain solely for this reason, but they are apt to add business enterprise to their social activities as naturally as one puts salt upon a boiled egg.

Stepping-Stones to Success

THE lack of interest shown by many of our women is undoubtedly one reason for this attitude on the part of American men. The average woman of sufficient ability to inject charm into entertaining, and so make it an end in itself, is apt to eschew society altogether. Or if it interests her, she will often establish herself in Europe, where the soil is more easily cultivated.

In this transition period of our own society, however, women are playing a somewhat secondary rôle. It is amusing to find it filled by women who have talked so much of their independence, for it strongly resembles the old-fashioned wife-and-helpmate part. But in this intermingling of society and business which our men have produced, their wives are apt to find that their parts, as the dressmakers say of picture gowns, are dateless.

It has always been true that men who have acquired great wealth often attempt to use their business power as a stepping-stone to social success. But never before have there been so many people who attempt to use social position as a stepping-stone to business success.

"Cashing in on their names," an American said, speaking of certain impecunious titled Europeans who exerted themselves to be nice to a powerful banker.

The same thing goes on in our democratic country, however.

Not long ago, in one of our large cities two women of social prominence ran into each other in a restaurant.

"I tried to get you on the telephone this morning," one of them said. "I wanted to ask if you and your husband would dine with us any night next week."

Without pausing for a reply, she hurried on, "You see, we've simply got to have the B——'s. I don't know how you feel about meeting them—George says he's a rough diamond, but awfully clever. Of course she's impossible, but you know how it is, my dear."

"Tonight We're Dining With the V——'s," She Declared, "and I Confess That it Gives Me Pleasure. Isn't it Ridiculous?"

(Continued on Page 119)

I WANT TO BE A LADY

IV

And so rode he into a forest and there he met with a gentlewoman riding upon a white palfrey; and then she asked him: Sir Knight, whither ride ye? Certes, damosel, I wot not whither I ride but as fortune leadeth me. Ah, Sir Launcelot, said she, I wot what adventure ye seek. And that shall ye understand in short time.

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

SAY, wot you a-cryin' at, anyhow?"

It was Fid Murchison, proprietor of the Pinto lunch room, who spoke to Judy Caswell. Eastbound No. 88, the express, had boomed in, then departed; and the local bound back for Lattimer, Red Gulch, Quartzite and other stops having pulled out also, the lunch room was temporarily inactive. At the moment, though, it's to be said Fid seemed less concerned with the arrival and departure of trains and the transient clientele they brought him than he was with other events going on at the junction. Thus, no less than three times in as many minutes he had perked his head in through the doorway of the kitchen cubby, his air intent, not to call it feverish: "Yeah," proclaimed Fid, "wos I in your boots I wouldn' be hollerin' none!"

Perhaps not. In fact, it's hardly to be wondered that Fid's air was bewildered and confused. After a moment, however, a new look crept into his face; and the look eager, Fid inquired raptly, "Say, how much did you say it was now—a coupla million?"

Judy hadn't said. What's more, she didn't say now; and oblivious both of the question and the questioner she wept on quietly.

A woman's refuge, tears. One might question, though, like Fid, why the figure perched on the stool behind the nickel-plated boiler wept rather than rejoiced. In all probability, however, not even Judy Caswell could have answered that. It may have been excitement, "nerves," due, say, to her recent encounter; or then again it may not. Whatever the case, though, of one thing at least remained some certainty. It was that the disclosure just made this morning in the lunch room was inevitably and indisputably the case. "In the name of God, amen," read the will filed at the county clerk's office down at Lattimer. "I, Roscoe Harbison Farlow, being of sound mind, do hereby declare this my last will and testament."

Of sound mind, eh? Well, so it said, at any rate.

Aside from this, though, and however one may doubt the reliability of its initial statement—"of sound mind," and so on—the terms of the document were not less specific and exact. One Judith Caswell, spinster, was its sole and only beneficiary. In other words, crack-brained though he may have been, his life spent in mulling over the dislike, not to call it hatred, he bore his kith and kin, the ranchman on the Cayuse had taken this one last way to make his hatred enduring. Or was that really his reason? Was animosity the cause? Though the main point, of course, is that Judy Caswell had inherited the money, the fact remains that had the beneficiary herself seen fit she might have shed some light on this, light on another detail also. This, it appears, was her somewhat hasty exit from the ranch at the time her father died; though let that go for the moment. If the neighborhood was astonished at the way the so-called Harbison had disposed at death of his money, one may wonder more at the emotions of the girl who had fallen heir to it. One might wonder, too, at the way she displayed her emotions.

Certainly her response to them was singular. They were all the more so, too, if one considers the amount involved, "a coupla million" perhaps, if Fid Murchison was to be trusted. However, no matter what the amount, no matter either how she now seemed to take it, it's still a fact that if the neighborhood was aroused to astonishment by her windfall, no one was more astonished than Judy Caswell herself.

It Was That Girl Again, the One From the Railroad Lunch Room. Her Face Set, She Strode Toward Him. "Where are You Going?" She Demanded

Harbison was buried from the church at Lattimer. After the services, her face set, Judy was slipping away when Lippitt, the Cayuse horse wrangler, edged out of the crowd toward her. When he spoke Judy looked at him bewildered. "You say the banker wants to see me? What for, Dozey?"

The banker was Clint Derby. He had charge of Harbison's financial affairs; and awkwardly fingering his hat, the horse wrangler replied, "I dunno, Miss Judy. Mebbe if you'd go over to his place, he'd say." So Judy had gone there. Then, when Derby had told her the news, the fact that she was Harbison's heiress, she had stared, her face and figure rigid. "D'you mean he went and cut off all his folks," she breathed—"all of them?"

It was so. She got everything. "Mr. Harbison left a letter for you," the banker added.

She took the letter, tore open the envelope; and having read what it said, she thrust it into the bosom of her dress. Afterward for a long moment she sat plunged in thought. What her thoughts may have been she did not disclose, but presently she looked up. "I'd like some money," she said abruptly. "Can I have it?"

"Money?" The banker was a little startled by the demand, but she didn't seem to have noticed it.

"I need it in a hurry—a couple of hundred dollars," she returned. It was irregular, of course, getting money even before the will was filed; but Derby let her have it, and tucking the money into her dress just as she'd tucked away Harbison's letter, she hurriedly left the bank.

Funny, all this. It was queer, indeed, the way she'd taken the news. Her chief aim, in fact, once she'd left the bank, seemed to be to get back to Pinto Junction. A mixed freight was leaving shortly, but outside the bank she halted and shot a look around. Up the street Dozey Lippitt and his bunky, Peters, were lolling along, taking in the sights; and the girl hailed the two, speaking rapidly. As they heard her the cow hands started visibly. Judy, though, was evidently in no mood to brook objections, whatever it was she'd said to them. "I mean what I say," she repeated, her tone harsh. "You get back there; and if anyone starts anything, you take a hand. Now can I depend on you?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'm, you kin," answered Lippitt, though, like his companion, he still looked dazed; and a minute or so later, on their ponies the two darted out of Lattimer in a cloud of dust, heading back toward Pinto. Afterward Judy went on to the railroad station.

On her way there she halted only once. This was at the Bon Ton, Lattimer's chief emporium; and in there she leveled a finger at an article displayed in one of the show cases. "Give me that," she said. The "that" was the plaited pink-silk matinée she had brought home the night before and donned for the first time the following morning; and while it was somewhat ancient in fashion as well as slightly faded from long remaining in the show case, Lattimer's taste hardly running to matinées, Judy seemed not to notice its lack of newness. Hurrying down the aisle to the shoe-and-slipper department, she again leveled her finger at another object, or rather a pair of them, and said "Give me those." These, it appeared, were the silk-lined mules; and with her purchases under her arm, Judy caught the mixed freight back to Pinto. There, the instant she arrived, she had doffed her hat and coat; and donning an apron, once more she went to work helping Fid Murchison wait on his customers. However, if all this was out of the ordinary—queer, to say the least—it was at the same time not much queerer than other details concerning the wealth she had fallen heir to—that money as well as the man who'd left it to her. The fact remains that if she'd wanted it Judy Caswell could have had all the money before this

Money. "A coupla million," Fid Murchison had termed it; and though, indeed, it may not have been so much as that, the amount involved still was large, a fortune. In fact, intrusted with that money, anyone of whatever tastes or aims would have found life lay like an apple in his hand. And yet not once, but twice and perhaps oftener Judith Caswell had declined it. The first time was the night her father lay dying at the Cayuse ranch. In a way of speaking, it was the time, too, when she had quit the ranch to become a waitress at the junction lunch room.

Judy, that night, was sitting beside her father's bed, when the door of the room opened and Harbison stepped inside.

As well as others Judy knew the ranchman's story. True, it may have been that Harbison—call him so—thought the tale a secret to himself; yet in the indescribable underground way that such things come to light, and though, too, in coming West, he had dropped both his name and its former associations, both were common property along the range. There was not a cow hand that didn't know his history. There was not a round-up at which its details were not discussed. His real name not only was known, the range knew, too, the name of the woman involved; though let all that pass. It was Harbison who'd given Judy her first doll. It was he, too, who'd first taken her down to the red schoolhouse at Lattimer. Uncle Ross was her term for him; and he was as familiar to her as the ranch, as the Cayuse and all about it—as well known and accustomed as the jagged peak of Painted Horse uplifted in the background. And about as ancient too! So, at any rate, he had seemed to Judy Caswell in her bubbling youth and animation; and when Harbison closed the door behind him and looked down at her and spoke, she had caught swiftly at her breath. "Judy, will you marry me?" he had asked.

"What say?" she had gasped.

Harbison's voice was steady. "I'm an old man, my dear—old enough to be your father; but I can make you happy maybe. Anyway, if you marry me I can give you everything."

Everything? Well, so he might—everything, at any rate, but youth; that and what goes with romance, dreams. Still the "everything" was not to be overlooked—that is, not if one counts money and what money means; and after the first gasp she had sat and pondered. Then she had looked up at him. "I can't," she'd said

"Why not?" Harbison had asked.

"I just can't," she'd replied

She hadn't told him why. Harbison, however, had had his answer. "Well, Judy," he'd said painfully, "I don't blame you; but if ever you change your mind, let me know." Sighing then, he turned and left the room; and as the door closed behind him a whisper sounded from the bed, and she had bent down swiftly to catch it. "Hullo, Merry!" the whisper said.

It was Jeff Caswell greeting his dead wife Meredith; and with the whisper Jeff had died. Three days later Judy quit the ranch on the Cayuse.

Why she had, Judy hadn't told. Women, though, have their reasons for what they do; and while it's true Judy had been brought up almost entirely among men, her life, too, led in that screaming solitude, she still had a woman's intuitions. Having left the ranch, only once again, what's more, had she set foot in the place, then only after a lapse of months. In point of time the occasion was a brief month before Harbison's demise; though as to that or what took place was a matter known only to Harbison and herself. In fact, even the bunk house with its singular aptness for sniffing out any news on the range had been left baffled and bewildered, though it had caught, indeed, a fag end of what took place—a word or so passed between Judy and the ranchman when she came out of the room where he, too, lay dying. "Wait!" they'd heard him call; and as Judy paused in the doorway he spoke again. "Is there someone else?" Harbison's voice had been heard to ask

Someone else? For an instant a fleeting smile had lit Judy's eye; and glancing down at her tall, lank figure she'd replied "Hardly."

"Then why won't you?" Harbison had asked.

If the question he put had the same bearing as the one he had asked that other night, now long past, time, it seemed, hadn't served to alter her reply. "I just can't," Judy had said again.

Intangible, all this, quite indefinite, of course. That moment, however, had seemed to mark in Judy's complex still another phase; and while one indeed may question whether it had anything to do with her decision it still seems to have some bearing on the matter. Night, at any rate, had fallen on that spring evening by the time she rode back into Pinto; and having turned over to Sim Fessenden his familiar fleabitten bronco which she'd hired, she had hurried off. She hadn't hurried far however. Coming to a halt a short way farther on, she had turned and stared back at the lighted Palace Pool Parlor.

The place was crowded. A throng of freighters, cow hands and train men surrounded the pool table or stood lined up along the bar; and what interested her in that rabble one might wonder. A half hour later, though, a slow figure came slipslopping through the dust from up the road; and as Rand Farlow headed in the dark toward his accustomed night haunt he was startled to feel a hand reach out and catch him by the arm.

A figure in leather chaps, spurred boots and a sombrero stood in the shadow; and he did not identify it at first. When he did he gave another start. It was that tall slim girl, the waitress down at the junction; and for a moment he hitched uneasily. "Hello, Judy," he mumbled.

She was gazing at him fixedly. "You promised, Rand, you'd keep away from Fessenden's," she said.

A shrug and a growl came from him. "Well, what if I did?" he replied.

And she spoke again, her voice quiet, "You're a gentleman, Rand. You were born one, anyway, weren't you?"

"A gentleman?" He had laughed, the laugh ironic. "What's that got to do with it?"

"A gentleman keeps his word," she said gravely.

Well, so they do, some gentlemen, at all events; though in return Farlow had laughed again, the laugh light as before. "You're a funny girl, Jude—you and your notions. Why do you bother about me? If you're so interested in gentlemen—gentlemen," he repeated, his inflection more than ever mocking, "I wonder you don't go somewhere where you'll find some."

"Why?" she had asked, her air grave, inquiring; and again he had laughed.

"You might marry one," he had answered.

"Me? Marry?" She had stared.

"Yes. Why not?"

Another laugh cut the night. This time, though, it had come from her. "I reckon no gentleman would want me," said Judy.

That had ended it. "Well, good night," she'd said abruptly; and turning, she strode off in the dark, her chaps flapping and the rowels of her spurs jangling noisily. In passing, however, it's to be said Farlow hadn't gone on to the pool parlor—not that same night anyway. True, he had slouched on as far as the door; but as he reached it something seemed to halt him. Then, his face clouded and uncertain, he had turned and gone back up the road, muttering as he slouched along. But whatever this involved or however queer one might think it, had an onlooker peered in at Mrs. Castro's five minutes or so later on it might have been thought more curious. Stretched out on the bed in Mrs. Castro's second floor back lay a tall slim shape still clad in chaps and roweled boots. Judy's head, too, was buried on her arm; and her hair unfastened, its long tresses streaming over the pillows like a flame, she wept, her figure shaken by it.

Queer, yes. Queer, no doubt of it. What was as queer, too, here was Judy now perched on a stool behind the nickel-plated boiler in the lunch room, once more weeping quietly. Tears, more tears. One would have thought in fact that, with all that wealth, Harbison's money in her possession, she would have expressed some different emotion. Not so, however.

Her figure quivering, Judy wept on.

"I say now, looky here!"

Fid Murchison spoke again. Leaving the kitchen doorway, Fid sauntered irresolutely along the lunch-room counter. Business is business; and though the marvel of what had happened still held him in its thrall, another thought had at the moment seeped into Fid's intelligence How about himself and his own affairs? No one, frankly, had left him any millions; and besides having himself to think about, there was Mrs. Fid, as well as the three little

(Continued on Page 82)

Fighting Now as if for His Life, Again Farlow Heard Her Give a Cry. "No, No—Don't! Doney?" She Screamed

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 21, 1925

Pride and Prejudice in Trade

EVEN the Americans who are overrunning the British market must regard with a certain amount of sympathy the gallant efforts of English competitors to save their home market for home goods. In view of the acknowledged genius for trade which is characteristic of British merchants and manufacturers, it is rather surprising to observe that their plucky campaign against imported goods and against patented specialties made in Britain by local subsidiaries of American corporations is being waged with such small regard for the grand tactics of merchandising.

Everyone who reads the leading English publications must have observed that in the advertising of manufactured articles which feel the pressure of American competition the dominant note is the patriotic appeal. Buy British goods to provide employment for British workmen. Keep English gold in England. Stabilize sterling exchange. Patronize home industries and so bring about a revival of business. There are no goods like British goods. So runs the selling talk.

Without doubt this intensive propaganda will, for a time, exercise a certain influence over British buyers, but it will be neither widespread nor enduring. It can end only in disappointment. Immediate self-interest is the first law of trade. The seller takes his goods to his best market. The buyer may make temporary concessions to his patriotism or to his prejudices; but in the long run purchases are governed by quality, style, price, delivery and credit. The ultimate consumer will yield to sentimental considerations up to a certain point, but once this point has been overpassed he will swallow his patriotism and declare that if home producers cannot or will not meet his requirements they must take the consequences.

In respect of many competitive lines, this phase has already been reached, and English manufacturers, with a spirit worthy of Main Street, have induced the post office to come to their assistance by using a canceling stamp which reads, British Goods Are Best. It is amusing to read the statement of a writer in the London Times to the effect that the machines which broadcast this declaration wherever English letters go are manufactured not in Britain but on the Continent and in the United States.

There is much more significance in a recent episode which occurred at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. It seems that when the diplomas of honor were awarded, one of the winners was horrified to perceive that the official attestation of the excellence of his wares was printed upon paper manufactured in the United States. He expressed his outraged feelings to the press, and the resulting hue and cry was such, if memory serves, that the offending diplomas were withdrawn and new ones were printed upon Simon-pure British-made paper. This incident perfectly illustrates the workings of the law of trade; for presumably the committee on awards bought the most beautiful and durable paper they could find at a fair price. It is hard to believe that they would have rejected all the excellent English papers at their command had not the American paper exhibited marked superiority.

And so it goes. Everyone knows that the roast beef of Old England is supposed to come from New Zealand, yet American packing-house experts declare that it has an unmistakable Chicago flavor. But what of it? If a sturdy Briton is really hungry he will not require a birth certificate from the steer which contributes a delectable steak to a satisfying meal.

All things considered, the English are submitting to the vexations of the American invasion with singular tolerance and equanimity. They grouse about it, to be sure, but they do not boycott it. Out of twenty-four plays which packed London theaters last summer, sixteen were of American origin. They welcome the good movies we send them and condemn the bad ones; but they spend their shillings freely to see both kinds. They dance half the night to American jazz. They allow our students to overrun their universities and they devise special courses to meet their needs.

The real leaders of British industry place no reliance upon the sentimental appeal. They preach a gospel which really strikes at the heart of the matter: "Learn the Yankee's trick of paying the highest wages in the world and getting the lowest production cost and you can save your own market and take the lion's share of his also." Counsels of perfection are never popular, but if they are reiterated long enough they are bound to command attention and to provoke effective action. American invaders who are wedded to the belief that English competitors will never alter or modernize their methods to meet the requirements of changed conditions may have some unpleasant surprises in store for them. In certain lines we have undisputed leadership; but if we are to maintain it permanently there must not be the smallest abatement of our efforts to cheapen processes, improve products and extend service.

We have won our British markets by work, enterprise and merit. We shall hold them just as long as we deserve them and not a moment longer. The ultimate test is merit, and the Wembley paper episode is merely a special exception which proves the rule. Pride and prejudice have never yet made a lasting market.

Where We Stand

THE steadily increasing efforts of the British press to mirror American life and opinion, truly and without distortion, are having their effects; and fantastic accounts of our daily activities and grotesque reflections of our attitude toward overseas world affairs are not nearly so common as they used to be.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the Spectator, has often been conspicuously successful in his attempts to give English readers a truer understanding of our sentiments in matters of international interest. We are glad to bear witness to the essential accuracy of his recent analysis of our feelings in regard to the still pending Franco-American debt negotiations and to other funding conferences which are still to come:

"It is a great pity that French statesmen cannot apparently understand the American way of thinking. Americans regard sanctity of contract as about the most important thing in the world; but when the existence of a promise is frankly acknowledged, instead of being disputed or explained away, they are not very difficult to satisfy. When the essential point has been formally honoured they are capable of a kindly sentimentalism. They are then ready to proceed to some act of indulgence. What, however, makes them set their faces like a flint against any kind of yielding is to be told that a debt is not really a debt."

It is not impossible that this commentator has somewhat overestimated the lengths to which our sentimentality is likely to carry us. Sentiment and quixotism burst into showy bloom in the warmth of emotional crises; but they are not like those flowers of glass which never fade. Reflection, recrimination, delays and misunderstandings may blight them as easily as the first frosts of autumn nip the dahlias and roses in our gardens.

American and British Money Rates

THE public has generally inferred that when Great Britain returned to the gold standard she had some informal and unofficial assurance from the United States Federal Reserve system as to American benevolent cooperation in relation to discount rates. This has brought out retorts to the effect that the dollar should not be the tail of the sterling dog. Recently the Bank of England has made two successive cuts in the British bank rate. During this time, outside money rates have been advancing on the New York market. Indeed, elevation of our official bank rate has been rather widely anticipated. Apparently, therefore, there is no concerted policy existing between the two banking systems.

Britain's lowering of the bank rate is done at the risk of her gold reserves and tends to lower the already wavering exchange rate of sterling. It is done for internal reasons, political and commercial—to make money cheaper, revive trading in stocks and goods, discourage foreign loans, encourage industrial enterprise, stimulate exports and reduce unemployment. Probably it is to the interest of Great Britain to lower the bank rate and to our interest to maintain or raise it. It is a good thing to have it made clear that the British bank rate is regulated from the point of view of British interests and ours from the point of view of American interests. Bank rates should be national, not international, functions.

Hearts are Trumps

WE ARE accustomed to think of heart disease as a frequent cause of death in advanced middle age or later. The assumption is quite general that heart disease is merely a convenient term for the doctor to use in filling out a statistical blank. Therefore when the records show that heart disease kills more people in the United States than any other single cause, no great public stir results. But there is more to the subject than this.

Intelligent methods can be and are being taken to prevent heart disease. Especially in the cases of children, it is prevented, controlled and cured. In later years there is also a great deal that can be done to alleviate the suffering and reduce the danger of invalidism and sudden death. Weak, faulty heart action is not only a true disease but a very dreadful one. It can drag on for decades, taking much of the joy out of life and causing its victim to lead a cramped, miserable existence. Entirely too often the cause is not recognized. This, of course, is due to inadequate understanding of the disease by the general public.

In very recent years—one is almost tempted to say months—there has been a wider dissemination of information about this scourge, and those agencies which devote themselves to safeguarding the public health are giving the subject attention.

A few physicians, here and there, have been calling attention to this subject for years, but without making a great deal of progress toward gaining public support. Recently The Survey devoted almost an entire issue to the subject, publishing articles by distinguished authorities. This presentation has done its full share in arousing organized action.

With astonishment, we read in The Survey that "one out of every fifty of us lives a cramped life" because of heart disease. Bringing this matter to wider public attention is a notable service.

A STATE OF WAR

By Chester T. Crowell

FOR more than five years now the resident of New York City, opening his morning newspaper at the breakfast table, has been absolutely certain of finding recorded there the activities of bandits. Usually they have robbed someone carrying money to or from a bank, or they have held up a business establishment at the point of a pistol. Frequently they shoot to kill without even the traditional formality of requesting the victim to hold up his hands. For reckless disregard of human life they are the equals of any pirates who ever sailed the seas. Scarcely a day passes without their weapons being fired with murderous intent. They often engage in pistol battles with the police, and in the course of a year inflict casualties upon the uniformed guardians of society that are by no means out of proportion to those they sustain. Briefly, it is war. Not only by night, but in the glaring sunlight of noon this warfare is prosecuted every day of the year.

Outside the great metropolitan centers sensational crimes of violence occur less frequently, but judged in proportion to population there is not a great deal of difference. Robbery with arms has become a common violation of the law in Texas or California, in Illinois or Louisiana, as well as in New Jersey and New York. Banditry is not confined to the larger cities nor to any particular states. The crime wave is national, and the tide has been coming in for five years; it shows no tendency to recede.

After waiting with amazing patience for the crime wave to subside the public is now bestirring itself. Emergency measures of all sorts are recommended to the authorities. Most of these are futile, exotic, impracticable, expensive, revolutionary, and call for unconstitutional procedure. No small number of the proposed remedies involve grave danger to the public. This is the usual first manifestation of an aroused public opinion resulting from a crime wave. There are a great many things that ought to be done during the next five or ten or twenty years to reduce crime in this country, but it is my purpose to deal here only with those measures that can and should receive immediate consideration.

Crime waves are not something new under the sun. During more than ten years of experience as a newspaperman I have observed several crime waves at close range, also the measures that eventually checked the criminals' activities. There has never before been such an extensive and ferocious crime wave as the present one, but, after all, the differences between this and its predecessors are quantitative. Analyzed with a view to finding remedies all crime waves present approximately identical problems. They are never checked by a new deluge of legislation, although they invariably induce legislative activity. Only on the rarest occasions are the efforts of volunteer peace officers of any value whatever. Nearly all the usual emergency measures fail utterly, and sometimes they even add to the difficulties of the authorities. Every crime wave I know anything about was eventually put down by policemen, sheriffs and constables, working in cooperation with prosecuting attorneys under existing laws.

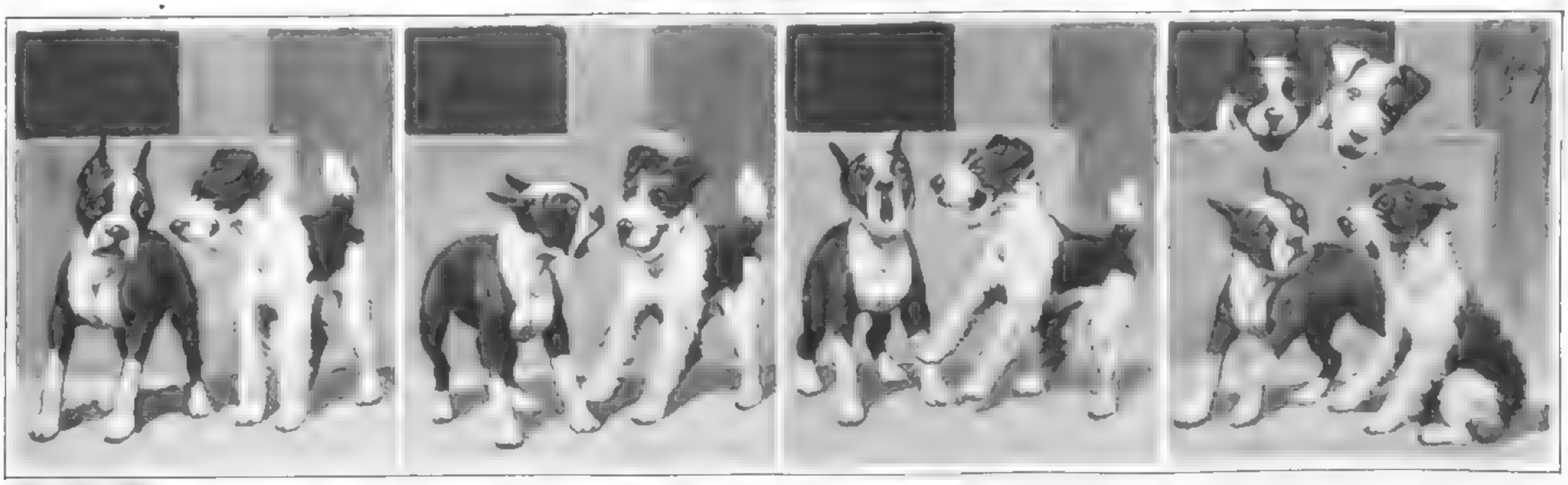
Recently I read in a Kansas City newspaper the suggestion that a loaded shotgun be kept near every telephone in the city; immediately upon a robbery being reported central would broadcast the news; volunteer guardians of the peace would then rush into the streets carrying their shotguns; then the fire whistle would blow and traffic of every sort would stop. Anyone failing to halt would be shot. I leave it to the reader to guess what that would lead to. But we have now reached that phase of the situation where organizations are being formed, and inevitably all sorts of recommendations will pour in upon them.

As an example, there is a strongly supported demand that Congress enact a law prohibiting pistols evidently these inanimate tools are suspected of

Continued on Page 160

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Beans, Old Dear, it's Certainly Great to See You Again After All These Years!" "Sure, Fox, Old Man, I'm Delighted"

"You and I Were Not So Slow When We Were on Earth the First Time. Say, Do You Remember the Little Brown-Eyed——" "Sh! Soft Pedal That Chatter! She'll Hear"

"No Danger. I Left Bessie Over at Her Mother's. Has Vi So Tamed Your Reckless Spirit That You're Afraid to Review Your Sprightly Past?"

"Go Right on, Mr. Fox. You Boys are Most Entertaining. For the Last Hour Bessie and I Have Been Recalling What We Know About You Two"

Highbrowbeating the Public

HOW easy to do is the loft-headed public,
The soft-headed public that throngs to the mart;
Its mandate is final, cerebral and spinal,
For foreign-hatched plays and original art.
It clamors for music composed by the new men,
The few men who do all the work that is good;
It offers its coffers to doubters and scoffers,
The men who are great but are misunderstood.

In dramas where two are unhappily married
A harried third person soon heaves into view;
A man or a woman, ostensibly human,
Declaims about love, having nothing to do.
The triangle totters its course to a last scene,
A fast scene in which all the characters cry,
And then in a tearful embrace what an earful
Of theme is propounded! The tickets come high.

Nudes sit upon trees or go strolling on stairways—
The rare ways of art are not easy to paint:
Whatever the form is we know that the norm is
To glorify life and see things as they ain't.
Polygamous polygons, mute with adoring,
Are boring a cube and a circle to sleep;
This futurist opus is ready to rope us
If cash is forthcoming. The figure is steep.

How easy to hoax is the credulous public,
The sedulous public that hungers for Art;
It knows no denying but ever keeps crying
For baubles concocted to sell at the mart.
Then here's to the tribe of our gullible highbrows,
The fly brows whose shrewdness is easily caught,
The never-say-die brows with critical eyebrows,
The sky brows that wrinkle without any thought.

—*Elias Lieberman.*

Trying to Break the Habit

SPEAKING of pedestrians, what should be done with a woman who is always wanting to go for a good, long hike? Nine times out of ten she is the kind who wants to be treated just like another man. If you don't watch her and clap your hand over her mouth in time, she will tell you she wants to be a good pal.

Give a woman like that half a chance and she will turn up in a pair of khaki pants and what she calls "good, stout walking boots." She, at least, is unconscious of her hips and calves. She likes to get a man out on the mountainside and let the cool, clean winds of God's own great outdoors sweep through their beings.

I have disposed of several pedestrian women by throttling, which is convenient for the trail because it requires no tools and therefore does not add to the weight of the pack. But two or three times I have been delayed and inconvenienced by the authorities so I have not killed one now for two months. And I hope I shall not have to. But of course, if one of them starts to recite to me one of these Songs of the Open Road —— —*McCready Huston.*

The Vanguard's Catching Up!

"SO," I SAID to my nephew, in that quizzical manner which uncles should adopt toward nephews, "you are in the artistic vanguard, are you? Well, I have done the same. I suppose you are living in a garret in Greenwich Village. I remember, in my day, garrets were at a premium there. To get possession of one, I bought out Susskind's Pant Atelier; the rent was twice that of a comfortable apartment, but I had to give an appearance of poverty regardless of expense."

"No," said my nephew, "I live in the Painted Arms in Brooklyn."

"But for the vanguard," said I, puzzled, "isn't the Painted Arms a little commonplace?"

"Beautifully commonplace!" he cried. "A thousand apartments, all alike. Three thousand people, quite indistinguishable from one another, all eating, saying and thinking the same things at the same times. I vibrate harmoniously in a Brooklyn rhythm. I may add that the apartments are very comfortable and the service excellent."

I was a little shocked at the materialism of the vanguard, but I had started in being quizzical and I wouldn't change now.

"And what school does the vanguard go in for now?" I asked. "Dynamism? Expressionism? Disintegrationalism?" I picked up a copy of Belch, one of those small periodicals of protest which cry for a new era of justice and fair dealing until they are sued by their printers for nonfulfillment of contract. "Do you," I asked my nephew, "approve of this sort of poetry?

"'*I am the ten-millionth flivver on the highways of life*
muses prime my throat with gasoline for my engine is cold cold.'"

(Continued on Page 149)

A long-haired pianist attempts an impression—
Secession, he calls it, in Freudian terms.
A satyr is glancing at nymphs who are dancing;
He flees from their beauty as some flee from germs.
The treble is feeble; the bass notes are hollow;
We follow the cuckoo and yodel in fear,
"If this is artistic, we'd rather be fistic
And witness a prize fight."
Such concerts are dear!

The Poets Who Rocked the Boats Last Summer Adapt Their Activities to the Fall Season

Do you know when to eat soup?

With the meal: Good hot soup is the best possible "introduction" to a meal. Soup is delicious and nourishing in itself. But just as important, soup arouses appetite, creates desire for other food, aids digestion, promotes health.

As a main dish: Frequently nothing is more tempting or more beneficial than invigorating soup as the principal food for luncheon or supper.

Campbell's Tomato Soup gives a glow to the whole meal. With toast or crackers, or with the addition of thoroughly cooked rice, it is a splendid supper for the children also.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Tomato Sauce!

Housewives use Campbell's Tomato Soup for a great variety of their dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Try it as a sauce for meats, fish, sausage and salads and for added tastiness in spaghetti rice, eggs or vegetables. Of course it makes the most delicious Cream of Tomato!

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Uncle Dave's Rules for Getting Along

A PLAIN and simple man, who has garnered much wisdom by cutting knotty pieces of wood in his back yard and by walking down the railroad track just behind the campus, retired from the chancellorship of the University of Georgia last June and became chancellor emeritus of the institution. Dr. David C. Barrow is the name of the man, who is affectionately known to thousands of alumni as "Uncle Dave," a nickname which he is said to have acquired as a result of his kindly consideration for young men who would come to his office with their problems, asking him how they might get along in the world.

Chancellor Barrow is not the kind of man one sees wearing a dress suit at a formal affair; he is the kind of person who for three years is willing to walk three miles to teach a Sunday school class in a rural community.

One may go into his office and ask him a question, and he is not the 100 per cent efficient man who has the answer ready on his tongue, but rather he will sit with his bearded head lowered and draw squares or cups and saucers on a pad in front of him until he has an answer that he has faith in.

How may a man get on in the world? Fifty years' experience with college youth furnishes the basis for the chancellor's method. Be able to answer in the affirmative these eleven questions, and you will get along, thinks Chancellor Barrow:

If at First You Don't Succeed, Try, Try Again

1. Can you make yourself useful? Excuses cannot take the place of usefulness. Excuses never built a house. An excuse is an acknowledgment of failure. Usefulness is the road to success.

2. Can you make people like you? Be careful about first impressions. Be neat in your dress, neat but not gaudy. Mrs. Barrow says the real way to make yourself liked is to like other people. Prejudices and antagonisms hinder us in our dealings with people. Usefulness and likableness make about as strong a team as you will find.

3. Can you control your temper? Temper is a fine thing, but you need it for yourself to spur you on. Keep it for yourself and use it on yourself. I don't think much of a man or a boy who is just a bowl of mush. I hate to have dealings with anyone who can't control his temper.

4. Can you control your tongue? One sure sign of conceit is to be bragging always. Conceit is a deadly enemy of success. A person who is always talking is a nuisance.

5. Can you keep your money? If you have very little money you certainly ought to learn how to keep it. If you have a lot of money and do not know how to use it wisely, you will do harm with your money and end by losing it. A fool and his money are soon parted. It is hard to keep money.

6. Can you keep accounts? The only way you can find out how you stand is to keep accounts.

7. Can you keep things where they belong? We call this system. This matter of having a place for everything, and everything in its place is the best way to teach us how to be careful. Carefulness stops waste. Waste is an enemy to success.

8. Can you do one thing at a time? We call this concentration. It is very hard to learn to do one thing at a time. A large majority of people never learn this lesson thoroughly. Most of us try to do one thing and think of another, or several others. Young people try to study one lesson and think of other lessons at the same time. One thing at a time and well done. I call attention to "at a time." When you get through one thing go to another.

9. Can you do without? There are other things in the world besides money which you should do without. My advice is this: Do without anything that will make you think less of yourself. Do without anything that you would be ashamed to have people know about.

10. Can you plan the use of your money—and stick to your plan?

11. Can you plan the use of your time—and stick to your plan? You have as much time as anyone. Be careful not to waste it.

I promise you that you will have better success in life when you can answer yes to these eleven questions.

In an address during the time of the World War, Chancellor Barrow said, "The day's work is the supreme test; stand by one and all." This has been the guiding motto of the venerable college president through all the years of his engineering, professorial and executive labors. That it is a splendid motto is demonstrated by the very fine life Chancellor Barrow has lived and is still living.

—JOHN E. DREWRY.

The Composite Picture of Success

I HAVE always been an advocate of the theory that if you would know Paris in summer you must see it in autumn, winter and spring; if you would know why one man succeeded in business you must know why many men succeeded; or as the painter Raphael expressed the idea, if you would paint one beautiful woman you must have seen several.

For one thing, when we look at the subject from different angles we gradually get to see it in the right perspective, in the right light. We get, so to speak, underneath the skin of the subject, we get at the core of the matter, into the roots of it.

Let me elucidate briefly: We read the story of A's success and we find that it was doubtless due to hard work. We peruse the history of B's million and we discover that he never did more than a few hours' work daily. We hear how C sold more real estate than anybody in his city and, lo and behold, C seemed to lack that one requisite of practically all good salesmen, a good personality.

What do we get out of this versatile viewpoint? Well, for one thing, we learn that the oft-repeated assertion that all success is due to hard work, good personality, and so on and so forth, does not stand up in the searching light of things as they really are in this workaday world. But the knowledge beyond price, the real lesson we get out of studying the idea of success as briefly outlined in the foregoing paragraphs is the vast importance of weight and balance. We learn what to discard and what to hold on to. We read the histories of five great successes and each supplies some detail that goes to form the composite picture of success. It is the old theory of knowing Paris in summer because we have seen it basking in the other seasons. There is something about each man's success that is different from any other man's that is needed to form the culminating effect.

A Mogul emperor of India, Shah Jehan, built a tomb for one woman he loved which still is considered one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. For eighteen years this crowned lover who could not forget his love watched the long camel trains dragging the pure white marble blocks, faintly veined with blue, that came from a quarry hundreds of miles away, to the place of building. If one block had been imperfect the building would have lost its artistic unity.

And so it is with success. It is a structure built of the bricks of talent, experience and the ideas you have acquired from fellow workers.

Hard work is a brick, talent is a brick, a good idea is a brick, a first-rate personality is a brick, but it takes more than one brick to make a durable structure. The world is full of folks who do not succeed because they don't work hard enough, but then on the other hand there are plenty of hard-working failures too.

—HAROLD MYNNING.

These Big Corporations

IS IT such a bad idea to work for a big company? Do they promote more slowly, pay less and offer fewer opportunities to recent college graduates than the smaller organizations?

Those are interesting questions. You hear quite a few young college men asking them. I asked them myself just the other day.

The man I asked is a vice president of a big corporation. Because he is the kind of man young chaps like to talk with, he spends about 10 per cent of his time helping them to straighten up their ideas of what they want to do in business, and how they want to go about doing it.

"The fairest way to answer you," said the V. P., "is to look at these big corporations through the young man's eyes. Here are things that eight out of every ten uncertain young men tell me are their objections to the large company as an employer:

"First, the big company deliberately makes a very low salary bid for the young graduate's services.

"Second, it promotes slowly, with small raises for the first few years.

"Third, it is too impersonal; the young graduate doesn't meet the president very often—perhaps not once in five years.

"Fourth, the job of the company is so big that any job a young man may do is too small to be interesting.

"Fifth, the big company is a big company, and by association of ideas that means that it must be intangibly heartless and soulless.

"Now to answer these grave charges, let me tell you about Tommy Burton. He left us in October two years ago. He had been with us a year and a half. He told me he was leaving to join a one-man business. He cited the five big-company indictments I have just listed for you, and said that he knew the president of his prospective employing firm very well. Mr. Small wanted Tommy to bring his young ideas to the Small publishing business and work through the office, eventually becoming a member of the firm.

(Continued on Page 72)

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

What a dish for holiday feasting—a whole Premium Ham, baked! So juicy and tender, so rich and fine-flavored, it has just the special distinction you expect for a meal like Thanksgiving dinner.

And there is further satisfaction in the economy of the dish, for when you buy the whole ham you get this choice meat at a saving in the average cost per pound.

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How to stop breeding them

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> "Faulty lubrication is one of our greatest claim-makers. . . . We are therefore greatly interested in keeping our men informed regarding the best methods of lubrication."

When an accident happens to your machinery your insurance may cover the actual cost of repairs, but you pay for the production losses involved.

An important machine undergoing repairs throws out production schedules as surely as a railroad accident throws out train schedules. Your regular production cannot get through. The price you pay for the loss is the price you pay for using incorrect oils, or applying oils incorrectly, or both.

Once your machinery is lubricated with correct oils correctly applied, accidental interruptions to your production will be measurably reduced. You will be able to count upon a more steady flow from raw materials to finished goods. You will have less non-productive labor to pay for—fewer mechanical stoppages and repairs to pay for. Your power costs will be reduced. Your entire mechanical equipment will last longer—and need for its replacement will be deferred.

Each one of these wastes eats into profits. Each can be restrained by the modern science of lubrication.

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With the coöperation of your plant personnel we will gladly assume the full responsibility for prescribing correct lubrication throughout your plant.

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IF the Vacuum Oil Company lubricates your plant, you use an organization which has specialized in lubrication for 59 years, whose engineers and field men visit over 200,000 plants yearly, whose treatises are recognized engineering text books. Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are approved specifically by 225 foremost machinery builders, and lubricate industries the world over.

KEEPING TIME—By John Philip Sousa

THE Arthur Administration was drawing to a close. From time immemorable, the Marine Band had opened its program at the White House, also whenever the band marched past the reviewing officer in a parade, with the old Scotch boating song, Hail to the Chief. Whatever merit the old tune possessed, it was not suitable for reviewing purposes. It did not permit the introduction of trumpets and therefore the full musical power of the reviewed musicians was lost. At the White House it smacked rather of royalty than of Jeffersonian simplicity, that members of the cabinet, ambassadors, generals and admirals who would be assembled in the East Room ready to receive the President, were reminded that he was coming by the band thumping out Hail to the Chief. It did not savor of democracy and equality, but neither I nor any bandmaster of the Marine Band before me had had the temerity to change it, because we believed some President at some former time had made a ritualistic precedent of it.

But one night President Arthur left his guests in the East Room, and coming out into the corridor beckoned to me.

I went over to him and he said, "What piece did you play when we went in to dinner?"

"Hail to the Chief, Mr. President," I answered.

"Do you think it a proper tune?"

"No, sir," I replied. "It was selected at some time on account of its name, not on account of its character. It's a boat song and lacks modern military character either for a reception or a parade."

"Change it," he said, and walked away.

I wrote the Presidential Polonaise for the White House indoors and the Semper Fidelis March for review purposes outdoors. Semper Fidelis became and is one of the most popular of my marches, and it is played by more bands that have a trumpet and drum corps than any other march ever written. It is the one official piece of music in the United States, because it is the official march adopted by the Marine Corps, by an order of the general commanding the marines. No other composition can establish a claim to official recognition by authority in our Government.

Mr. Arthur's term expired, and there came to the White House a great man, even though his enemies have proclaimed that he was successful in his failures.

Mr. Sousa and a Groom on the Sousa Estate at Sands Point, Long Island. At Left—Miss Priscilla Sousa at the Time of Her Graduation From Vassar

Planning Cleveland's Wedding Music

DURING Mr. Arthur's administration his sister, Mrs. McElroy, was the first lady of the land. With the coming of Mr. Cleveland, his sister, Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, assumed that honor and place. If there ever lived a kindlier or sweeter-mannered woman than Miss Cleveland it has not been my lot to meet her; and if there ever lived a finer man than Colonel Dan Lamont, the President's private secretary, I have never met him. Mrs. Lamont was a lovely, kindly, considerate woman. Then add to these the great Secretary of the Navy, W. C. Whitney, and one can see what a splendid administration started when President Cleveland came into office.

I had gotten off on a wrong foot with the Arthur administration, but I certainly got off with both feet with the Cleveland régime. In a little while I had written a set of waltzes and dedicated them to Miss Cleveland, called Sandalphon; and a short time afterward a set for Mrs. Whitney, called La Reine de la Mer, which still enjoys some favor.

On the occasion of the first New Year's reception of President Cleveland, Secretary Whitney came over where the band was playing and said, "Sousa, when you get through here I want you to bring the boys of the band to my house. I want them to have a lunch as my guests."

So at the end of the White House reception the band marched over to Mr. Whitney's house. He had instructed the butler to find a place for the men to put their instruments, telling the men that they were his guests and were not to play any music, but simply to eat and drink and have a good time. The band enjoyed an hour of good cheer and good wine. One of the newspaper correspondents who was present made a special story out of the occasion and, among other things, said that when the Italians in the band were asked what they wanted, with one voice they answered "spaghetti and Chianti"; that the Germans evinced a desire for sauerkraut and speck, together with Munich beer; while the Americans demanded hog and hominy with hard cider. Of course it was plain fun, but it was copied largely.

Finally the news was given out that Mr. Cleveland was to be married and we were to have a new first lady of the land. When the time was drawing near for the wedding, Colonel Lamont and I carefully measured the number of steps from the place where the bride and groom were to start to the place where they were to stand to be wedded, and I measured off Mendelssohn's Wedding March to correspond to the exact number of steps.

A week or so before the wedding I received a dispatch from the White House stating the President desired I should bring up the program of music for the wedding if I had made it out. I had not only made it out, but had thoroughly rehearsed it.

I went to the White House and was asked into the President's office. I handed him the program. He read it slowly. Among the numbers was one by Arditi called I Am the Rose, of which he said, "Of course that is a compliment to the bride."

"Yes, Mr. President," I answered.

Another number was from my opera Desirée. On the program it ran Quartette, the Student of Love.

He read it slowly, then said, "I think I'd play that number just as A Quartette, leaving out the Student of Love."

"It's quite an effective number, Mr. President," I rejoined.

"Yes," he said, "doubtless an effective number, but I think it will sound just as well as A Quartette as it will as the Student of Love."

"Very well," I said; and so it was played as A Quartette.

I offered to cut it out and substitute something else, but the President vetoed the suggestion.

"Oh, no," he said; "don't do that. No doubt it is very pretty, and as A Quartette will sound very effective."

I imagine he thought that a ribald newspaper correspondent might find a subject for laughter in associating him with the Student of Love.

At the wedding each member of the band, including myself, received a bouquet of flowers with the compliments of the bride.

While the President was a congenial and fairly approachable man before his marriage, afterward he became more serious and decidedly distant. Whether or not the cares of state hung more heavily on him, he was never as accessible after he married as he was before. His bride was a very beautiful young woman and assumed the position of first lady of the land with honor to herself and, no doubt, satisfaction to her husband.

Though I scarcely met the President or his wife after their marriage, I met the delightful Lamonts more than ever. They would come to the room, when we were playing at a state dinner, and sit for hours listening to the music.

A Test for a President

FINALLY the administration came to an end and General Harrison moved in. The coming of President Harrison was a return to the simplicity of American life as we know it in the home and by the fireside.

General Harrison was no doubt one of the greatest of the intellectual giants that graced the Presidency. Kind-hearted, he was a gracious man to meet—if your presence was desired. He very quickly became a national hero to those who had no axes to grind. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee, his wife and daughter, followed out the custom of giving Saturday afternoon receptions during the social season—that is, from January first to the beginning of Lent—and an occasional children's party would be given for Baby McKee, who was a much-talked-of youngster at the White House during those times.

At one of these children's parties, the grown-ups at the mansion had evidently planned how the children were to go in to the refreshment room and how they were to be seated. The President was there looking on, but when he attempted to place Baby McKee next to a little tot of the gentler gender, the baby pulled away from the President and said "I won't!"

The President went after him and pulled him back against his struggles, when he decamped again. Looking at him, and then turning to me, the President said, "Don't play the march until I get him back."

"Mr. President," I replied, "it's easier to control eighty million people than that little fellow."

"Watch me," the President rejoined, very decidedly. He caught the refractory youngster, held him tight in his arms, put him up to the head of the line, pumped him down—almost too firmly—on his feet and, making him shake hands with his selected partner, started them into the march into the refreshment room. Whatever sulkiness Baby McKee had, vanished at the sight of the ice cream, candies and cake.

One drizzly day I drove up to the White House, and through my cab window saw a short man with a big umbrella almost run down by a street car. As I looked, I discovered it was President Harrison. I went into the mansion and was there when he returned from his walk.

I said to him, "Mr. President, I saw you awhile ago picking your way in the rain across the street entirely unattended and as the most humble citizen might have done."

It was quite different from an incident I had seen in Paris not long before. I was walking down one of the

crowded streets when I saw a great commotion some distance ahead of me. I asked what might be the occasion of it and was informed it was perhaps the approach of some dignitary. Directly there appeared a platoon of hussars with drawn revolvers, clearing the streets. Following these at a short distance came another platoon with drawn sabers. Then came a hollow square of cavalry in the center of which was a barouche carrying President Carnot of the French Republic. I could not help contrasting the customs in the two republics.

Mrs. Harrison's favorite musical number, which she requested frequently, was Nevin's Good Night, Beloved. Mrs. Cleveland had a special liking for the Tannhäuser Overture. I do not recall that we received any other requests from Presidents' wives.

We occasionally were complimented for our playing by members of the diplomatic corps attending White House receptions. I suppose it was in order for them to praise the President's band. We were quite popular at the British Embassy, where we played every year on the Queen's birthday. After each annual appearance Sir Julian Pauncefote gave the band a handsome honorarium.

There had been for some time a new commanding officer of the post at the marine barracks. The barracks was divided into headquarters and post. That part of the barracks on the G Street side was occupied by the residence of the commandant, and the Ninth Street side by offices of the various members of the staff of the Marine Corps.

The officer in command of the post on the west side of the barracks was Major George Porter Houston, who walked lame through the effects of Chagres fever contracted when he commanded the marines at Panama; an officer who, while quick-tempered, was one of the finest of the many fine officers of the Marine Corps. He was as brave as Julius Cæsar, with a steely blue eye that could look clean through you when you happened to be under his gaze.

Being Diplomatic Under Difficulties

MY FIRST introduction to Houston was rather a trying one. Though I always tried to be diplomatic, I sometimes spoke perhaps a little more warmly than I should; and one morning, after the major had been in command of the post for three weeks or so, when I entered the barracks the sergeant at the gate said, "The commanding officer wishes to see the bandmaster."

I went up to his office, rapped, and a gruff "Come!" induced me at once to open the door.

He looked up from his desk and said, very sternly, "Are you the bandmaster?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Well, I want you distinctly to understand that these German dukes and Italian counts that constitute your band can't run this barracks."

"I fail to understand you," I replied.

"Well, I'll make myself understood. There were three of them late at guard mounting this morning and they can't run me or this barracks, and I want you to understand it!"

I looked at him and said, "If I am not greatly mistaken, there are certain rules and regulations governing a marine, be he bandsman or anything else, who fails to be on time at guard mounting."

He looked at me fully a minute, then said, "Sit down and we will talk this matter over."

The Bandmaster and His Daughter, Priscilla

Well, we talked it over. His apparent anger was all assumed, and in twenty minutes Major Houston and I became the closest kind of friends and remained so until his death.

He had qualities that were admirable. I do not think during the time he was commanding officer that a body of troops were ever fed better than he fed his command. He would take some of the money that was intended for beef and convert it into money for oysters. He did this each day of the week so that the marines at the barracks would have a varied bill of fare.

One thing he could not stand and that was a man who lied to him. He was rather easy in his punishment for dereliction of duty when he felt that the man was truthful, but if he found a man was deceiving him he gave him the severest sentence he could under the regulations. I remember on an occasion when the first sergeant—he is really the prosecuting attorney in the police court held every morning before the commandant at the barracks—reported a man for jumping the wall, going out, getting whisky in him, and then returning and having an altercation with the corporal of the guard.

Houston said, "Show him in."

The door opened and Private Smith came in, his head all bandaged, limping and looking as if he had been through a threshing machine.

Houston turned to me and said, "Sousa, what do you think of a man enlisting in this glorious service of the Marine Corps, getting three fine meals each day, a fine room and bed to live and sleep in, medical attendance if ill, a pension if injured in the service; what would you think of such a man jumping the wall, filling himself full of bad whisky, then coming back and assaulting the sacred presence of the corporal of the guard?"

Of course my cue was to look grave, but say nothing.

Then turning to the first sergeant, he said, "What are the charges against this man?"

The Serious Case of Smith

"WELL, sir, he jumped the wall, got full of whisky, came back and attacked the corporal of the guard; but was overpowered and placed in the brig."

Houston, looking at the man, said, "Ha, ha! You're one of those fellows, are you? Now what have you to say for yourself?"

The marine straightened himself slowly, painfully, and said, "I'd thank the commanding officer to hear my story."

"All right, I'll hear it, but be careful what you say!"

"Yes, sir, I will be careful," said the poor, sadly maimed and battered-up private. "I was sitting in my quarters about eight o'clock last night and I got thirsty for a drink, and went up to the gate and said to the sergeant of the guard, 'Can I see the officer of the day?' He said 'No, you can't see the officer of the day. Go back to your quarters.' I went back to my quarters and I tried to think out why I couldn't see the officer of the day, and I was getting thirstier; so I went back again and said, 'I'd like to see the officer of the day. I'd like to get permission to go outside of barracks for fifteen minutes.' 'No, you can't see him,' said the sergeant. 'You go back to your quarters, and the next time you come up here and want to see the officer of the day I'll chuck you in the brig.' I went back to quarters and I couldn't see why I should be chucked into the brig: so I sneaked around and jumped the wall, went down and got one drink, and that made me so hot because the sergeant said he would chuck me in the brig, that I took a couple more. I don't think I was drunk. I walked up to the gate to go in. When the corporal saw me he said, 'How did you get outside?' I said, 'I jumped the wall.' He came up and said something to me that I wouldn't allow any man to say, and I struck him. He struck back, and the first thing you know there was a general rumpus and I guess I got the worst of it, for they finally chucked me in the brig and then had to take me to the dispensary to bandage me up; but I wouldn't allow any man to say to me what he did without fighting him back, whether I got killed or not."

Houston looked at him and said, "It's a very serious case, Smith, and requires some thought on my part. You go back to your quarters and I'll think over your case."

The woebegone-looking marine limped out.

Houston turned to the first sergeant and said, "Release that man from custody

(Continued on Page 109)

Mr. and Mrs. Sousa at The Farm, Their Home on Long Island

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HUPMOBILE EIGHT

EVEN EVE

By AGNES BURKE HALE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

EVE GELLERT first saw the man as she looked down the long table at Tina Slade's dinner. He was sitting beside the dazzling Tina, far away at the end of the table. He was in his early thirties, yet there was a gravity, an air of command about him that appealed to Eve, who liked leaders. His head was squarish, rugged, and his hair grew in an unruly thatch over his forehead.

"Who is that man?" she asked impulsively, perhaps rashly, for this was her first dinner in the Slade house. Yet Tina's brother, who sat beside her, seemed a casual sort; his manner implied that what you said or did was all the same to him.

"What did you say?" he said.

"That man," she said, "there beside Tina. What's his name?"

Young Mr. Slade looked and shrugged. "Wouldn't you know it?" he said mournfully. "The girls always want to know who that fellow is."

"Well," persisted Eve, "who is he?"

"I thought you were different. Aren't you an artist or something?"

Eve shook her head. "No, I'm an interior decorator."

"Oh, well. That's different. That is J. B. Cornish, one of our biggest and youngest successful men. He's rising fast downtown, where I'm fast sinking. He's the boy wizard, the baby amalgamator, the coming invincible money king. He's up from nowhere, and all that sort of thing."

"That's funny," said Eve. "So am I."

"So am I what?"

"Up from nowhere. But not up so high yet."

"Get Down Out of Here, Eve. Are You Crazy?" He Yelled

Cornish's face and his restless blue eyes had startled her. He was different as she was different from the score or so of young people at the table. They two were strangers in this glamorous, unexplored world. Only yesterday she had run into Tina Slade on Fifth Avenue—Tina whom she hadn't seen since the year after the Armistice, when they had lived for six months together in a reconstruction unit in the north of France. Tina was a volunteer for a fashionable tree-planting committee which poured money and plows into devastated France. Eve, a stenographer with a sense for figures, had been sent over to keep track of disbursements. The day they returned to New York Eve had gone back to work for her living, and Tina had pursued her hectic, tireless career, chasing from Newport to Southampton, to Palm Beach, and back again to New York.

Three years ago Eve had come from Chicago to work in Mrs. Sortwell's shop in one of the East Fifties; now she was a partner. She was beginning to sell lacquer chests and faded brocades to the fringe of the world in which Tina flourished. She had loved Tina in the old days in France; but when she found out who Tina was in New York and what she would live to inherit, she had laid their friendship aside as resolutely as sensible women burn their old love letters. Their worlds had never touched until yesterday.

"Why hasn't Tina produced you before?" Tina's brother asked.

Eve told him. For the son of the family, he had a strangely disdainful attitude toward this dinner party.

"Don't speak to anyone but me," he had said to Eve when they were introduced. "I warn you they're all a lot of boobies." Yet as she explained herself to him, his dark eyes lost their sullen indifference.

"You're a bright one," he said. "I never knew Tina to have a friend with brains, except for committee running. You know, that's about all most women can do. Ask Tina to read a good book and she feels positively faint. Too much strain on the old brain."

"Tina's really a dear," said Eve, remembering Tina seated on a camp cot in a hideous flannel nightgown, stating why she couldn't marry a certain Harvard boy because his teeth were crooked. "Tina's a dear," Eve repeated, warming to the girl. "I've had to earn my own living, like Mr. Cornish."

"Don't you deceive yourself. You're not like him. You've not got his brains. He's got the only original male acquisitive mind. I wish he'd marry Tina. I'd like this house better if she weren't in it. But then, I don't like this house much anyway."

Eve looked around the room, at its paneled, embossed, carved magnificence, the long candlelighted table; the whole effect was regal, heavy, overwhelming—half royal family and half Grand Central Station.

"It's very grand. If you'd been as poor as I've been, you'd thank God for space."

"Space," he groaned. "Do you suppose there's space here, space in the sense of space?" He gave her another of his cross looks. She ate a little fish, and then did the natural thing.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said sullenly. "And yet everything." The very impersonality, the cocksureness of this girl incited him to talk about his own uncertainties.

"What do you know about things, anyway?" he asked her.

"Ask me some more questions," she said, "while I eat."

His was the old historic complaint. He wanted to be a scenery designer and his family wanted him to be a banker. The first dollar loaned in Manhattan had been loaned by his family. It was inconceivable that Channing, the lineal heir, should not go on banking. They didn't mind his dawdling round in Paris for a couple of years after he left Harvard; now that he was back, they cursed because his heart was not in conservative securities.

"What eats me is my own weakness. Here I am twenty-eight years old. I spend my time in an office where I don't want to be, mooning out of the window I swear I'd rather be dead."

His complexities had no reality for her. Eve's father had been an impractical, unworldly professor who had preferred to let Eve chase down her own hopes. His own life had been so much simpler. Eve, who had always been poor, always on her own, stared at Slade, a grown-up man, in amazement.

"Oh, come now, you wouldn't like being dead. Think of all you'd have to give up. Why don't you clear out?"

"I did once last year, and my father got pneumonia and my mother dragged me home. I'm still here."

"Are you in love?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything. It gives you nerve, resolves things for you. How do you know you have any talent?"

"How do I know until I try?"

"Well, then, try," said Eve, shrugging her shoulders as if trying were the simplest thing in the world. "You could try and then come back to your bank, couldn't you? Why, I'd be perfectly frantic if I couldn't be doing what I want to do when I want to do it."

"Your words thrill me," he said.

Then the man on her left spoke to her, and as she turned to him she saw Cornish, at the end of the table, looking at her. There was the only man in the room with whom she really wanted to talk.

Yet after dinner, when she thought she might have a chance to meet him, she found herself idiotically playing charades.

"If I were rich and leisured I shouldn't bother about charades," she thought.

Tina, tall, fair, her electrically energetic body incased in pale-blue crêpe, presided over the shrieking contestants as she might have run off a charity auction. Tina did everything competently, wholeheartedly, with every atom of her blond energy.

Eve, temporarily out of the case, wandered out of the drawing-room into a vast library. There, at one end, sat Channing and Cornish.

"Oh," she gasped, "I beg your pardon."

But Channing was ecstatic. "Sit down. You're bored with those idiots, too. Cornish and I haven't a thing in common, but we'd rather bore each other than be bored by that pack. Sit down; take a chair; have a cigar. Miss Gellert, Mr. Cornish."

She giggled and sat down beside him, while he rattled on comfortingly. Cornish sat opposite her in a great chintz-covered chair.

(Continued on Page 42)

A Service ~ that Covers the Globe

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

The Better BUICK

(Continued from Page 40

A servant came in to say that Miss Tina wanted her brother; and Eve, left alone on the divan, looked across at Cornish.

"Do you want me to go, too?" she said.

"No," he said, "not if you want to stay. But I should think you'd like to be with the young people ——"

"Aren't you young?"

"Good heavens, no!" he grinned ruefully. "I'm a hundred years old."

"On the contrary," said Eve, more wisely than she knew, "you're just beginning to live."

"What do you mean?" he said. She was in white; he had never before noticed how well dark girls with pale skins looked in white.

"Your eyes are full of excitement. You're finding out a lot of things, aren't you, for the first time—like me?"

"What do you mean?" he asked again.

"Doesn't it seem silly to be the heirs of all the ages, and to play games all the evening?"

"No, not exactly silly. One of the things one lives to learn is the art of wasting time. I've never learned yet, but I suppose I shall."

"But the other thing is fun, isn't it? Work—vast, dazzling, international projects?"

"Yes, until you see all the gay, careless, splendid-looking people enjoying themselves without any work. You wish you were like them. So far, I let it go at envy; but when I begin to play, I'll play properly." He was sure of that, too.

"I don't doubt it." He was not very tall, but he had a compact strength that was attractive. She could imagine him taking up this sport or that, taking it up intensively, mastering it. Whatever he began he would finish.

"You're from the Middle West, aren't you?" he asked. "I thought you didn't look like New York." He was rating her, perhaps, as he rated an investment. He had lived in Chicago and Duluth, and he had gone to a Midwestern university. They discussed the East and the West, and what happened to Westerners in New York, and so on, for almost half an hour, when Channing came back upon them.

Eve said she must go home, and Cornish said he would drive her down. He looked on, with a curious interest, when he saw Tina kiss Eve fondly good-by.

"Where did you know Tina?" he asked, and she told him. They drove down Park Avenue beneath a packed and clustered heaven. The streets were white and black with light and shadow. Eve sat still in the motor, thinking how strange it would be to ride through life looking down upon it, rich and apart. She sensed what it would be to be a rich man, to be a rich man's wife, to luxuriate in power. How much more fun it was, after all, to amass that power oneself.

"I should think," she said, turning to him, "that you'd be awfully proud of yourself—having all this."

"I was, once," he said. "But I'm not any more. Now I'm frightened." They drew up at her door and he saw her politely up the two flights to her flat.

As she undressed she thought about him. Against his confident strength the impatient protests of Channing Slade, her own untried assurance, even Tina's swanlike pride, seemed childish, immature postures. He had been born endowed with power. She went to bed, feeling bereft of something she had never yet had.

The next day Eve told Mrs. Sortwell, her partner, about the dinner party at Tina's. Mrs. Sortwell, although born in a small Indiana town in a house surrounded by a picket fence, had achieved in her early forties the manner of a disillusioned aristocrat. She was very homely, with a beak nose and a greyhound body, but wore incredibly smart clothes. Her greatest gift was a flair for values; she knew what things were worth to her, what to keep and what to throw away. She had perceived what Eve might do for her in a flash. Eve had a sense of color, a passion for form, which Mrs. Sortwell, excellent bargain-driver that she was, knew she lacked. She needed someone to cap with assured taste her own artistic decisions, and she got Eve. She had not made a mistake.

Now, in a flash, she saw what this friendship of Eve's with Tina Slade might do for them.

"Where did you know her?" she asked curiously.

Eve explained. "I've never seen her since," she ended. "She's been too grand for me. Yet she's a dear. The house is overwhelming, but without taste. I don't think Tina knows one period from another."

"She doesn't have to," said Mrs. Sortwell sagely. "Wait until she marries and gets her own home. Then she'll want it smart, to be as smart as anyone's. The Slades have no taste, but when a color-blind bride marries, the first thing she does is to send for a decorator."

"Oh," gasped Eve, wide-eyed. "I simply couldn't intrigue for their business."

Mrs. Sortwell smiled. "My dear, one doesn't intrigue deliberately. What you don't realize is your charm. If Tina and these Slades should get fond of you, they would give you their business. Not that you haven't got brains. You have superb taste. They'll find it out if you give them the chance to adore you."

"No one," said Eve cynically, "has ever adored me yet."

"While there is life there is hope."

"Well," said Eve resolutely, "I won't say one word. No one knows I am a decorator. Tina is one of those people who ask questions and never listen to the answers, and her brother Channing talks about himself."

"Oh," said Mrs. Sortwell, "he did, did he? An excellent sign. I feel hopeful."

Eve was displeased. The Slade dinner had stirred up desires in her disciplined heart, and she didn't want to be bothered by desires. What she wanted was to be let alone to work and to make a success; she was twenty-seven and doing well enough for her age. When she had been made a partner in Mrs. Sortwell's shop—an inheritance from her dead father, a professor in a small Middle Western college, had made this possible—she had walked down Fifth Avenue on feet of silver. But she had been a partner for six months now, and her eyes were opening to a world in which she seemed to live only to serve. The dinner at the Slades' was a key put into a door which, if she would turn, might open new experiences, new hungers and new satisfactions. There was Cornish, too, with his money, his potential power, waiting as untried as she.

She talked it all over a few nights later with her friend, Julia Rand, with whom she shared an apartment. Julia worked on a liberal weekly, and consorted with poets, radicals and artists. She was scornful of Eve's worldly leanings.

"Of course," she said, "you're in a parasitic trade. You can't live without the rich. Why don't you marry this Channing for his money?"

(Continued on Page 44)

"Eve, Darling, What a Love of a Place! So Many Beautiful Things! You Clever Person!"

LUMBERING— A FISHER INDUSTRY

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FISHER BODIES

(Continued from Page 42)

"Don't be a fool," scoffed Eve. "The joke is he hates his world. He's about to kill himself in despair."

Julia sniffed. "He needs to suffer. What does he know about life? I hate these rich æsthetes." She put on a green hat and went out to dine with a girl from Vassar, a bond salesman with ideas about art, and a press agent.

Eve sat at home mooning on the divan, thinking how forlorn it was to dine alone at twenty-seven, when the telephone rang. It was Channing Slade. "Put on your coat," he ordered; "you're coming out to dinner with me."

"Is that so?" said Eve. But she put on her hat, laid out her wrap and waited. Channing looked positively good-natured when he saw her.

She followed him down to a devilish-looking gray roadster, almost too sporting for a suppressed scenery designer. He gave her a few bad moments on Park Avenue. The buildings, the trees, the iron railings, the traffic were gone before she saw them. The bad moments became so constant that she ignored them. On they flew through a whizzing world of tall buildings, violet sky, streaks of sunset, escaping pedestrians, then oncoming lights as they raced up the boulevard.

"This is elegant," she said. "But where are we going?"

"Does it matter?"

"Do you always drive like this?" she asked.

He didn't bother to answer her.

They drew up miles from New York, at a small white inn somewhere in Westchester. Eve had a feeling that it must be improper because it was so attractive. In the distance lay the Sound, a smoky slate in the twilight; on the terrace there were tables; below, a little stream, and lush meadows leading into wooded land.

"This is perfect," said Eve.

The French proprietor, ravished by their presence, showed them to a table where Eve could see the sky, faint stars, and the mist coming from the fields. There were two other couples in the long terrace, two absorbed pairs.

"Distinguished, unhappy lovers," said Eve.

"Probably," said Channing. "Whenever people are miserable they go to the country. Did you ever notice that?"

Yet he did not seem miserable. They ate a hot soup, a chilled fish, a broiled bird, and an excellent thing made out of bananas and rum.

"This is marvelous," said Eve.

He laid down his fork. "Listen, now," he said. "I left home today."

"What do you mean?"

"I've cleared out. Pa and ma are as sore as crabs." He had acted upon her casual words. "You certainly put steel in my wishbone."

"But what are you going to do?"

"I've got five thousand dollars a year to live on. They think I'm a fool. Perhaps I am. But I've got a job over at Fechheimer & Sitlinger's—yes, that's the name—over at the factory, tacking canvas on frames. That's where I want to work for about three months. Then I'll tackle the producers."

Eve repented her confident words. He would come to no death in the gutter, but suppose he had no talent?

"Does Tina know what I said to you?"

"She bawled me out. She said you were an artist but I needn't think I was. But you don't think I did this because you told me to?"

"I don't know," she answered glumly. "I don't know you well enough to know why you do anything. I hardly know you well enough to be eating this dinner with you. But you must be sure of yourself. Now that you have done this thing, you must stick. But I feel guilty, as if I had precipitated something."

He shook his head at her. "Don't worry, grandma. I precipitated myself. I can go home and kiss them on Sundays. I simply don't take money from them or take care of their money for them—that's all. Cheerio!"

Perhaps he had it in him. She gave him the benefit of the doubt. He had a quick tongue and a temper, and he talked well enough about the stage. There seemed to be no stopping him when he knew what he wanted. Yet she felt in him an inner insecurity, a volatile sensitiveness which impelled her to strengthen him, yet warned her to let him go on alone. After all, she was not his mother.

When he left her at her flat he said, "Let me ring you up again, will you? I like to talk to you."

"Yes," she said. "But not too often."

She was too busy during the next fortnight to be bothered by him until he appeared, importunate, demanding. She found it amusing to dine with him, to walk home at night up the avenue where the lights strung themselves out in the deepening twilight and the sky faded from an unbelievable blue to a more incredible violet. But he did not steal any of her mind, still given over to curtain measurements and color schemes, absorbed, too, by the activity which Tina began to bring into her life.

Exactly a week after the dinner, Tina had walked into the shop. Tina had a sweep about her, a grand manner which invested her minutest actions with significance. Her startling blondness, her sea-blue eyes, her physical cogency filled whatever room she entered. She was an instinctive chairman. She had come to preside over Eve.

"Eve, darling, what a love of a place! So many beautiful things! You clever person!" It amused her to see Eve blush. "My dear, how you used to blush about that French officer—the one who was an undertaker! Oh, wasn't the war fun!"

"It was, for some people. I like this better," she said. "I've had a better time."

"You would," admitted Tina soberly. "You've had something real to do. I've never stopped, but I can't see that I've got anything in my hand for the birds I've picked out of the bush. But that"—waving a doeskin glove—"that's not what I came to see you about."

"Well, I wish it were. Rave on some more."

"Not another adjective. Eve, you're to come to luncheon tomorrow and talk to mother. She wants the bedrooms down at Beechwood done over, and there's no reason why you shouldn't get the job. Now say you will."

"I'll come," said Eve. "But your mother knows nothing about me."

"She will. Put everything in black and white. She hates most decorators since they made her take down her lace curtains. But she'll like you. Come to lunch while the iron is hot."

"I've seen your brother," said Eve.

"He raved about you," said Tina, "the night he left home. He was most dramatic. Don't mention his name to mother; she's furious."

"But he did land a job," protested Eve.

"He didn't need a job. How does he know he has any talent?"

"He'll have to find out."

Tina gave a skeptical laugh. "He'll fall in love with you and be putting you on canvas—a perfectly awful picture, all triangles."

"Don't be a nut."

"You are the nut. But you're a good, pure girl. I shan't worry about Channing as long as he likes you."

Tina went while Eve stood staring at an old Bokhara print, oddly displeased. She did not want to be considered safe, a little brother's haven. Men—grown-up, mature, adventurous men—courted danger. Well, she could give them a risk to run—at least, she imagined she could if she could ever get any practice. In the eyes of the world Channing might be a good catch, but to Eve he was, so far, a turbulent child.

The next day, at luncheon, Eve was looked over and apparently approved by Tina's mother, a plump benevolent woman whom wealth and domesticity had sheltered from the crudities of life. She took to Eve, because she was such a nice little thing with whom Tina had had a good time in France "doing that war work."

"I suppose you've done some country houses," she said to Eve hopefully. "Why not come down for the week-end and look at the rooms? You can have a little rest in the country, my dear."

Tina thought it a perfectly divine idea. "I'll take you down in the car at three, Saturday."

It was settled. Eve was to examine, create and submit schemes of decoration. Mrs. Sortwell would never believe how idiotically easy it had been, yet in this world of Tina's everything seemed easy. Their luncheon came winging in on silver platters. The dining room, in the daylight, seemed bigger than any railroad station; yet Tina, her mother, and her old Grandaunt Charlotte—all essentially commonplace people—did not seem oppressed by the grandeur. Rather, the very spaciousness seemed to add something to their stature. Ordered luxury gave a woman confidence; how sure Tina was that what she wanted she would get.

"I've only one brother," admitted Eve blankly. "He lives somewhere out West." He might just as well have been dead to Mrs. Slade.

After luncheon Eve tore herself away to her office. Just as she left, Tina shouted down the stairs, "I'll ask someone for the week-end. Jim Cornish is coming down, you know."

"Splendid," said Eve. Her heart gave a strange leap of anticipation. She had never before wanted to see a man again.

On Saturday Channing, and not a chauffeur, came running up for Eve's bag.

"Are you going?" she asked.

"Of course I'm going."

"But I thought you were disinherited."

"I am, but not over the week-end."

Eve was carrying a yardstick and a large pad of drawing paper.

"Tina asked me down for you. We shall have an uninterrupted week-end," he said daringly.

"We certainly shall not. I'm going to work. Don't drop that bag."

Eve followed him down to the car, where Tina sat, bellowing orders. "Don't put that there, put it here. No, not there—here."

Eve wondered where Cornish was. He certainly wasn't underneath the bags, rugs, golf clubs, vacuum bottles. They started off, barking and arguing in happy-family style. Fighting their way through Flushing a hatbox slipped on Channing's foot, and he thanked God Cornish hadn't come to crowd his stuff in.

"How do you like your man of iron, Tina?" he asked flippantly. Tina stared, a perfect mask. "How ideal it would be," he went on, "if you and this Cornish should pull it off, and father should hand him the business and let me go my own way."

Tina's white lids dropped scornfully. "Don't be an ass. Cornish is on his own."

"Well, father won't see me again. I've landed a job with Wilder."

"What?" gasped Eve. "Not F. D. Wilder?"

"Yep. He wants me to come into his studio and boss. He heard me swearing at a gang of Italians the other day, and he says I'm a leader of men."

Eve was impressed. She knew who F. D. Wilder was.

"I don't know whether you deserve such a chance," she said.

"That's no reason for not getting it." His black eyes burned happily.

"I'm fearfully glad," she said, as impersonally as she could.

Beechwood had been built in the late sixties, when Tina's grandmother was a young girl. All about the house and its large grounds there hovered a faintly Victorian glamour. The cedars, the great elms, the willows where the lawn gave way to meadow, the urns on the terrace wall were of a past century when ladies walked in long skirts along the bordered walks, waiting for barouches and landaulets to arrive from the station with their bearded, top-hatted men.

When they arrived Channing was for ordering horses.

Eve refused. "I want to work," she said.

"But why not tomorrow morning?"

"No, I want to think about the rooms overnight."

In the midst of their wrangling Mrs. Slade came down the stairs and appropriated Eve. She greeted Channing coolly, and ordered tea.

"You all have red noses," she said. "You're cold."

Afterward she piloted Eve through the bedrooms—great square rooms in dark oak, with shining parquet floors, filled with mahogany and old walnut, hung with faded damask; and then the new white-painted, cretonne-hung bedrooms in the wings. Mrs. Slade was full of reminiscences. In one room Channing had been born, and wouldn't it be nice to use a touch of wistaria in the wall? In another an uncle of Mr. Slade's had fallen through the French window and broken his neck. A glazed chintz in bright yellow might brighten it up.

Eventually Eve was left alone, to wander about, making little drawings, figures, diagrams. In one room she liked she sat looking out over the garden, whose walls were massed with rambler roses; between the flaunting flowers were grassy walks, and a rose-bordered walk led down to the Sound.

"Fancy Channing giving up all this," she thought. Then, conscious that the light-filled entrance had been darkened, she turned and saw Cornish. As she looked she saw a man's bag and overcoat slung on a trunk rack against the wall.

"Good heavens!" she said, leaping up. "Is this your room?"

"Don't move. I can take another."

"Oh, no, don't. I can come back tomorrow." He must have thought her mad, for his blue eyes, blue as cobalt, questioned her.

"What are you anyway—a fancy parlor maid?"

She told him.

"I remember you. Are you visiting here, or painting and papering?" he asked.

"Both. Tina got me the job. We hadn't seen each other for years."

"Why not? Did you fight?"

"Oh, no," said Eve. "We don't move in the same world, that's all. I mean, I have to work."

"So do I," he said. "I work. Why shouldn't we work?"

"We'll continue this downstairs," said Eve.

"I'll wash and come down."

Eve went down. The tea table was still laid beside the fire. Channing was nowhere in sight, and she prayed for an uninterrupted half hour. She was curiously at ease with Cornish. There was something strangely unurban about him, as if he had his roots in some rougher, more casual society.

He came down the stairs. She poured his tea and found herself telling him about her father and her home, and how she happened to be in New York, and what she planned to do with her future. She was astonished at herself. He was not dumb, but he spoke to lead her on, to enhance the significance of what she had said; unlike Channing, who met any remark with a flat contradiction, or by saying "You are a darn little idiot."

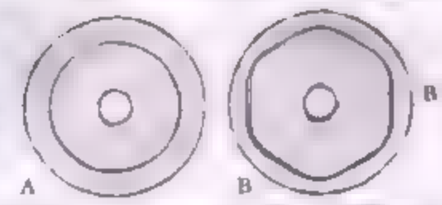
Yet if Channing, the confiding, spread himself all over the place, Cornish was slow to divulge himself. He had no conceit, but a detached absorption which presumed importance. Eve liked his head, with its thinly covered bones, his deep, blue eyes, too deep for visibility, like a northern sea.

(Continued on Page 55)

The Oakland Harmonic Balancer

This new and exclusive feature imparts an unmatched freedom from vibration to the Oakland Six engine, and in a manner that is simplicity itself. Torsional vibration in any automobile engine is caused by the twist of the crankshaft under repeated piston impulses. The Harmonic Balancer—built into the Oakland crankshaft—exerts an equal twisting force in the opposite direction, which counteracts the twist of the crankshaft, thus stopping vibration at its source. This means new thrills of motoring pleasure, longer car life.

A *New Oakland Six engine with Harmonic Balancer—unbelievably smooth at all speeds*



B *Six-cylinder engine without Harmonic Balancer—not uniformly smooth—having 3 vibration periods*

Readings taken with the crankshaft indicator, a device for measuring torsional vibration

Many owners insist that there is as much difference between the New Oakland and other Sixes as there is between Sixes and Fours. More than 100 improvements, including new Bodies by Fisher, Air Cleaner, Oil Filter, Four-Wheel Brake refinements and The Harmonic Balancer, lift the new Oakland far above the field. And at the new prices—$70 to $350 lower—you can purchase an Oakland Six for little more than a Four.

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WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Judicially Reviewing the Seers

By WILLIAM McADOO

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IS FORTUNE TELLING to be taken seriously? Is there anyone who can really tell what is going to happen to someone else? How is it that the professional fortune tellers are not able to advise themselves that the woman client is a police officer, getting evidence against them? Has fortune telling, divination, reading one's fate by the stars and the lines of the hand been a blessing to those upon whom it is practiced, or otherwise? Is it beneficial to have someone tell you what is going to happen to you tomorrow? If it is going to happen, how are you going to prevent it? And if it is going to be a misfortune will the knowledge of its coming aid you in doing the work of today; and if it is otherwise, is not surprise one of the pleasures of sudden good fortune?

About 1910 fortune telling began to be looked upon in New York City not only as an imposition but as a source of far-reaching evils, especially among the families of the hard-working poor. Outcroppings of this evil began to appear in the Family Court, which had been established for the protection of deserted wives and mothers, and an orderly and systematic investigation of the family troubles in general; and in another court exclusively for women, in which no man is arraigned. These were the first two courts of the kind in the world, and they have been copied in other American cities. London is now considering earnestly courts on the same basis, after investigating the New York system.

In the Family Court the fortune teller began at once to appear as a conspicuous factor in many cases of wrecked families for reasons that will be evident in some of the cases that will be cited in this article. Keep in mind that the wrecked family may add to the criminal and vicious classes—the boy to the gang, the daughter to the streets, and, unhelped, perhaps all its members to public institutions.

When it developed that fortune telling was a serious menace against the social order, the police department created a squad of policewomen, whose principal duty it was to get evidence under existing law against this class of offenders. The policewomen displayed at once a high order of intelligence and good detective qualities, and the result was that large numbers of fortune tellers were brought into court as offending against the New York State law. The law of New York classifies fortune tellers as disorderly persons—"Persons pretending to tell fortunes or where stolen goods may be found." This is substantially a law brought from England into the colonies, and was there on the statute book from the earliest times. The Vagrant Act of George II declares such persons to be "rogues and vagabonds" subject to a year's imprisonment and standing in the pillory once every quarter during the term of such imprisonment. The New York law applied to disorderly persons generally provided only for the giving of good-behavior bonds and the imposition of fines.

"You are Going to Inherit Some Money"

Misfortune for the Fortune Tellers

IN PRACTICE this punishment was found to be inadequate. Convicted fortune tellers were only too glad to pay fines, and as there was no means of identifying them from one court to the other, the good-behavior bonds did not amount to more than waste paper. Under these circumstances I urged upon the legislature an amendment of the law that would permit upon conviction imprisonment of this class of offenders for a period not to exceed six months. This is now the law, and under it after conviction the defendant is finger-printed and a copy of the prints is sent to all the courts in the Greater City, to aid in identification in case the offense is repeated. This part of the law applies only to New York City. In view of this law and the efficient work of the squad of policewomen it may be said that there is no other city in the United States in which these people are so systematically repressed and punished. Of course fortune tellers cannot advertise in newspapers or any other publication. That their numbers have been substantially reduced and that many of these defendants have either given up the practice of fortune telling or gone to other places is evident from the fact that so far the records show very few second offenders, which is not the case with many other classes of persons summarily convicted in these courts.

A person who does not believe in the occult power of these fakers and impostors is very apt to take a charitable and sympathetic view of those who believe in them or else to say that those who are foolish enough to believe such things deserve all the evils which may follow. The majority of people have never had brought home to them the really dangerous menace which these people are to the community, and how far-reaching is the evil attending upon their ridiculous prognostications. We are, therefore, only at the beginning of a deterrent and earnest enforcement of the law, which—as is the case with nearly all other laws—will never be entirely effective without an intelligent and solidified public opinion behind it.

The police and the magistrates in New York have started the first real effort to take seriously this practice of fakery and cheating. I am giving here some cases that actually came up in our courts, and without coloring or exaggeration. The first is an actual complaint to which a policewoman swore before me a few days ago. When we consider the obvious contradictions and mendacities for which this woman fortune teller exacted a fee, it would be well to keep in mind how men and women of the highest culture and social position, not to speak of the illiterate, poorly educated and ignorant, have in all ages believed in divination, witches of Endor, ghost raisers, table rappers, mysteries of the stars, creases on the palms of the hands, lucky numbers, omens, cruel and degrading superstitions, portents, occult powers, legendary black art, Friday the thirteenth, half moons, full moons, sacred bulls, more sacred cats, holy bugs. Need you wonder then that even trash like this is capable of wrecking lives, breaking up families, separating friends, changing the whole current of life, wearing the body, worrying the mind, destroying the soul?

Two Dollars' Worth of Bunk

NO. 1. "THAT at about 3:30 P.M. deponent and Policewoman ——, — Division, Squad No. 2, did enter the premises, apartment on the third floor, front. Deponent knocked at the door of the apartment. The door was opened for the fortune teller, who said, 'Come right in,' and escorted deponent and another policewoman to the parlor. She said to deponent, 'Sit on that chair,' then sat down on a rocking-chair in front of deponent. She then repeated a prayer known as the Our Father, and asked the spirits and guides to help her. She said to deponent: 'You are very nervous and very worrisome. You have a friend who is very dark, and makes a lot of trouble for you in your home. Keep away from her entirely, or tell her nothing that you do not want to hear back. I see you are planning to move to the country, and I see you buying a little house, a nice little home for yourself. If you have not thought of that, you are going to do it. Have you a mother in spirit?'

"Deponent replied, 'No; I have a mother-in-law.'

"The fortune teller said, 'Oh, yes, I see her now, standing by a window in the dining room. She tells me to tell you she is working with you all the time, and to call on her when you need help, as she is willing to help you. You are going to inherit some money from an uncle, on your father's side. It will come from out West. One of your children is going to meet with an accident. It will be the little girl. I see a sale of some property. Ask me three questions.'

"Deponent then said: 'My mother received a notice regarding money matters. Will she have the power to use it, or will it have to go into the estate?'

"Fortune teller said: 'Wait a minute'; then said, 'She will be able to use it. She will have the right to it.'

"Deponent then said: 'There is a lawsuit pending against the estate. Will it be settled out of court?'

"To which was replied, 'It will be.'

"Then deponent gave Question No. 3: 'My mother's health is not so good.'

"The fortune teller then replied: 'I see her old and feeble, but she will see another year. She is not going to be sick, but around February or March of next year she will just pass out.'

"Deponent asked how soon she could expect that property to be sold, and was told, 'Positively by the end of June.' Then fortune teller said: 'That will be all.'

"Upon being asked 'What is your fee?' the fortune teller replied that it was two dollars, whereupon deponent gave to the said fortune teller the sum of two dollars, United States currency, which the said fortune teller then placed in a house-dress pocket."

(Continued on Page 49)

"It must be something
I've eaten," you say

. . .

But you may be wrong

Perhaps it's something you haven't eaten

MUCH illness is caused by food we don't eat. In other words, if our daily diet gave us *all* the vital food elements, just as Nature planned them, we would all be well—barring accidents. But for the last few centuries we have busily been removing essential elements from Nature's foods—"refining" them! Today, look about you! Nine persons out of ten below par, from lack of *complete* nourishment.

Add this delicious food to your daily diet and benefit by five essential elements

Listen to the scientists and dietitians:

"*Malnutrition is probably the most pressing world problem.*"

"*Deficiency of any vital food element in the diet produces a physical condition favorable to disease.*"

"*Good food builds resistance to illness.*"

Ponder that last sentence! When a food expert says "good food," he means appetizing, digestible food, of course—but he means much more than that! He means a diet which supplies the body with *every* element of nutrition it should have, in sufficient quantities and in correct proportion.

If you don't get that kind of "good" food you're in for trouble—all kinds of trouble in all parts of your body. And most of us have those troubles! We are malnourished because many of our modern foods have been robbed of certain vital elements. Nature knows what she needs and you can't cheat her!

Grape-Nuts was originated by a man who had made a life study of food values. Realizing the deficiencies in modern diet, he planned Grape-Nuts to supply five essential food elements: Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced food.

And it's wonderfully "good-to-eat"! In its crisp golden kernels wheat and malted barley are combined. These grains give Grape-Nuts its tempting, nut-like flavor, and its varied and abundant elements of nutrition. A special baking process prepares Grape-Nuts for easy digestion. You get the nourishment you need with the least possible tax on digestive organs.

The crispness of Grape-Nuts, also, was planned for your health. Do you realize that many serious disorders have their origin in the diseased teeth and gums with which this generation is almost universally afflicted? Modern *soft* foods are partly responsible. You *must* chew, for your health's sake! Grape-Nuts is delightfully crisp, to encourage this necessary chewing.

Try this famous food tomorrow morning. Buy a package from your grocer today, or accept the following offer.

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and two servings of Grape-Nuts, free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts. We will send also "A Book of Better Breakfasts," which contains menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts. A former physical director of Cornell Medical College, famous as a conditioner of men and women, prepared this book. You will find it a help toward better health

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes

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S. E. P. 11-28-25

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45 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont.

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And that's only one evidence of the unbelievable durability of this new-type automobile finish. Exposure to weather, sun, rain, ice, scalding hot water, even live steam—fail to spoil that "showroom" look which a *Nitro*-Valsparred surface always keeps.

Your auto painter is equipped with a spraying outfit to put a *Nitro*-Valspar finish on your car—one that will last several seasons. You have a choice of the following three finishes, in any color: *Natural*, with the soft glow of satin; *Polished*, rubbed down to bright, hard-as-glass finish; *Varnished*, amazingly brilliant and lustrous.

Every coat of the *Nitro*-Valspar system is a nitrocellulose material—this means unequalled speed in refinishing your car as well as a durability greater than is obtainable with any other finishing system. You will have a brand-new car in less than a week!

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Nitro-VALSPAR

The Valentine Nitrocellulose Lacquer

(Continued from Page 46

No. 2. "At about 6:30 P.M., February 3, 1925, deponent in company with policewoman entered premises and was admitted to a room by a woman. In said room deponent observed twelve women seated. Deponent entered another room when called by the fortune teller, who said: 'You're next. Now be seated.' Deponent sat at a table opposite fortune teller, who handed deponent a deck of cards and said 'Shuffle them.' Deponent did. He then said 'Cut them three times'; which deponent did. He spread the cards on the table and said, 'Within the next two years you are going to Paris; you are going to marry a Jew who is going to make you very rich. Your husband has trouble with his back. I see a coffin, which makes the way clear for you to marry this other man. You should change your position and study to be a detective, as you are very shrewd. When you meet a woman named Kate be very careful, as she is going to make trouble for you. Never leave your door or window open, as somebody will enter your home for no good purpose. You are thinking of making a change, but don't do so until July, when that change will benefit you.' He thereupon asked for and received the sum of one dollar from deponent, which he took and placed on the table."

No. 3. "That at about 3:00 P.M., November 3, 1924, deponent and patrolwoman entered the premises. Deponent was directed by the defendant to enter a bedroom, which she did, and therein the defendant lit a candle and attempted to tell fortunes. Deponent further states that while in said room defendant told her the following: 'In a few years to come my husband would die, I would inherit money. My father in the spirit world said it would be to my advantage not to make a financial change for two or three weeks. I would live long and be wealthy.' Deponent further states that after defendant had told fortune she asked what was the charge, and defendant answered, 'Two dollars'; which amount was paid."

No. 4. "That at about 5 P.M. on April 9, 1925, accompanied by policewoman, deponent entered premises, and after knocking at door was admitted. Deponent asked defendant if he told fortunes and he answered, 'Yes, by the palm.' He then proceeded to do so by the aid of a magnifying glass. Defendant then predicted the following to deponent: 'That at the age of 45 years deponent would have a severe illness; that she would die when she reached the age of 78 years, that she would live until that time, but would not die of any serious illness at that time, but only a general breaking down of deponent's health, due to old age; between now and 1927 deponent would marry a widower, a fair-haired man, born in October, who had two children, and that he would provide deponent with all the comforts of life; that deponent was governed by foresight, came under the planet of Lion and was always to be governed by first impressions of people, financial matters, health, etc.' After defendant had told fortune, deponent asked what was the charge and defendant answered, one dollar to me, but to others he charged $2 and $5. Deponent paid the one dollar."

A Trance Artist

NO. 5. "THAT at about 3 P.M., January 13, 1925, deponent in company with policewoman entered premises. After knocking at door deponent was admitted by an unknown man and was taken into the front room, where there were eight other women. Deponent observed the eight women pass U. S. money (amount unknown) to the unknown man. Defendant then went into a supposed trance, and predicted to deponent that during 1925 she would have a serious illness from a cold in the lower part of her body, that she would also suffer very severe pains in the back. Defendant also stated that a young man in deponent's family had under consideration a business proposition by which he would make a great sum of money; also defendant stated that deponent would have more than an abundance of food on her table.

After defendant had come out of the supposed trance she stated she was finished, and when deponent entered dining room, the unknown man had a basket on the table containing U. S. currency. Deponent asked the unknown man what the charges were and he stated fifty cents, which amount was paid."

No. 6. "That at about 9:45 A.M., February 24, 1925, deponent made an appointment by telephone to call at premises on February 25, 1925, about 4 P.M., to tell deponent's fortune. Defendant predicted the following: That a man (relative) with gray hair would die within six months, looked like the month of August; predicted the birth of twins to a friend of deponent's; the death of a young child, a light-haired boy about six years of age, the boy of a relative; a serious illness to deponent; that if deponent went to a hospital to have operation performed she would recover: if not she would die. Deponent would change her position in a very short time and receive a higher salary, which would be for the better. Defendant further stated that she was out late the night before and told the fortunes of five Follies girls, for which she received the sum of $10, also that she had big classes of prominent people. After defendant had told fortune, deponent asked what the charges were, and defendant answered $2, which amount was paid."

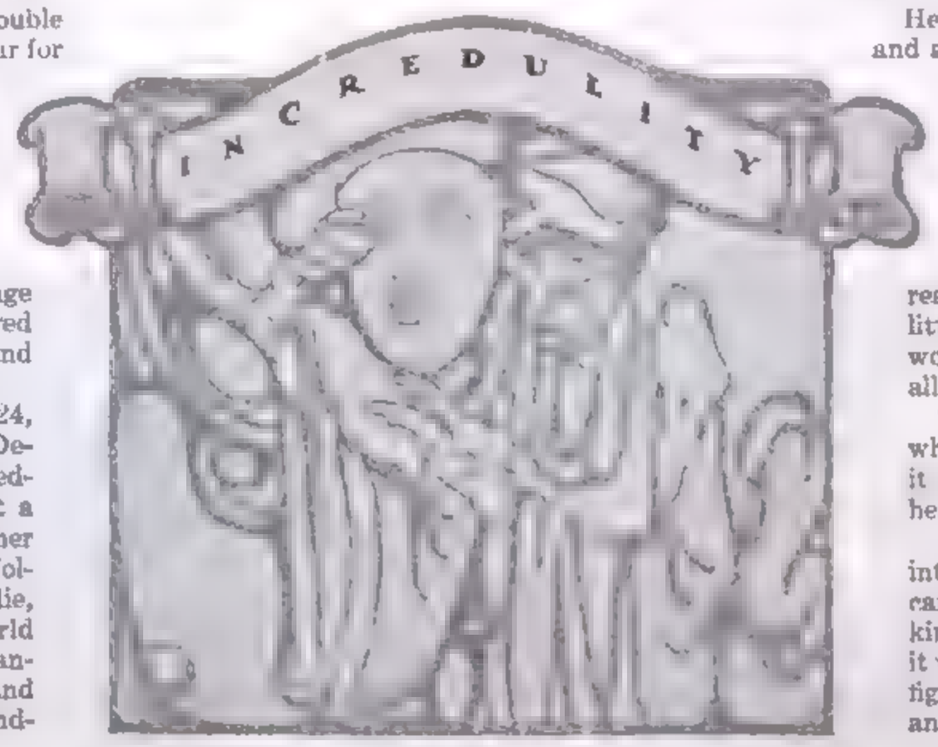
Here are some spirit messages, by way of slate writing, and as spelled:

"I come from land of far away to send good cheer. Mrs. Harding sends love to all. She tells me to say she found spirit return a fack, and all the meetings she had at Washington was real."

"My dear One, Oh how very happy I'm at this writing to know I have started on the road to reach my dear ones, for if you could see the joy over one little connection between spirit and earth why you would wonder why I'm come. I'm so happy. Give my love to all the dear ones all over again. Mother."

"Sure and ye have often heard me voice and I've done what I could for ye all, so here is me mug along with it I'll stick to all of the ones that I know and glad to hear me."

"The last I noticed of my mortal remains were going into a thousand bits thro' the air. All of a sudden they came together and I was a man again clothed in some kind of a body I could go thro' a stone wall with; then it was I knew I had made the change. I fought the good fight which never should have been for my friends. Am anxious over the ones we must forgive here. George."



The Young Woman Was Forbidden the House for Reasons She Could Not Understand

The little family bark started out under the most favorable auspices on the voyage of life. The sails were fanned by mutual love and respect. They were both young, in good health, of the same social conditions, and any difference in race was counterbalanced by unity in religion.

Fear of the Future

WHEN the young husband joined the political-organization club in their neighborhood, and induced his wife to vote, they both voted the same ticket. Before marriage they were both employed in the same establishment. They had a good general education. And after marriage, strange to say, had no quarrels with their respective mothers, who lived in the same neighborhood with them. He had advanced in his employment until he was able to make the first installment payment upon a little house in the suburbs where they went to live. What the house cost to build had nothing to do with the price for which the young husband purchased it, and there was no limit to the smallness of the first payment that would be accepted by the general speculator who had built these homes in long rows, as if they had come out of a mold. A baby tornado could probably have carried the houses into the next county without exerting itself, but a hurricane of good fortune would be required to blow away the heavy mortgages with which they were encumbered.

When the second child was born the husband's income began to feel the drag of the interest on the mortgages, which was heavier than the rent the family had paid in the city. Sicknesses and the care of the children had increased the expenditures charged against the stationary income; then the health of the young wife and mother began to fail, which added to the financial worries. The future became for her clouded with fear and apprehension for herself, her husband and the children, and she longed to look into the future to see through the clouds that began to settle on the household. While the young wife was telling her troubles to a neighbor one day this woman suggested that she pay a visit to a marvelous fortune teller. She enlarged upon the revelations proven to be true which this woman had made to her.

(Continued on Page 69)

AN ASCENT INTO POVERTY

As Told to Margaret Widdemer

I Had to be Careful Because of the Varying Quality. But After All I Had Met Venders Who Tried to Sell Me Inferior Vegetables Even in Vallancy. I Knew Good From Bad

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

IT WAS the last time we had a dinner guest in the little house at Vallancy. An old classmate of my husband's and mine, who had chanced to come to our pretty suburb to lecture, was with us—Anna Adams, who since we had seen her had become an authority on sociology. I can remember it all so well—the candles lighting up Anna's intense, deeply marked, clever face and Burton's kindly one; my two little girls, Elizabeth and Gertrude, flitting in and out, waiting on the table; little Jimmy sitting at one side with his dear little freckled face solemn over the specially good dinner.

"It was good of you," my husband said laughingly, "to turn down the invitations of the rich and proud and come to eat a humble school principal's unbutlered meal for old sake's sake."

"It's all wrong," said Anna with the sudden violence we remembered from her undergraduate days. "You ought to be better off. People like you should be subsidized by the state so that you could rear the right kind of children and not be penalized for it."

"We are rearing three," said Burton mildly, smiling at her violence.

"Three!" cried Anna, dropping off her glasses. "What's that? Statistically, mere replacement. It means that you have to pinch and worry, that you can't save, that you're punished—while inferior immigrant stock is assisted by every means in the city's power to have from ten to fourteen children!"

She was growing so enthusiastic that when we laughed at her she saw the funny side herself, and laughed too. The conversation took another turn.

Three Children and No Money

BUT when Burton died suddenly, three weeks after that, her words came back to me. For we had not saved. For the very reason Anna had given—what some of our friends called the extravagance of having three children on a principal's income—we had never been able to save. We had neither of us had anything but education, cultivation which is not the same thing—and ideals. We had lived in the almost ridiculous economy that smaller professionals know, and the best that Burton could leave me was freedom from debt, and life insurance.

A woman with three children to think of can't afford much time for the luxury of grief. The day after the funeral I roused myself to think out ways and means for carrying on.

It was out of the question for us to stay on at Vallancy, because there was no work there. When things were straightened out I would have six hundred dollars a year from Burton's insurance, if I invested it, as I was told I could, at 6 per cent. Fortunately—oh, how fortunately!—I had always kept up my girlhood's secretarial course because of the help it had been to Burton. I would get work. If there was work in the world I would get it. Say I made twenty or twenty-five a week—that would be eighteen hundred a year altogether for four people's food and clothes and shelter. With money meaning what it does today, what could we look forward to but that life must be a harder, more joyless, narrower thing for us all, unless, indeed, fourteen-year-old Elizabeth helped things a little by going into some store as a salesgirl or training for a stenographer? And Elizabeth was little for her age, sensitive, artistic, with an exceptional talent for the violin and absolutely no aptitude for stenography. Moreover, she did not look more than twelve.

The thing I resented most was the necessity of letting my children slip down. I had seen it happen with others—seen gently bred, high-idealed, fine children forced down because of poverty into lower standards, lower ideals; growing up wrong, marrying wrong, because they had no chance socially or financially for anything else. But as far as I could see there was no way out. There was no help for it in Vallancy, and probably less in New York City.

I had then the popular belief in the coldness and hardness of big cities. It mightn't be worse than Vallancy at that, for, goodness knew, Vallancy was a money-and-country-club little suburb enough! And the country-club membership had been out of the question for our budget, as much as sending our children to the school Burton taught—a model school.

I had always had an uphill fight as regards English, manners and morals because of the public school's majority of across-the-track children—small foreigners who impressed their foreign standards on the American minority which was still using the grammar and high-school grades, as it does in most suburbs of big cities.

Well, perhaps things would be no worse in the city than here in Vallancy. I girded myself up and Elizabeth and I went flat hunting.

The only neighborhoods we could afford were inconveniently far uptown if I was going to work. The people there were second and third generation immigrants. I tried to remember that my feeling of not belonging was a snobbish one; to believe that my son and daughters could find as good and congenial friends among them as among the children of our kind of old Americans. I had been brought up to feel ardently that "rank is but the guinea's stamp," and so forth. As I mounted another flight of interminable stairs I heard a voice calling across a dumb-waiter shaft to a friend.

"Naw," said the voice. "My sister, she says, 'I pay Grand Concourse prices. What for should I send my kids to a school where they play common little wops with, like in the cheap flats we just left?' And the teacher, she couldn't say nothing with my sister."

"She done just right," said the second unseen voice. "I saw it in the paper this morning. It says how the principal couldn't stand the strike no more. He's goin' to give in an' have the children select."

Elizabeth stared at me.

"Mother," she said calmly, "if the immigrants aren't democratic why do we have to be?"

The Third-Floor Walkup

"WHY, indeed?" I asked myself. Why should I do violence to all our ideals and feeling for the sake of finding common ground with people who disdained others less different from themselves than we are from them? Why abandon everything my forbears remained poor and high-minded to keep? But I said nothing aloud except, "Let's look again."

We sat down on the stairs and hunted through another paper. It was Elizabeth who found an advertisement which sounded too good to be true. "Floor through, bathtub, kitchen, fireplace, three bedrooms, third floor walkup," it said, and the price was lower than for these flats here. Moreover, it was on the upper East Side, two blocks from—of all places—Park Avenue.

"There must be some catch," said I.

There was.

"Oh, what a pity we can't stay here!" said Elizabeth as we walked through. It was in a real slum district; not of the worst kind, but a locality where screaming children played on the broad streets, a little shop was on the ground floor and the janitor could scarcely speak English. The other tenants were unreconstructed Italians and Polish Jews, and the halls were not overclean. But it had been a beautiful old house. The old fireplaces, large windows, hardwood floor and walnut carving were there still. So were the paneling and double doors.

(Continued on Page 60)

The pitching and galloping of a motor car can be eliminated. Gabriel Snubbers control and *stop* this action on any car

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Gabriel
Improved Balloon-Type
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OUT-OF-DOORS

Fur-Bearing Irrigation Engineers

A FEW years ago Western beavers faced extinction. Trappers, pioneers, settlers in succession killed them for their fur. Then protection was granted them by laws closing all seasons on beavers. But they still had a battle to maintain themselves in many sections because they were regarded by many settlers as nuisances. They flooded meadows, cut irrigation ditches and undermined roads and trails. Perhaps most important of all reasons for killing the beavers was the unvoiced argument that beavers carry a valuable coat of fur. So trapping went on either under legal permit or illegally without permit.

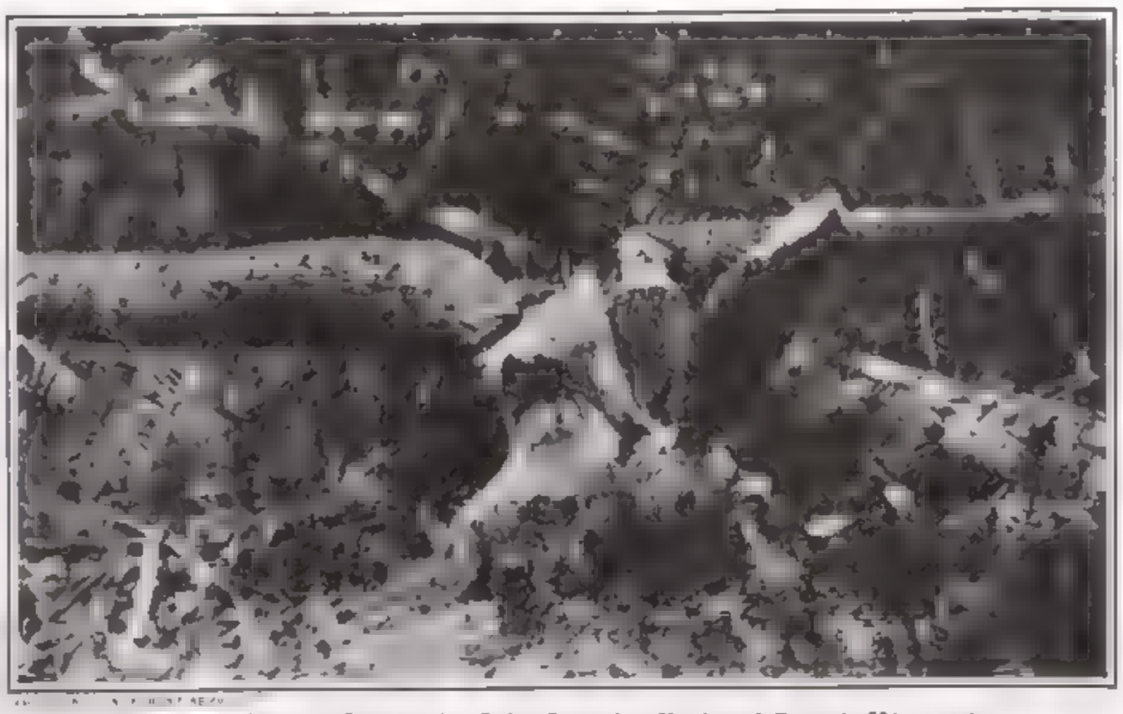
Now the fortunes of the beaver family are starting on the upgrade and this is due to their own native industry. The very group of their human neighbors who were eager to trap them a few years ago are ready in many instances to fight for their fullest protection. For where given a chance, beavers have proved that they are first-class water conservators in sections where water is money; where water in quantity is the difference between a crop saved and a crop lost.

The farming lands of the West lie in the mountain valleys. Back of the tillable areas are rocky mountains cut with deep valleys and cañons. Beavers living on the headwaters of these streams build dams in series, holding back water which, without such dams, would get away and be lost to the valley farmers below.

Federal forest officers have studied the beaver's value in water conservation; and their reports, checked and authenticated, give vivid proof of the changed sentiment of the homesteaders toward helpful beavers. In 1918, Joseph Carnigee took up a dryland ranch on the Tie Creek, near the Cochetopa National Forest, in Colorado. He was then able to irrigate from the creek, a garden of two acres. Beavers built on Tie Creek, increasing their dams as the colony grew. They continued to live in the stream because they found protection was given them. Five years later, because of the stored water available in the beaver dam, Carnigee irrigated not two, but twenty acres. This was during a dry season. He expects to double his acreage when the beavers have fully colonized the creek.

On Three Mile Creek, near Glenwood Springs, Colorado, one rancher cut beaver dams which had impounded water sufficient to irrigate eighty acres of alfalfa twice during the season. It made the two crops of hay. Not far distant from this example, as distances are measured in the West, stockmen use the upper ranges of Beaver and Cache Creeks, on the Grand Mesa National Forest, because the trickle which flows near the head of these tiny streams is caught by beaver dams and held there in sufficient quantity to water the stock. Upper Buzzard Creek in the same forest is another specific example of this same value produced by beavers. The stock range there would be useless if it were not for the conserved water in small streams impounded in beaver dams.

In certain portions of the Cochetopa Forest of Colorado, the ranchers are beginning to make the beaver ponds and the water they contain a part of their yearly farming scheme. During the past season dams have been cut repeatedly to save crops. The beavers build up the mud-and-stick walls again as soon as holes have been broken in them, and by the time another irrigation is needed, the rancher has his water supply already collected by his broad-tailed, tree-chewing friend. It has been proposed by ranchers in this section that a systematic stocking of upper mountain streams be planned and carried out. Beavers have been transplanted on the Cochetopa in an experimental way with encouraging results. It is argued that productive irrigated lands near mountains might be very materially increased, if smaller streams and headwaters not now having beavers on them, all had colonies.



Multiple Beaver Cutting in Ash, Superior National Forest, Minnesota

The most striking example of the value of beavers as water conservators has been reported from one of the fruit sections of Western Colorado. The reservoir of the irrigation system serving the North Fork and Minnesota valleys, near Paonia, Colorado, was practically drained at a time when irrigation of the fruit crop was essential. Fourteen large beaver ponds were tapped in such a way that the water flowed into the reservoir and filled it. The president of the irrigation company estimates that fruit valued at $15,000 was saved by this water, or, each beaver dam was worth over $1000 to the farmers in the valleys.

Uncured prime beaver hides are worth about $20. In this system of fourteen dams, observations indicate the beaver population would be not more than fifteen to twenty. At twenty dollars a hide, twenty beavers would be worth $400. And after they were killed, they would never be able to produce more than the one value, the hide. But in storing water, they were worth to fruit growers perhaps $750 to $1000 each in the one season, and being still alive and filled with dam-building ambitions, they are in a position to duplicate their act of saving the fruit crop every season if necessary.

Irrigation systems cost money to build Beavers, working without let or hindrance or benefit of civil engineering, build good water reservoirs. This has led to an estimate of the cost of duplicating a system of reservoirs built by beavers on Silver Creek in the Cochetopa National Forest. In 5¾ miles of stream there are 46 separate dams impounding from 1-40 to 5½ acre feet, or a total of 41.367 acre feet. To duplicate this reservoir capacity by building concrete dams in these locations, it is estimated would cost slightly less than $10,000. And besides the original cost, maintenance is eliminated when beavers build irrigation reservoirs, for this broad-tailed engineer needs only mud, water and sticks to build his water-storage system, and works for only board and keep. Even when the dams are tapped and the water allowed to run out to the fields below, the beaver family experience no discouragement, but start rebuilding, sometimes almost before the water has all had a chance to go through the gap cut by the ranchers.

Crops mean money, and water means crops in irrigated sections of the West. In some localities where the beaver is fully appreciated as an irrigationist, the man who illegally traps beavers is becoming about as popular as the meanest horse thief. Whether the beavers realize it or not, through industrious dam building they are enlisting enthusiastic protectors among the very classes who a few years ago sought means of making their kind into fur coats.

At present this appreciation is limited to some sections where water impounded by beavers has met emergencies. But the news is traveling and emergencies at other points are causing farmers to turn to beaver dams for much needed water. Perhaps in a decade or more there will be a systematic scheme of planting beavers all over the West as an important auxiliary of Western agriculture.

– A. H. CARHART.

This Beaver Swam Down From Above and Perched on the Dam Just as the Photograph Was Taken, Gallatin County, Montana

Beds and Food

THOUGH usually overlooked, it's a fact that a majority of the present and rising generation of outdoor folks, and by that is meant hikers and campers who know how to do it, are Scouts or those who have had Scout training. The article on bed making in the September nineteenth issue of THE POST interested me, as I have just returned with a party of six Scouts from a two-week, two-hundred mile, back-packing trip in the North Woods. On that trip we built fires in the rain for poor

(Continued on Page 74)

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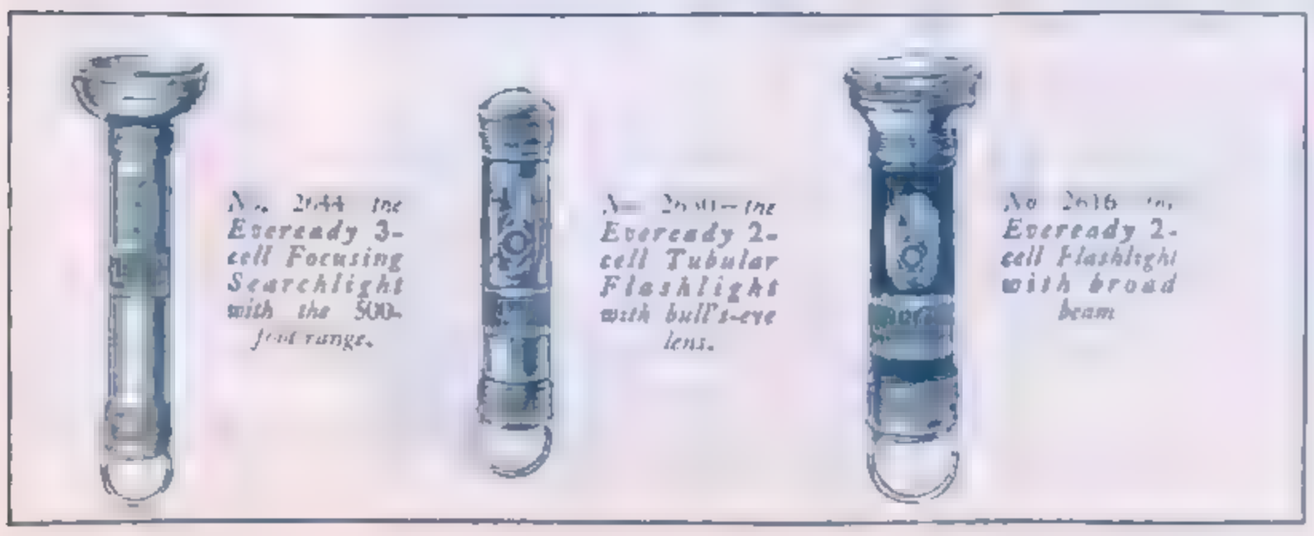
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EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

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EVEN EVE

(Continued from Page 44)

"I've led a narrow life," he said. "If you took all these things out of this room I'd miss them, but I wouldn't know what to choose to bring back. A man needs a wife to show him."

"Sometimes a wife shows him wrong."

"But not the right wife." He hesitated. "I'm just beginning to notice women," he went on, "just as I've begun to notice what one eats at dinner, and the intricacies of living. I see now what women are for—not only love, or babies, but textures and silks and lights and luxuries."

"You talk like H. G. Wells," said Eve.

"I've never read him. But a wife should know what to hang on the walls, and be beautiful herself to fit into the picture."

"If you get a dummy wife," said Eve flippantly, "you can hire me."

"No, that wouldn't do at all. I might fall in love with you."

"That would be awful," said Eve. Then Cornish jumped up from the divan, and turning she saw Tina on the landing of the stairway. She was looking down with an unwonted eagerness upon her handsome face. She wore something soft, alluring; her hair, fair as honey, marched back from her brow; she floated down to the waiting Cornish, the late afternoon sunlight embracing her, like a happy portent.

"Here's a wife for you," thought Eve. "Here is a wife for you—made to order."

The rest of the week-end was chaotic. She saw Cornish only at a distance, halfway down the dinner table next to the gleaming Tina. The next day at luncheon, somewhere in the din of noisy voices, she heard his. Somewhere among the platters of aspic and cold ham, the tweed coats and silk-clad bodies, was Cornish. Always near her was Channing, urging her to do this, carrying her off to that. She resisted him, yet in the combat there was a stimulation that quickened her.

In the afternoon she escaped to bedrooms where she went through more measurements. A little before five she came down to the terrace where the butler was laying a tea table.

She saw Cornish, seated on the balustrade, smoking, and he met her halfway. He had come back a half hour or so because of a telegram.

"I'm leaving at six," he said. "I've got to go to Chicago tonight. Why don't you drive to town with me?"

She imagined the green country racing past them in the twilight. "Oh, no, I mustn't. Tina wouldn't like it. We're going up together in the morning."

"I suppose you can't. Where do you live in New York?"

"I'm in the book."

"I'd like to see you sometime when you're not running about with a tape measure."

"I'm not a bit different," she said. "Are you going in for comparisons?"

"I'm afraid I've begun to," he said soberly.

For a moment Eve stared into the man's deep blue eyes; she heard a bee humming dangerously near her arm; she was aware of a sharp sweet scent of honeysuckle. Before she could speak, there was a burst of sound in the hall, voices, laughter, and then Tina's mother, followed by an attendant mob of elderly gentility, including a bishop, came out upon the terrace. Eve passed cups of tea and plates of food, was introduced countless times to people she couldn't possibly remember. Then Cornish was shaking her hand and she saw him led out by Tina, and by her father, whose solicitude was almost respectful. The leading man was leaving.

The shadowy people around Eve took on form. She drank a third cup of tea herself, and found it exquisite. Across the west streamed the first flags of a triumphant sunset. All her senses, one rivaling the other, kept crying out to her, "Look, taste, listen to this magnificent world."

As she turned to answer Channing she had a panicky premonition. What had happened to her to cause this extraordinary quickening? She had never been in love—she had never felt like this. She stared at the young man, frightened

"Can't you get out of this herd?" he said.

"In a few minutes," she said.

When the front line of dowagers had departed, she walked with Channing down a grass path toward the sea, while he talked about a revolving stage. He always talked fluently, but tonight he talked well—because Eve lifted to him such an eager face. Eve felt that giddy lightness, that lack of conscience, the first symptoms of romantic fever. She could have been nice to anyone, so she was more than sweet to Channing. He wanted to kiss the stem of her neck, so provocatively white against the green hedges.

"Oh, gosh!" he moaned to himself. "Oh, gosh!"

That night when Eve was about to get into bed Tina knocked at the door.

"Let me in," she said; "I want to talk to you."

She climbed up on the bed and watched Eve brush out her hair.

"We're the only two women left, I bet, with long hair," said Tina. In her white negligee, with her fair white skin, she seemed made of ivory—a dreamy, languorous figurine.

Eve climbed up on the bed. "This is like the old days, only the bed is better. You rich have marvelous beds."

Tina looked solemnly at her. "Eve, are you as wise as you seem?"

"I didn't know I seemed."

"I mean about men. Have you ever been in love?"

Eve shrugged her shoulders. "Never devastatingly. Why?"

Tina's cornflower-blue eyes peered into Eve's gray ones. "Can I trust you?"

"Why?" repeated Eve. "Why?"

"You're the only person I can tell, Eve, because one can be honest with you without forever after repenting it. If I told Fay Delavan, every time we met she'd be thinking 'Does she still feel that?' or, 'Is she sorry she told me?' or, 'Does he know yet?' Yes, it's a he. He's Cornish." She began to cry—not the harsh little sobs, but tranquil tears which ran down over her cheeks and splashed over her dressing gown. "What a fool I am," she said, wiping them away with her sleeve. "I've never been before, like this. I don't think he gives a rap. That's why I weep. He's the only man I've ever really wanted to marry."

Eve found it hard to speak. Yet she must say something to kill the bitter envy in her heart for the luxurious bedroom, the softness and the warmth which had made Tina the princess she was. There sat the princess crying because she wanted something.

"But, Tina, how silly! If you love him can he help loving you?"

"He doesn't love me," sobbed Tina. "If he does he conceals it. He'd much rather talk to father than to me."

"He's afraid of you," said Eve. "You're pretty grand, you know, and he's been poor."

Tina shook her head. "He's not that kind. When he sees anything he likes, he grabs it. I want him to grab me. Don't you think he is marvelous?"

Eve restrained herself.

"I think he's magnetic," she said. She could say what she had barely begun to feel. "He manages you. I suppose women fall for a master."

Tina nodded. "I'm a manager, too. He may not like that. What would you do? Chase him, go abroad, or what?"

"Never leave the country. Some other woman might get him," Eve said. "You're exactly the wife he needs," she added bravely.

"Don't I know it?" Tina said with admirable perceptiveness, drying her eyes on her chiffon sleeve. "I could swing his life for him. And he'd give me something to swing. I never could marry an ordinary nice young man—a lawyer, a broker, a horse addict. I've always wanted a man who could thrill my mind. Cornish does. He's got power in himself. I've got background and money, but he has drive. Can't you imagine the time we should have together?"

"You'd make a wonderful couple," Eve conceded bravely. "A wonderful couple."

Tina went off to bed, encouraged. Despite her tears she had the serenity of the undefeated; she had never failed to get anything she wanted.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Eve into her pillow. "What am I going to do?"

She remembered Cornish's insistent eyes upon her; she could not remember much that he had said, but the contour of his head, his compelling presence, she savored these. She imagined herself as she had never imagined herself before, a rich man's wife—the subtle, sophisticated partner of mysterious schemes. She fell asleep, seeing herself coming down innumerable staircases—with Cornish, proud, heroic, waiting at the foot.

All the next week she was busy. Thursday night, at home, she was tired and forlorn. Why should she spend her life making other people's backgrounds beautiful? Why had she no family, no relatives, no country house? Tina had gone to the Adirondacks on a house party; Channing she had not seen since Sunday.

Cornish might still be in Chicago. She changed her frock, and sat down to her solitary dinner. The telephone in the hall rang, and Barbara, the negro maid, came grinning in.

"A genelm'n for yo', miss." Barbara didn't think much of Miss Eve as a housekeeper, but she respected a lady who had admirers.

"Hello," said Eve hopefully. But it was only Channing.

"Eve, can't you come around here? I've got to show you something."

"Oh, heavens!" snapped Eve. "Tonight?"

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I'm tired. Can't you come over here?" she said rashly.

Within ten minutes he came. He wanted her—not at his rooms, but his shop, to show her some sketches for a ballet. "Wilder's given me the whole thing; he likes my idea. I can't show it to him until you see it. Please, Eve, darling."

"Stop!" she ordered.

"I know, Miss Gellert, but you have a good eye. I haven't telephoned you all week because I wanted to think of nothing but this. You know," he pointed his dirty, paint-stained hand at her, "how it is."

"I'll get a hat," said Eve. She remembered the night she had waked Mrs. Sortwell at two in the morning to show her a sketch. Wilder had the whole floor of a building in the East Thirties; the floor was a workroom; along one side of the north end was a series of cubby-holes. Into one of these Channing led Eve, where, on a high desk under bright electric light, lay his models.

"Now, look," said Channing. "I want to show you this. What the devil do you think of that?"

"Why, Channing!" gasped Eve with unpardonable surprise. "Why, Channing, it's good!" If her exclamation at his achievement hurt him, his pain was lost in his pleasure that she admired.

"No, no, not that way," he cried. "It goes this way." And he sat up the little model.

For more than two hours she stayed, absorbed. Her body was tired, but absorption in a set of ideas more creative than her own rested her. Wilder might throw the

Pretty easy for me!

Party landslides have swept plenty of feeble candidates into office. Maybe some fairly ordinary salesmen get by because they're selling unbeatable products.

It's just barely possible that I'm in that class myself. Three times now the Mennen chemists have given me preparations that even a deaf mute could sell eloquently.

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Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

Watch This Column

REGINALD DENNY IN HIS BEST PICTURE, "CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD"

Who knows the most about what *the people* want in moving pictures? At one time I relied upon my own judgment. Next, I consulted successful theatre owners. And I have found that there is someone who knows more than the producer and exhibitor combined—and that is THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES.

Certain cynical writers have said that even the people don't know what they want. Never was there a greater mistake. Never in my life have I had such intelligent and helpful co-operation as I am getting daily from movie-fans all over the world.

For several years, first through The Saturday Evening Post, and later through additional publications, I have conducted a campaign of advertising designed to get the people to help us make pictures. The result is amazing. The development has opened my eyes. Thousands of people now write us their ideas and suggestions and criticisms.

The executive heads of Universal study all these letters carefully. So do the studio heads. I personally take stacks of them home with me every night and read them in bed. They are intensely interesting and helpful. I have learned through these letters to consider THE PEOPLE as my advisory counsel, and I listen to them more carefully than I do to people *who have had too much moving-picture experience.*

These thousands of readers of Universal advertisements are giving Universal pictures and Universal efforts as much attention as though they were on our pay-roll. They are actually governing the kind and type of pictures Universal is making. They are looking for Universal pictures, and asking for them with *a personal interest that money couldn't buy.*

Some of the pictures which the PEOPLE have suggested and really helped to make are: That amazing, thrilling spectacle, *"The Phantom of the Opera,"* with LON CHANEY, NORMAN KERRY and MARY PHILBIN, *"California Straight Ahead,"* with REGINALD DENNY; *"The Home Maker,"* with ALICE JOYCE and CLIVE BROOK, HOUSE PETERS in *"The Storm Breaker,"* *"The Goose Woman,"* with JACK PICKFORD, LOUISE DRESSER and CONSTANCE BENNETT, *"Siege,"* with VIRGINIA VALLI, EUGENE O'BRIEN and MARY ALDEN; *"The Teaser,"* with LAURA LAPLANTE and PAT O'MALLEY.

Ask your favorite theatre to get these pictures and then write and tell me how near to your hearts these pictures prove to be.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

whole set of drawings into the street, but he could not but be impressed by their conception.

"You're lucky," she said as they walked home. "You've got ideas."

He almost expired with delight. "Life isn't so bad, is it, Eve?"

But when she opened her door, she saw a card stuck beneath it. She picked it up and at once she wished Channing were at the bottom of the sea. Cornish had called during her absence. The three hours with Channing, their talk, their fused imaginations, were barren loss. She might have been with Cornish.

On the next Monday, Eve met Tina at one of those Park Avenue restaurants where people who spend the summer in the country come in almost daily to lunch. Tina plunged immediately into the matter of Cornish.

"I suppose I bore you," she said, "but you're the only person I can talk to. Mother couldn't understand a woman being kept on the rack like this. In her day men were suppliant, while women fainted. You'll have to listen, Eve, until the whole thing is settled."

Eve felt herself harden. The strange tenderness which made the delicious exotic food tasteless in her mouth left her. Tina trusted her because she, Eve, was really so unimportant.

"What makes you trust me?" she asked bluntly.

"Who wouldn't? Besides, you don't really care anything at all about either of us. Even Channing says you're the most impersonal woman he's ever seen. You're the perfect confessor."

Eve wanted to shriek. Instead she put a large piece of lobster mayonnaise in her mouth. Tina had week-ended with Cornish at a house party, and he had been frightfully unapproachable.

"Do you suppose he's a wooden Indian? The trouble is," went on Tina, "I'm too well-bred. A chorus girl could capture him. He has a crust which I am too ladylike to break, as if one attempted to pry open a barrel of dynamite with a ginger-ale opener."

And so on through French pastry and coffee.

Eve had come to a decision. She would move no more in Tina's world. Sooner or later she might blurt out what she felt about Cornish. What did two civilized women do when they cared for the same man?

So Eve refused to come down to Beechwood to spend a night. Back in the shop she lingered late; it was six o'clock when she went downstairs on her way home, and there was Cornish peering through the glass door. "It's no use," she thought as she let him in; "I'm done for."

He looked younger, his clothes were not so perfect and his face was a little grimy.

"Gosh!" he said. "I'm glad I found you. I've telephoned you twice."

"I was away over Sunday," said Eve. "Did you try here?"

"No, I've never had time. So this is your place. My word, what an array!"

He looked at the displayed treasures by which Mrs. Sortwell seduced the eye of her customer; but he did not really see them for what they were. The secretary in the corner, the old Breton armoire, the Italian chests—he saw them, but his eyes did not take pleasure from them. Eve felt a little put out, but, then, he could make the money to buy them.

His eyes went back to her. "Can't you dine with me?" he asked. "Right away? I've got to take the ten o'clock to Chicago."

"I can."

"Let's get a taxi and go to the Claremont. We've got about three hours."

Eve found it exciting—the Park, Riverside Drive, where she hardly ever set foot, and the great blue serpent of the Hudson. Cornish talked a great deal about his Chicago financiers, who were capitalizing a company to raise the level of a lake in Arizona. He assumed that it was as stirring to her as it was to him, and she tried to think it should be. Big men did big things in big ways; she had seen their pictures in magazines, surrounded by columns of advice to young men. She had always despised them, but she could not despise Cornish.

As they careened up the Drive, still green in its early summer freshness, the western sky flamed with a furnace of color. The little houses and the buildings along the Palisades, the docks and the wharves along the river were like charred hulks against its monstrous brilliance.

"This is a city," she said. "It's too wonderful."

Cornish surveyed it, his blue eyes speculating, perhaps, on the tangible value of sunsets.

"There's no reason why the whole city can't be like this," he said, "if people who ran a city ran it as well as people run businesses." He began to tell her about Chicago and its vast city planning. He told her of another Western city which had floated a bond issue, successfully, to reclaim a tidal marsh.

"Bond issues for beauty," giggled Eve. "How awfully funny."

"I suppose it is," said Cornish, a little puzzled. "But I couldn't help telling you. That's what I thought of when I saw the sunset. That's my great trouble."

He helped her out of the taxi. They sat at a table looking toward the river, and after he had ordered he laid down the menu and looked at her.

"You're a great girl," he said; "you're the first woman I've met since I came East I've wanted to confide in."

"What do you mean?"

"Ever since I saw you that night at Tina's, I've wanted to talk to you."

"I noticed you, too," said Eve. "I asked Channing who you were."

"What did Channing say?"

"He said you were a master mind—with a he-man's brain. You are, too, aren't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you have the male approach. You see a sunset, and you immediately want to finance a duplicate effect. As for me, I see a sunset and say How lovely!"

"That's not all," protested Cornish. "You get your satisfaction from the sunset; I get mine from making one, or persuading someone else to buy mine. I'm a supersalesman, I suppose. I have no æsthetic sense—only ——" He paused, looked away from her, and then back again. "Look here, do you think women hold that against a man?"

"That depends upon the woman and the man," said Eve, smiling. She sat staring at him, thinking of the things she could see for him. He seemed so young, harassed, a little jumpy.

"You're one of my own kind," he blurted out. "You've been poor. You've probably been brought up in a scrambling, shabby home, in a dull, provincial town, as I was. When I was little I ran a paper route, then I worked for the iceman. My family ate its meals off a red checkerboard tablecloth in the kitchen. Heaven only knows how I got through college, got into Chicago, got to be where I am. I haven't any family now but a brother who keeps a drugstore in Indiana. You can imagine what it meant to me the first year I saved a thousand dollars. I thought I was a king. I've got plenty of money now, but I've just begun to be afraid."

"But why?" asked Eve. "Why afraid?"

"Look here. What would you do if you fell madly in love with a rich young man? But what a foolish question! People don't judge a girl for falling in love with a rich young man."

Eve could not move her eyes from his. So the world was a place of jokes!

"Is it Tina?" she asked.

"Yes, it's Tina. I've never been in love before," he said. "Perhaps I don't love the way other people do. Other men would have flung their arms around her, but I want it right. I want to make her life as gorgeous as she can make mine. Look here, Eve, do you think, knowing Tina as you must, she'd have me? Do you think that it would work?"

Here was the dynamite exploding. "Of course it would be all right," she said piteously, her heart a marble lump. "If you love each other, it couldn't be anything but all right." Two gigantic pinwheels going off together!

"But look," he said, breaking a roll into pieces and dropping them one by one on the table. "I'm an egoist. I don't want to be swamped by Tina's background. She's dominant too. Think of the strain it puts upon me. Think of how I'll hate myself and her, if I don't make myself better and richer and lord it over all her people. I've got to make up for the fact that I started life as an iceman's assistant."

"Oh, what do those things matter!" said Eve desperately. "Your standards are all wrong."

"No, not for us," he said. "They wouldn't do for you. You're too sensitive and æsthetic. Anyone can see that. But you're honest—you're detached. That's why I talked with you. Tina and me and our lot—you don't really care about us."

"Oh, yes, I do," almost sobbed Eve. "I'm awfully fond of both of you. I think," she hesitated, "you belong together."

He leaned over and touched her hand. "You're an angel," he said. "You've given me a lot of courage."

"I don't see why you need courage," said Eve forlornly, as she picked up her soup spoon. "But I know something that you don't."

"What?"

"Tina," she said, looking at him possessively for the last time, wondering what it was about his head and his eyes that made him so attractive to her. "Tina's unhappy about you. Do you want me to tell you the rest?"

He stared at her. "No," he said, "you mustn't. I'll make her tell me, myself."

She could have killed him, he became so radiant. Over her dead dream he talked about Tina, his embodied perfection. She brought to life the dream he had always had of his wife.

"He has floated a bond issue in love," thought Eve. If she, Eve, could get her arms around him and her wits to work upon him, what a different man he might be.

She rode with him to the Grand Central, where he had checked a bag. "Good-by," she said, "and a happy married life."

"Don't joke," he said solemnly.

In the flat she found Julia entertaining Channing.

"Here you are," cried Julia. "Now I can go to bed. I couldn't bear to hear another word of his talk." Yet Julia now admitted an affection for Channing. "He's good goods," she used to say; "he doesn't fade in the wash."

Channing's usual explosion of words didn't come.

"Where've you been?"

"Dining with Cornish."

He whistled softly. Her hair was curly with the heat. She was softened, uncommonly languorous. Terror marched into Channing's watchful heart.

"Eve, Eve, you don't care about that Cornish?" he asked. He had never seen her so sad. He grabbed one of her wrists.

"You don't love him, Eve, do you?" he implored.

She drew away her hand with a shrill, unseemly laugh.

"Love," she said. "What a word! Love! It's a tissue of delusions."

"It isn't," he said stoutly.

"How do you know?" she asked mockingly.

"Because I love you, Eve. I have for weeks. You know I have."

She pushed him away from her. "Then go away," she said harshly. "Go away. I don't want to hear about love. You can be my friend, my dear friend, Channing, but don't say anything about love. The word bores me."

"You are a cold little idiot," he said fiercely. *(Continued on Page 58)*

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PETER'S
MILK CHOCOLATE
High as the Alps in Quality

(Continued from Page 56)

"That may be. Please go home now. I've had a big day." And he went, angry and hurt.

Four days later Eve was called to the telephone. It was Tina, gushing and triumphant. The world had been recreated. The thing was settled. They were to be married in six weeks, and they were going to Scotland. They were having a big lunch party at Beechwood the next Sunday to announce it. Tina was in a frenzied executive ecstasy. Eve, who couldn't stop loving Tina—she never stopped loving anyone she had ever loved—forgot her own ache for Tina's happiness.

Channing could not understand why she did not want to go to the luncheon.

"I'll drive you down and back," he said. "We can swim before lunch. Think of the food ma will set out. Soups, fishes, meats, and ices, whipped cream and mayonnaise, raspberries with cream, champagne. Come on, Eve."

Eve made a thousand excuses, but Channing's ruthless honesty eventually exacted the truth. "You guessed right the other night," she said. "I did think I liked Cornish. I had a romantic dream and I want to keep away."

They were in the living room of the flat, with windows open to the night breeze.

"Oh, Eve," he said, "what a boner! He isn't worth your salt. He's just the man for Tina, but he'd never do for you."

"But why?" asked Eve curiously. "Why isn't Tina's man good enough for me?"

"Because, you blind woman, he'd never know what you were talking about, what you were seeing, what you were feeling. You'd die of inanition, psychically. Tina will thrive on him. They'll tear through life together without one intimate word. You know Tina—always rushing and getting and experiencing. What she wants is Cornish, who can give her more money than she'd ever inherit, and the chance to make a background for the man. Well, she's got Cornish and she'll do him proud. While you, you little, thin, ratty thing, get inside a man and regulate the beating of his heart."

"Is that so?" said Eve. "Well, why couldn't I have done it to him, if I had the chance?"

"Oh, he has no heart. He has a safe-deposit vault in his chest. I know Cornish. What Cornish wants is Tina, to show him how to live—on the grand scale. Oh, they're perfectly mated!"

"I hope you're right," said Eve, as she turned on the light and began to talk about the third scene of Channing's set.

Ironically enough, she found herself, during the next fortnight, a constant commuter to Beechwood. Mrs. Slade had decided to rush through the redecoration of the bedrooms.

"If it won't kill you, Eve, I should like to have everything fresh. Tina'll be living in this house some day unless Channing wants it, but somehow I don't feel Channing will ever marry. I'm so glad Channing's a friend of yours, Eve, for you have so much stability."

"I certainly have," thought Eve, who wanted to go spinning around the room knocking over vases, pictures, ornaments, symbols of a smug permanence which mocked her own transiency. Tina was taken up with her wedding and her lover, with all the preliminaries of her romantic venture.

Tina, the perfect fiancée, brought a magnificent dowry. Not only investments, family plate, possessions, powerful connections—these were not all: Tina brought a lift of the head, a proud carriage which gave the man who walked beside her incalculable confidence. She was an insurance against self-doubt. Who, owning that serene autocrat, could but march over the dead bodies of meeker men?

"I have had a delusion," thought Eve. "I never could swing it as she could."

Meanwhile she and Channing were involved in a curious partnership. Often, now, she stopped at Wilder's studio. That man was handling a contract for a great revue, of which Channing's Oriental Fantasy was a part. Work progressed hectically, disordered one day, all clear the next. The shop opened a door for her to another world. Wilder, a great shaggy dog of a man, with a gift for profanity and a fastidious taste, discovered Eve one night arguing with Channing, and he liked what she said.

"Small, but brainy," he called her. He thought highly of Channing.

"He needs to stay with me, work all day and all night, get drunk when he wants to, and make a lot of mistakes. Most young men are too finicky. But this Slade—he isn't afraid of exploding. You'd never think he came from a refined home."

Channing glowed when she told him. "Gosh," she said, "I envy you. I'm sick of doing houses for rich people."

"You little fool. You wait."

She secretly longed for a chance to work for Wilder. But she couldn't imagine a woman there. Wilder's young men swore, they took their shirts off, they drank beer, they told suggestive stories. No, they wouldn't want her. Through July she went there at dusk, sometimes at night with Channing, and watched them. Then Channing, a fortnight before Tina's wedding, told her to keep away for a week.

"He's given us a play. We're all competing. I can't have you about."

"Why?"

"Eve, you little fool," said Channing. "You know why." His mouth quivered. She felt contrite.

"I'll keep away always."

"You will not," he said. "But when I work I want my mind clear. Whenever you come around, it plays fancy tricks."

"Oh, Channing, I'm so sorry." She was fond enough of him not to want him to be unhappy.

"I should keep out of his life," she thought. Yet she valued his friendship and his associations with Wilder.

"You'll get over it, Channing," she said.

"No, I won't," he said.

She laughed at him as he went away to his arduous week.

A week later Mrs. Slade rang up from Beechwood and asked her down for the night. She wanted Eve's advice about the placing of some furniture.

"Tina isn't here, dear. Stay over Sunday if you will."

Eve said she must return the next day. Channing had written that he might telephone Saturday, might have something to show her.

She went down on the 4:30 train. It had been a sweltering day in the city. Not until the motor which met her at the station had left the highway and begun to nose its way to the shore, did Eve begin to feel cool.

"I'll have a swim and some tea," she planned.

On the screened veranda overlooking the garden, Mrs. Slade was waiting in a great flurry. With her sat Great-aunt Charlotte, a dowager who wore diamond earrings and who was never seen without a piece of tatting.

"Why, Miss Gellert," barked Great-aunt Charlotte, "such a time! Fanny has been telephoning all afternoon."

Tina and Cornish were motoring down for the night and Mrs. Slade had telephoned them to fetch Eve. But Eve had already left.

"You poor child, sit down."

"They'd much rather ride down alone," said Eve romantically.

"Not at all, my dear," said Mrs. Slade. "You're one of the few people they are each equally fond of."

"They should be," thought Eve.

It was past eight when she went down to dinner, to find Mrs. Slade fussing in the hall. She had never accepted her children's disregard of meal hours.

"They think they'll get there quickly because they're motoring, so they never bother to start," she was saying to Great-aunt Charlotte.

"Flat tire," said Aunt Charlotte, magnificent in white brocade and a clean piece of tatting. "Perhaps they've gone to some road house."

"Nonsense. Not my Tina." There was the hum of a motor on the driveway. "Here they are, thank heaven."

They were there at once, Tina and Cornish, climbing out of Tina's gray roadster. They crossed the gravel court, Cornish carrying a large cardboard box in his arms.

Kissing the two older women they fell on Eve.

"This is for you, Eve. Channing says you are to hang on to it like death. He'll be down tomorrow," said Tina.

"Oh," said Eve, "did he say to open it?"

"No, not until he comes. They're sacred drawings. That's what made us late."

Tina was crumpled, but debonair and lovely. She kissed Eve, cool and dusky in a white frock.

"An awful lot of Channing has gone into these drawings," Eve said. "I'll take them upstairs."

"No, here, let me take them," said Cornish. "Shall I put them in your room?"

"Yes."

She went with Tina while she changed into a thin gown. "My Lord, it's hot," said Tina. "Had an awful day. Chan's awfully taken up with his work, isn't he?"

Eve felt unnecessarily involved. Why hadn't he waited until she got back to New York?

"Too hot in New York," went on Tina. "You've got to stay here until he comes. Frightfully proprietary, Eve, about you and art, as if he owned you both."

"Well," said Eve shortly, "he may own art. Let's go down to dinner."

Yet the evening was not so bad. After Mrs. Slade and Aunt Charlotte had gone to bed, Tina and Cornish and Eve went out to sit upon the terrace. There was a late moon and wind enough to keep off the mosquitoes.

They sat late into the night, smoking and talking, magically relaxed. When they went up to bed Eve felt better. There was something dogmatic about Cornish's judgments, just as Tina's were so untried. They were blissfully happy, yet she didn't envy them—not so much as she had.

She was sunk in a deep abyss of sleep when something waked her. Through the open windows she could see a pink streak in the east. Something had yanked her from that blissful sleep. She lay wide-eyed, alert. Then she leaped out of bed because she smelled smoke. Opening the door smoke assailed her, pungent, acrid, frightening.

Paddling down to Tina's room she opened the door and called her. Tina slept as lightly, as superbly as she lived; she sat up, wide awake.

"Eve!" she gasped. "Fire!" There was command in her voice. "Eve, listen." She was up, wrapping herself in a dressing gown. "Go down to the door next Channing's and wake Jim. I'll wake the servants and call mother."

Back in the hall the odor was unmistakable. "It's rubber burning," said Eve. As she pounded on Cornish's door she heard a voice bellowing in the courtyards. A half-dressed man bolted down the corridor, banging into her. It was the butler.

"The fire is in the library, miss," he said elegantly, as if he were announcing dinner.

Cornish came through the door. "Eve, get a coat on and go downstairs," he said. "Keep your eye on Tina."

Tina and Cornish in command ran off the fire very well. Tina took charge of the women servants, and Cornish, after sending in an alarm, commanded the men. The fire was in the library, a smoldering, slow fire, burning between floors. They cut down partitions, jabbed holes in the walls, threw water, plied extinguishers. Mrs. Slade, wrapped in blankets, followed Tina around, saving silver, pieces of porcelain, moving objets d'art from one room to another. Housemaids piled things up on the terrace where the visiting firemen would be

(Continued on Page 60)

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(Continued from Page 58)

sure to step on them. Tina suddenly appeared with an ax.

"Take this up to Jim, will you?" Tina was smudged with dirt.

Eve raced up with the ax. "Get down out of here," shouted Cornish at the door. Smoke was pouring out of ragged, ugly holes in the floor, out of the closets. In an inner room there was a red glow.

"Oh," said Eve, and ran down the stairs. Mrs. Slade, seeing her, screamed, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Eve. "It's burning through the floors of the bedroom." Aunt Charlotte began to weep, the hall got uncomfortably smoky, and then—oh, happy, fortunate sound!

Eve shrieked, "Listen! Listen! It's the firemen!"

It was. The village near Beechwood boasted a motorized fire department, and most of the fire department lived near the garage. Beechwood was only two miles from the village.

Eve stood on the terrace with Mrs. Slade and Aunt Charlotte, who were crying. Eve wept too. These people loved their home as fiercely as Eve's mother had loved the ugly little house with a cupola where Eve had been born.

"Oh," she kept saying, "it's all right. They're getting the best of it. I don't see any flames."

Then a tongue of flame darted out of one of the bedroom windows in the left wing and as suddenly went out.

"I've got my jewels," sobbed Aunt Charlotte.

"I've got my clothes on," thought Eve. "That's all I have to take care of."

But was it? Her heart went cold with horror. She looked into the smoke-filled hall, found her feet running toward the smoky staircase. Up there were men's voices, crashing blows, the sound of water.

"Eve, Eve, come back," cried Mrs. Slade.

She crashed into Tina. "Where's mother?" she shouted. "The library's all burned, but they're fighting it upstairs. Eve, come down. Don't—don't; it isn't safe!" But Eve had gone up the stairs.

She had forgotten Channing's drawings. She had moved silver plate, brocaded chairs, oil paintings, what not, back and forth, in and out of the house; she had tied Mrs. Slade's pet Chow to a tree far enough away from the house to insure his safety; but she had forgotten Channing's drawings, on which his hopes hung. Let the house burn down, she must get those drawings.

At the top of the stairs a man, in an undershirt, stopped her. "You must go back, miss," he yelled. "Mr. Cornish gave orders."

"But I must go to my room."

"It ain't safe, miss. The floor may be burning underneath in them bedrooms."

"I must," she shrieked. She pushed him away and ran down the corridor. There was more smoke here. Within twenty feet of her door she collided with Cornish, who came out of another room. His face was black, there was a cut on his head, but he stopped short at the sight of her.

"Get down out of here, Eve. Are you crazy?" he yelled.

"I must get something from my room," she cried, flinging herself against him.

"You can't. Besides, it isn't safe."

"I must." He had her by the wrists. "I want to get Channing's pictures. They're in that box."

"Well, you can't." He pushed her back. "You can't risk your life for his pictures. It's too smoky in there. He can make new ones."

"He can't," she screamed. "It's not so easy as you think, you stupid man." She tore away from his hands and ran down the hall.

Into the room she went, holding her breath. She dragged the box from a lowboy where she had laid it and ran back into the hall. Cornish crashed into her again.

"Now, run," he said. "You damned little idiot."

She ran, then he had to lead her, for a puff of thick smoke poured through an open door. She choked, coughed, clutching the pictures, and then an uncanny sinking pulled her down.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh!" She felt herself lifted, floating, soaring into a sea of darkness.

When she opened her eyes she was in bed. The shades were drawn, but there was clear sunlight outside the curtained window. She moved her head and felt dizzy. A vast form at her side moved; a plump hand laid itself upon her face.

"Go to sleep, go to sleep." It was Great-aunt Charlotte.

"What happened? What happened?" whispered Eve tearfully.

"Nothing. Too much smoke, and you fainted. Now drink this and you'll feel better." A tiny glass fastened itself to her lips, and she drank helplessly. It burned her throat sweetly. "That's good brandy. Now shut your eyes."

There were blankets wrapped all about her body, a hot-water bag at her feet.

"Is the fire out?" she whispered.

"All out," snorted Aunt Charlotte. "And four bedrooms a wreck. Yours is all gutted. But it's out. Now you must sleep." The old lady was gruff, but heartening. She liked nursing young people, particularly when they were helpless.

"The pictures," gasped Eve, remembering. "The pictures, where are they?"

Aunt Charlotte pushed her back onto the pillow. "Lie still. Do you want to strain your heart? They're here in the room. Jim Cornish put them here—ten minutes ago. He said you would want them when you woke up. Now shut your eyes and sleep."

Eve obeyed.

When she woke she had to remember all over again. There was a battered cardboard box against the wall by the window. She lay soft, warm in her bed, hungry. The door opened and Great-aunt Charlotte appeared.

"What about some coffee? You slept like a good girl. You are not to sit up until I've come back." She promenaded out.

The door opened again. A figure in tweeds, his hair rumpled, his face white, approached the bed.

"You shouldn't have come in," said Eve. "But you can take your drawings."

"Damn the old drawings," said Channing. "Do you know you might have burned up?"

He was kneeling beside the bed, his face close to hers, his burning eyes upon her. Her heart began to beat unaccountably, the tears rimmed her eyes.

"Channing, Channing," she protested. She didn't want to surrender to this net she was caught in.

"You can't say you don't care for me, now."

"I forgot the pictures," she whispered.

"That's the big proof—you remembered my pictures."

The man was mad. "You're crazy," she said faintly.

"Naturally. Who wouldn't be? At such proof!"

"Proof of what?"

"Proof of your passion. You love me, you little mule, or you wouldn't have risked your life for my old pictures."

He knew he had her. "It's not true," she protested. "I hated to see your ideas burned."

"Of course. Because you love me."

"But I don't love you."

"Yes, you do." He bent over her boldly and kissed her ear—her face had buried itself in the blanket.

Her hand came out to push him away, but tightened illogically on his wrist.

"You'd better get out of here," she warned, "before your Great-aunt Charlotte comes back."

"What do I care?" he cried. "Great-aunt Charlotte let me in. She's a romantic old girl. She saw you run after those pictures. 'Chan, my boy,' she said, 'the little thing loves you.'"

"Your Great-aunt Charlotte lies," said Eve, taking a last stand.

But great-aunts never lie. Even Eve learned that.

AN ASCENT INTO POVERTY

(Continued from Page 50)

And as if they had been sent from heaven Anna Adams' protests returned to me. Why shouldn't I get as much for my children as any ignorant immigrant mother? Why shouldn't I camp in the slums and play the game as immigrants play it? Why not face the situation with the immigrant's unsentimental, economic eye, and try in every honest way to get all the help the immigrants did?

I thought, standing suddenly cool in the middle of the dusty floor, what I wanted for my children—education; musical for Elizabeth, college for Jimmy and Gertrude; good health, good clothes, social opportunities, culture, physical training, an all-round chance to develop mentally, morally and physically; opportunities for meeting the right kinds of people. Anna said that the city forced these things on the immigrant classes. Nobody had ever even offered any to me. Perhaps ——

"We're going to take this place, dear," I said to Elizabeth.

And we did. Our old furniture fitted into the rooms as if it belonged there; which of course, by period, it did. I could have wished for a kitchenette instead of a kitchen, but I saw that I could cut off half the kitchen for another room. I had not dreamed of so much space.

We built a fire in the grate the first night we were settled, after we had cleared away supper, and I called the children into council.

"Children," I said, "even when I get work we are going to be terribly poor—poorer than we have ever been. We can do one of two things. We can live an absolutely isolated life, or we can accept not only the hardships of the poor but their luxuries. We can take what the city offers."

"Oh, mother, you don't mean charity?" my poor little Gertrude asked, looking frightened.

"No, dear. I only mean that we will utilize all the city aids and advantages we can get free, as our neighbors do." I quoted something Anna Adams had said, which had excited Elizabeth at the time:

"'I only wish your children could get as good dancing lessons for pay as the children at the nearest settlement house get free.' There is a playground near," I added, "where I find we can play tennis. You remember we had to rent a court at Vallancy. That is the sort of thing I mean." The girls looked doubtful.

But little Jimmy burst out, "Oh, mother, I've been to the playground, playing baseball! And the kids there say there's a boys' club down the street, with gym and swimming once a week, and a library, and all sorts of things, a camp, and hikes. I wanted to go there, but I didn't think you'd let me."

Thankful for Jimmy, I told him he could go to that boys' club as much as he liked

That was the first step.

I suppose the almost insane determination I had those days, the knowledge that I had to have work, helped me. At all events, it was not long before I was settled as secretary to a professor at Columbia who had been a friend of Burton's.

The girls and I got breakfast week about. We got dinner together when I returned in

(Continued on Page 62)

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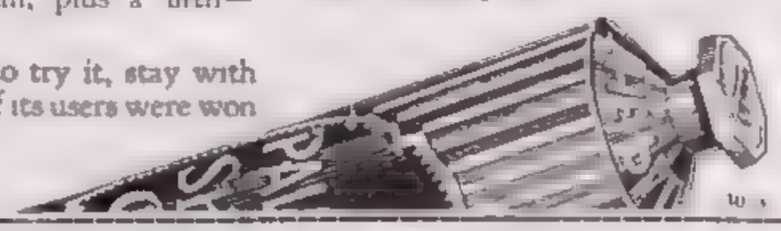

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(Continued from Page 60)

the evening. But lunches worried me. I could not get home to cook them, nor had I time to put them up.

"That's all right," said Jimmy, the pioneer. "Our school is one of the ones that gives lunches. They weighed me for malnutrition and I got to go over to the health center and get looked at, but I think I'm nourished all right from what the school nurse said."

Lunches—free! I couldn't grasp free things at first, and I admit I wanted to pay for them. But it was a convenience, and every penny counted. And after all, it wasn't a charity. They were there, whether Jimmy wanted them or not. Food was expensive, I remembered, starting out to do my marketing before my work hours.

But here I had another shock. I had gone to look vaguely for a cash-and-carry store, such as I had always prudently dealt with for the sake of the few cents' difference on everything. But instead of this, my eye was caught by the rows of pushcarts on the next street. So much noise, so much laughter and color! I went over to look—and stayed to buy.

Of course I had to be careful because of the varying quality. But, after all, I had met venders who tried to sell me inferior vegetables even in Vallancy. I knew good from bad. I returned home a little excited, with rather more of everything, that first day, than I needed. I found in the long run that the pushcarts saved me so much that the weekly food bill alone was nearly worth the emigration, so much lower it was. Clothes, too, were ridiculously low priced. The shops carried the same fashions in hats, shoes, dresses, underwear as uptown, and everything was a third lower. I think this reconciled my daughter Elizabeth to our venture more than anything else—that is, until the dazzling discovery about violin lessons. The nearest settlement would afford her lessons from a well-known teacher at a nominal price, she discovered from a schoolmate. The dancing classes Anna Adams had referred to so bitterly were there as well. So was a class in batik, which had been the hopeless aspiration of Elizabeth's heart for a year. She plunged into all three and we heard no more of regrets for the old days. After she was settled in the music class, her teacher, interested in her, told her that the settlement music school would have given her free instruction, as would, indeed, half a dozen other music centers. But she was getting on well with her teacher and stayed where she was.

A Summer Camp for Jimmy

Gertrude, who was the bookish one, though she was the younger, was more excited over the literary chances that were spread before her. In a settlement farther away were weekly classes to which well-known poets and novelists came and helped and talked.

"Think of it!" she said. "Why, mother, we couldn't even afford to hear them lecture in Vallancy!"

She gave me a dazzling list of expected celebrities who were giving their time and services to help poetically minded slum children. Not only that but along with the privilege she was taking another course—one in short-story writing, which, young as she was, she had wanted for the last year. There was a small nominal payment for this, but she managed it because of a piece of luck which had come her way in common with half a dozen other school children of the different boroughs; one of the newspapers offered money prizes each week to the school children for the best essays on assigned subjects. Gertrude got one of those and it paid for the course.

I had dreaded the coming of summer. But the street was broad and not far from the river, and the civic aids stood our friend. There were, of course, the playgrounds; and the parks, where we made a point of going picnicking most Sundays. I let Jimmy bound out with the other boys in his bathing suit and get cool from time to time in the street fountains which, set up by the city, played for the cooling of small children up and down the streets. I also not only let but encouraged the children to use their allotment of gardens in a near-by vacant lot. With great pride they brought me home their lettuces and radishes and sweet corn. These made a substantial saving in our food budget, and we even did some canning. When Jimmy went off to camp Gertrude took over the charge of their growth.

For Jimmy went camping, much to his joy. He had chafed rather at my drawing the line at his using the municipal bathhouses. I did not want to risk the sort of men he might meet going swimming in the city swimming places. But when he began to talk about the camp his boys' club ran, I went down and discussed the matter with his scout master and decided to let him go. I found that allowing for a simpler scale of living, the boys' club camps—for Jimmy's club was only one of several scattered about the city—were as well managed as the camp poor Jimmy's heart had yearned for in vain at Vallancy. It was on the Hudson. It owned a gym and a library and was officered by a set of alert young college lads. There were as many courses of training in swimming, boxing, and so forth, as in any expensive camp. Jimmy stayed two months for a payment which was negligible, or rather what he would have cost at home. He came back from his swims and ball games and hikes brown and happy—happier, indeed, than some of his foreign mates, for our ideals about the grateful poor were becoming a little chipped around the edges.

No Worry Over Doctors' Bills

"Why, mother," Elizabeth said in surprise, "didn't you always think poor children were pleased at any kind of outing? Today when there were tickets being given out for a week-end on some estate on Long Island a lot of the girls turned up their noses at them because there wasn't a regular pool—you had to go swimming in a brook!" We both laughed.

"What about you?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm not that proud. But I'd rather go with the music-school camp. Feodora and I will have a lot of music worked up when we get back."

Feodora was her special friend, a little Russian girl, unmistakably of the *émigré* class. Her father was a chauffeur, but Elizabeth told me as a secret that when the Voronovs went out nights to their Russian societies they turned back into "some sort of noblemen." I found that there was a regular clan of the Russian gentlefolk, work people by day, who returned to their old state in their social life by night, living in various New York poorer quarters. Mrs. Voronov was letting Feo get what she could from the settlements, and the child worked hard. Whether the story of their caste was true or not, the little girl was a good playmate for Elizabeth, and the situation relieved my mind, for her English, though accented, was pure.

A relief to my mind in another place was the lifting of those perennial bugbears of a professional man's budget—the dentist's and doctor's bills. These a beneficent city eased in some cases and lifted altogether in others. The boys' club possessed a dental clinic where Jimmy's school doctor sent him periodically for examination; a quarter for filling or extracting teeth, ten cents for having them cleaned. The girls went for the same reason to the health center nearest us, having been given tickets from the places where they went for their classes. It seemed uncanny, when Jimmy came home with one of the notes I knew so well from the school doctor, saying that his tonsils and adenoids must come out, not to have a terrible sinking of the heart over the cost of the inevitable operation. I had known for some time that those tonsils were diseased, but there simply had not been money to have the thing done. It cost

(Continued on Page 64)

Announcing the *New* Peerless Six Sedan

Series 6-80

Peerless presents its greatest triumph.

It's a beautiful Six Sedan mechanically superior in every detail—roomy, powerful, easily handled—a true Peerless in every respect!

And now offered at the astounding low price of $1595.

In fact, this new Peerless is the most remarkable value ever offered the public at *any* price.

It's a Six—"plus"

It's more than mere transportation. It's far more than mere brute power or an advanced degree of rare comfort and sheer beauty. Frankly, this Sedan is a new motor achievement.

Large enough for perfect riding, yet compact enough for every-day traffic handling. A woman can make a complete turn in this Sedan on a narrow street with the slightest pull of the wrist. Only 116 inch wheelbase. Yet 116 inches of dependable faithfulness—a car that goes and comes as surely as the rising and setting of the sun.

It's finely balanced, too. You'll know it by the relaxing way in which you ride. There is an abundance of power. Well up to 70 miles on the open highway if you care to step on it. And over any hill on high. And all without the slightest vibration. Just smooth, silky going all the way.

7-bearing Crankshaft

There's a seven bearing crankshaft of large diameter—together with a Lanchester Dampener. These assure motoring *without* vibration. They give the utmost in riding comfort.

At any speed you drive without worry in this new Peerless Sedan. It is instantly responsive to its big, gripping hydraulic four-wheel brakes.

Not a thing has been skimped in the design or in the making of this 6-80 Sedan. It's hard to realize such unusual value at such a low price. Yet, through greatly increased production, through engineering far in advance of the times, and through new standards of efficiency in manufacturing, this low price is possible.

But, after all, a ride is most convincing of all. Test this car in any way you wish. Check it for power—for smoothness—for comfort. Only then can you really realize its remarkable value.

This new Sedan at $1595 sets a new standard in car comfort and performance. And remember it's a Peerless!

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The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

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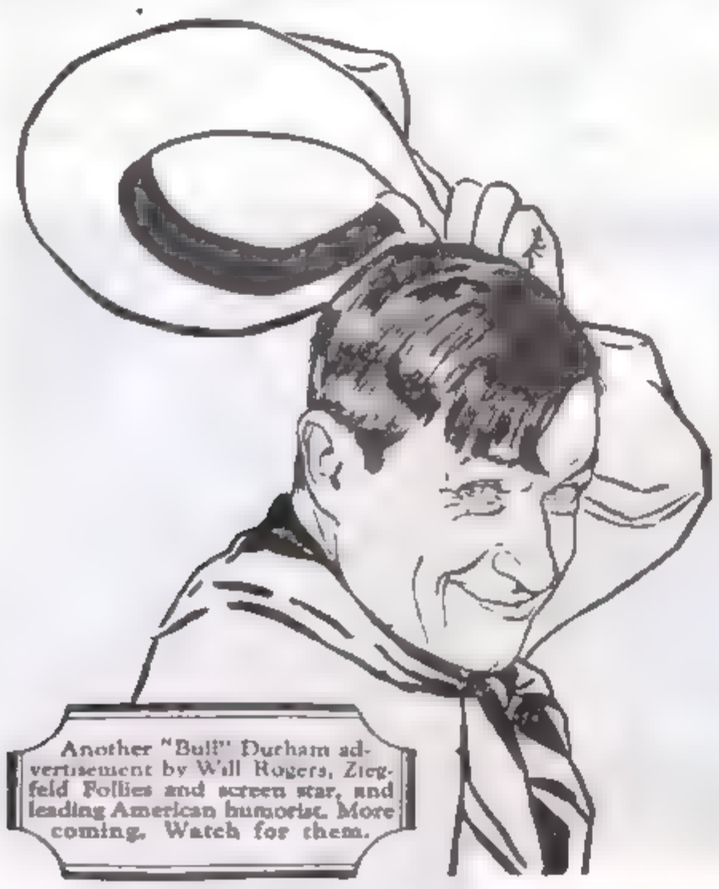

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

Short Editorials For People Who Can't Read Far

Sunday is a day of accidents instead of rest. Get run over early before the Doctor gets too busy.

* * *

Young boys are robbing; old women are bobbing.

* * *

God bless American homes, even if nobody ever stays in 'em.

* * *

This Winter's puzzle is to find the ones whose vocabulary was supposed to be increased by last year's Cross-Word Puzzle.

* * *

A good lawyer nowadays is one who can prove you sane enough to plead guilty, but too insane to hang.

* * *

There is only one way you can regulate drinking in this country, and that is by capacity.

* * *

"Bull" Durham is regulated by the wisdom of the smokers. That's why they can't supply the demand.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

(Continued from Page 62)

nothing in this case, not even a fee. It was a part of school routine to have poor children made physically well.

I should say here that my policy from the first was a perfect frankness as to my inability to pay anything for my helps and privileges. I told them the exact truth about what I earned. I know I was looked up financially. Whether they thought my affair irregular or not I don't know, but nobody stopped me. Decent speech and decent clothing are not such a caste mark that I was especially noticeable. Many of the children who went to school where mine did were as well-spoken, and many better dressed. If I had been living on the old plan, the authorities would have been obdurate, no matter how inadequate my means to my necessary class expenses. For I know of a case where one of the school officials, struggling as best he could with city standards and official conditions on five thousand a year—and for two children and a wife, with a professional position to maintain, that is not a good deal to live on—asked for a nurse at poor people's prices. He could not afford one at hospital prices without running into debt, so heavy had expenses been for his wife's operation. He was turned down flat.

"Those advantages aren't for your class," he was told—and he ended by borrowing the money.

"It nearly broke our hearts to refuse, too," said the visiting nurse who told me the story. "Sometimes all the help we give seems like pouring water in a sieve, and we know that such aids to our own class are often so much needed! But there's no way of breaking the rules. It does my heart good to see your children getting what I know they'll make good use of."

But she was speaking unofficially.

I don't know that my children made such wonderful use of things. At all events they appreciated them. When Jimmy came home waving free circus tickets; when Elizabeth found that her connection with the settlement music school bore in its wake tickets to symphony concerts and operas; when Gertrude found an open sesame to plays that her study courses needed—they seemed to feel that they had found Aladdin's lamp. Whereas the immigrant children expected this sort of thing from America as a matter of course.

University Extension Courses

There were advantages for me as much as for my children. For years I had been thirsty for ideas, for chances to read and study. Now I could have them. I discovered the free city forums. There were eight or ten of them, but I chose the People's Institute.

I found that I could have free a university-extension course of a fine type; better than the Vallancy one, because that was chosen by members of the women's club, who too often preferred something exciting to a lecture that told something. At the institute the men were chosen for hearers who really wished to exercise adult brains, not for women who wanted to be titillated and charmed. It was mostly men who attended the lectures. As is always the case where free education is offered, there were many Jews, their alert dark faces tense with attention.

My neighbor the first night was not a Jew, however. I remember him well; he was, he told me, a truck driver. He was unmistakably a New Englander. He had read Locke and James and all the rest, and he was as ungrammatical and philosophical and clear-headed as if he had been one of the old farmers who used to dispute across a stone fence with Emerson or Thoreau. Bertrand Russell happened to be the evening's speaker, and the old man's comments clarified things for me in the pauses of the talk.

There were classes three nights a week, and I joined them. I was keeping up with current thought through the near-by free library, and had made a great friend of the reference librarian, Ora Leslie, who told me a great many things besides book things. I found how especially useful Ora was when I returned home one evening to find that Jimmy had left our door unlocked and one of the neighbors on the floor below had stolen, with unerring taste, my dearest Chippendale chair. I saw it through their door!

"Go to the Legal Aid Society," said Ora. "I'll take you."

"But the money?" said I. She laughed. "Twenty-five cents retaining fee."

I went with her, doubtful and a little frightened, only to find that the lawyers there were as kind, as friendly and as helpful as though I had been paying an enormous fee. All they wished to know was that I actually could not afford legal aid. When this was clear they set all their wheels in motion. A very tearful and terrified neighbor restored my chair with many plausible explanations—and also his son went to jail for thirty days.

A Hospitable Church

We had gained much by our ascent into poverty, but I had faced the fact that friendships among our own kind would be one thing we would have to do without until I could contrive to send the children to college. But we found these too. Ora Leslie, my oracle, when I asked about a church to go to, directed me to one of my own faith not far away. It was big and rich—but cold and purse-proud? Not one bit. There are such churches in New York—there are such people—but there are plenty of the other kind. For there is an amazing lack of snobbishness in New York City.

In a metropolis where the steerage passenger of thirty years back is the magnate of today, barriers are not very durable things. The haughty lady who sniffs and pulls her silken skirts aside is either extinct there or has moved to the smaller cities. She did not exist, at least, at St. Calvin's. It had one foot in the slums and one in the fashionable part of the East Side. It had once been, when the neighborhood was all fashionable, all fashionable itself. But now that its congregation had moved uptown, its trustees, facing the situation, had turned it into a flourishing institutional church. The carriage folks still came down, not on Sundays only but to work during the week. There were activities all week long, not for the very poor only—in which it differed from many of the city's aids—but for all who wished to attend.

There was the inevitable day nursery. There were clubs without number for doing everything athletic, theatrical and clinical. There was a business girls' lunch at a small price. And the Girls' Friendly Society really was friendly and not patronizing. The immigrant poor of today won't stand for being patronized; they are free and equal citizens from the minute they leave Ellis Island.

Elizabeth was lured immediately into the amateur theatricals that were going on, and she fell into the way of attending the weekly dances, which, with their varied personnel, were always interesting. Some of the girls and men were sons and daughters of the carriage folks interested, as so many are now, in philanthropy. The others ranged all the way from stenographers, clerks, secretaries, to the loft workers; just as pretty and graceful, these, as the rest, and not to be told from them, sometimes, except for a more self-reliant, perhaps a perter air; certainly not by their frocks. I was glad Elizabeth went to these dances, for she had refused to attend the ones at the nearest community center for the very good reason that she knew only English and found little talked there.

Many of the rich women who came down there made it their business to seek out young people of talent and help them, and one of them made an especial pet of little Gertrude. She wanted her to go to a secretarial school at her expense and then come

(Continued on Page 66)

Old STEINWAY HALL

For half a century, old Steinway Hall was one of the musical centers of New York. Hundreds of celebrities in the world of music have been welcomed at old Steinway Hall, both as artists and as friends of the Steinway family.

For a lifetime of pleasure and delight

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
uses the Steinway exclusively

DECADE after decade, the exquisite art of Rachmaninoff continues to find its perfect complement in the response and tone of his Steinway.

The Steinways of Paderewski and Hofmann have reflected their magnificent impulses, their startling and tremendous power, since the beginning of their musical careers. Levitzki, Grainger, Cortot—these are but a few of the notable pianists who have proved the Steinway through years of practice, through trying tours, and through season after season of success.

Yet the Steinway was not designed or built primarily for the concert pianist. It gives to *you* exactly what it gives to the most celebrated figures in the world of music—a miraculous singing tone . . . a sure response to the most subtle moods or the most overwhelming emotions . . . and a permanence that endures through generation after generation.

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Your musical tastes may change. Next year you may be experimenting with the moderns, exploring among the classics or discovering new rhythms in old dance scores. But this is certain—you will never want any other piano.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. *Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

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We know why. Williams lather has an uncanny power to do a real beard-softening job.

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When you shave, your blade seems sharper than usual. That's because Williams has done a real job of beard-softening. And yet your face at the end of your Williams shave is unusually soft, supple and comfortable!

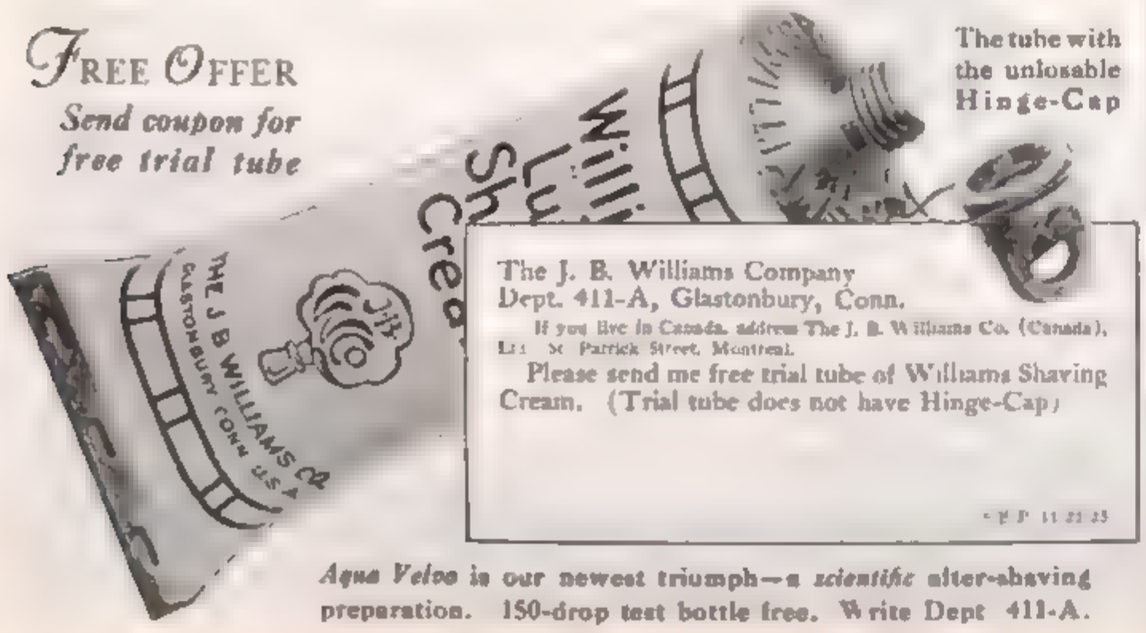
It's one achievement to get such softening power in a shaving lather. But it is a greater achievement to make this same powerful lather so pure and gentle that its use actually benefits the skin. It is these two qualities that make Williams lather what it is.

Send for FREE tube

You can see the difference in lathers when you try Williams. We offer a free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream for these first few shaves. Write for it today. Send either the coupon below or a postcard.

Williams is a pure, white cream, free from coloring matter. The regular large-size tube is 35c. The double size tube at 50c contains *twice* as much cream and is the most economical tube of shaving cream you can buy.

FREE OFFER
Send coupon for free trial tube



The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap

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If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada), Ltd., 30 Patrick Street, Montreal.

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial tube does not have Hinge-Cap)

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a *scientific* after-shaving preparation. 150-drop test bottle free. Write Dept 411-A.

(Continued from Page 64)

to her as secretary. But sturdy little Gertrude preferred going on through college by herself. If Mrs. Wodehouse wanted her then, she would come, she said; and Mrs. Wodehouse, to my great surprise, continued to take an interest in Gertrude till she was through City College and could come to her. But that is to anticipate.

Something of the same sort befell Elizabeth, not through the church but through her settlement music school. One of the rich volunteer workers there, in the third year of our stay, calmly offered to finance my girl's musical education abroad.

"You are foolish not to accept," the head of the school said earnestly when we, a little shocked at accepting so much, demurred at first. "It isn't as if Mrs. Blank hadn't been doing this for many others. Last year she sent over two talented Jewish boys to study art; the year before that Mora Zanieff—you know who she is now, starring on Broadway—was given a course at the Sargent School."

"Then it isn't because Elizabeth is an American that she is singled out?" The head laughed.

"Mrs. Blank was a little dashed when she found that you were Americans. But she's broad-minded; she thinks talent is talent even in colonial Americans. Be sensible, Elizabeth. If you don't take it, somebody else will."

So she took it.

With the money that the elimination of Elizabeth's support gave us did I launch out on a higher scale? Not a bit of it. I did just what my immigrant neighbors do—went on living as carefully as ever and saving for Jimmy's college days. With my neighbors' example, I should have been ashamed to do anything else.

The Italian family, on the floor below, lived in a pigpen fashion, thirteen in one flat. They used every civic aid, every charitable help the city had. They were saving up for the payments on some Westchester lots which they were sure were going up as inevitably as the train was coming through. Their progress was halted only—the purchasing, not the train—by the magnificent funerals custom demanded they give such of their family as died occasionally in spite of the struggles of the visiting nurses and other health officials.

Child Rearing Made Easy

I had more respect for the Polish Jews on the floor above, and their reason for getting everything they could from the city. They were crowding and starving and taking boarders to make a doctor of their eldest son. When he got through medical school he would pull his family up the social ladder after him. Such as didn't get pulled all the way would nevertheless be happy in the reflected glory of Nicolas.

None of these people ever dreamed of limiting their families as we felt we had to do. Why should they? For the increasing babies there was the day nursery, where the scrubwoman mother could park them till night, where they would be washed and fed and taught and played with. For such as, coming too fast under bad conditions, might be imbecile there were civic homes.

If some of the babies were crippled the Association for the Aid of Crippled Children stepped in. It sees to it that no child need remain crippled for lack of aid. It watches, operates, cures if possible, educates industrially or otherwise, and generally guards its wards like a fond parent till they are launched in the world. The visiting nurses seek out such cases and coax them to accept such aid.

When the overcrowding that the payments on the lots demanded caused incipient tuberculosis, the visiting nurse had the whole set of children whisked off to a preventorium away from infection. The parents were sent to sanitariums to get well. When the family was reunited again the children had been fed and built up, taught, generally armored against contagion, and the parents were sound once more.

When the oldest daughter was left widowed with three stair-step babies six months before a fourth was expected, the health center pounced on her. She went for prenatal care, while her babies were brought along for weighing and feeding and measuring by constant hounding on the nurse's part. When her time came she was given free attendance at the maternity hospital. After the baby came she was shepherded back for more lessons on how to take care of it. She went back to work after the amazingly short time peasants need to recuperate; her children went to the day nursery, and there was no trouble about any finances. There was trouble when she was caught trying to slip one entirely virtuous small boy into a reform school. Some Italians used to regard this as a delightful provision on the state's part for boarding children too young to work.

Products of Civic Aid

But to return to my own immigrated family. Gertrude finished high school and went on to City College, where the best tuition is free. She planned to work as she went, but her health would not stand it. Books and clothes were the problem. In this impasse I resorted to a social-service directory, which by now I had learned to use like a Bible. I found that there existed a foundation for loaning money to students, by which Gertrude could borrow enough for all expenses and pay it back at her leisure when she was out in the world supporting herself.

My children are grown now. Elizabeth is touring, a successful violinist. Gertrude, done with college, is, she says, living in the lap of luxury as Mrs. Wodehouse's secretary. She had one chance to marry a very rich man that I know of, but I am afraid her mother's example was too much for her, for she seems to be going to take instead one of the young professors at City College. Jimmy, healthy and hard working, is being put through college by his sisters and me, plus a little effort of his own. We have climbed, I think I can say, as far as many intelligent immigrant families.

I was talking it all over with Anna Adams the other day. She was as belligerent as ever.

"But it's not fair," she said, "that the terrific jump you took should have been your only chance to stay where you were. Because, after all, my dear, you and your children were, ready-made, the material all the civic agencies are trying to make the immigrants approximate! You can make a fine peasant by hard effort, but why shouldn't there be such helps for the professional classes as you could only get by stepping down out of your class and admitting yourself to be destitute?"

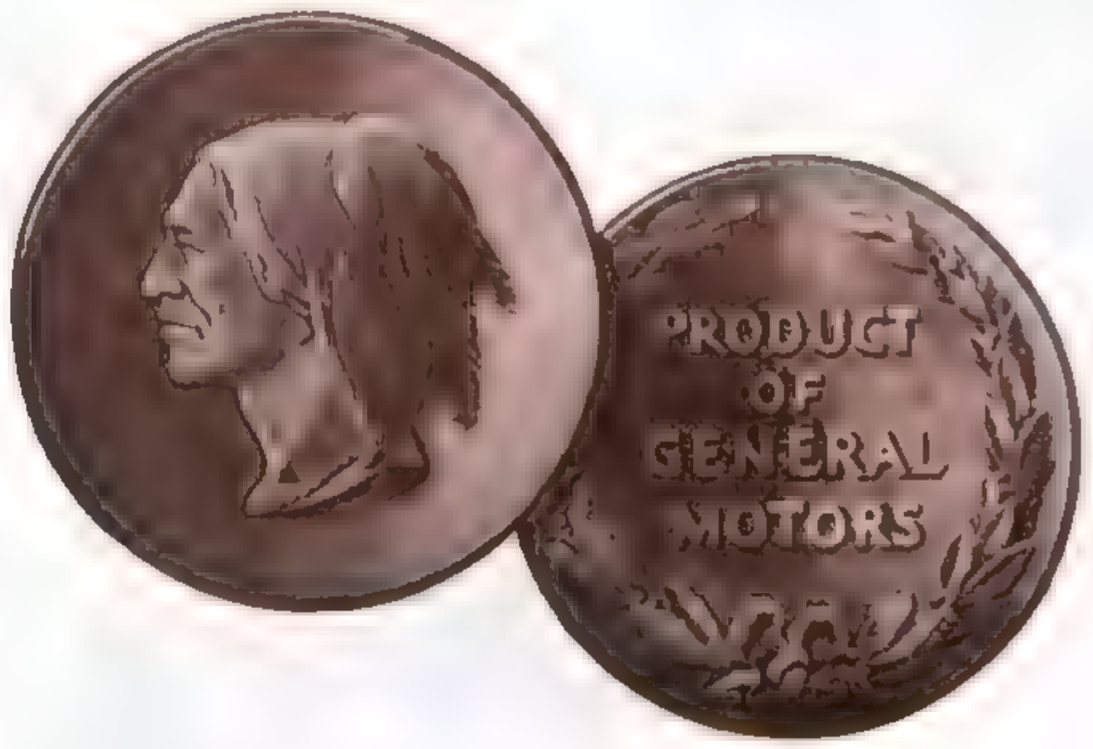
"I suppose," I said, "that the answer is that instead of helping them all the time we should help ourselves half the time. We could found visiting nurses' aids, and health aids, and egg the very rich on to endow foundations for the professional classes, perhaps, if we went the right way about it."

"We'll all be killed out by the poor's overbreeding and our underbreeding before then," said Anna, riding her hobby viciously. "Crowded out!"

I sat up and laid down the law, for once, to Anna, Ph.D. though she is.

"Anna, I've lived with the immigrants more than you have. If they step all over us and crowd us out, it is our own fault. We have lived in such a rarefied atmosphere of sentimental selfishness that we have asked to be stepped on. If we dared to say aloud, and act on it, what we feel, it wouldn't be too late for us to survive. If we really behaved as if we believed our race to be the best there is, that old responsible, right-minded, hard-working God-fearing American race that's dying out because it can't afford to have children and bring them up properly, we'd fight for what we ought to have. And we'd get as much as the immigrants have, and more, because we have a lot more sense."

A new General Motors Six at a price of nation-wide appeal



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JOHNSON & JOHNSON
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.
Associated with the work of the trained nurse for over a generation

830

JUDICIALLY REVIEWING THE SEERS

(Continued from Page 49)

The younger woman accompanied her friend to the imposing quarters of one of these prophetesses, who by reason of the locality in which she lived and the higher rate she charged was supposed to be far removed from the common and ordinary fortune tellers, whose fees ranged from fifty cents upward to twenty-five dollars.

A middle-aged woman, ordinary in appearance, plausible in manner, mysterious in speech and action, told her of her fortunes and misfortunes, using the rising inflection, so that the words might either convey a statement or a question. She said, "Your mother is dead? Your father is dead?" To which the young woman replied in the affirmative. The fortune teller said, "A dark woman is a very bad enemy to you; she will cause you lots of trouble; your husband doesn't love you, but if you move away from the dark woman he will love you again. You have severe headaches, there is an operation, but you will recover from a serious disease. Afterward you will be married again to a very rich man, but you must move away from where you now live, as it is not lucky there. When you marry again you will go abroad. Your husband is suffering from a disease, and that will make it easier for you to marry the rich man, because I see a coffin coming. If you need help from me come around Friday night and I will give you a bag to carry with you which will make everybody like you, and for that I charge five dollars." Then, after hesitation, "You live in —— Don't sell your house at present and you will get a higher price for it."

It so happened that she really did name the place where the young woman lived. She also described a dog which the family owned. She added two to the correct number of children, and there were several other obvious discrepancies in her statements, but the elderly woman assured the young wife that the basic prognostications would prove to be correct.

Making the Prophecy True

When these seeds of jealousy, suspicion, cupidity, fear and apprehension of disease and death had sprouted and grown, the young wife and mother was in the Family Court asking relief from her husband, who was living apart from her. She noted—it was not unusual—that as the years went on, like many husbands he was inclined to go out in the evening. He was no longer the ardent lover, and never seemed to be lively and happy except when a mutual friend, a young unmarried woman who used to work in the same establishment with him, came to call in the evening. At such times he was animated and attentive to the visitor, would insist upon seeing her home, occasionally take her and the wife to the movies. As the latter had so many household duties, it was not always possible for her to go along. The fortune teller must be right. This young woman was a pronounced brunette, dark of hair and eyes and of olive complexion. She had begun to suspect some unknown woman. Suspicion now had grown to conviction.

She began to upbraid and nag the husband because of his attention to this dark-eyed woman. He had grown angry at this; indignant and emphatic in his denial. The young woman was forbidden the house for reasons she could not understand. Headaches grew upon the wife and her eyes pained her when she read. She had strange feelings and distresses. The fortune teller had suggested an operation. She had even hinted at a deadly disease. Her whole mind centered on her bodily condition. She grew irritable, nervous, captious, sharp-tongued, chided her children, nagged her husband, and upbraided him constantly as being responsible for their comparative poverty.

Openly to her husband she regretted she had ever married him, and she naturally drove him out. He took up his quarters in another city. The amount which he allowed for support was not sufficient. She claimed he was spending it on the dark young woman, or other women; that he could earn more if he wished.

Saving for an Emergency

She was now entirely in the hands of the fortune teller; she went there frequently; a good deal of her money found its way to the seeress. Good-luck charms were given to her, and finally the fortune teller suggested a wonderful doctor who was practicing without a license, but at this juncture the really efficient machinery of the Family Court began to operate. A probation officer of large experience, a woman who understood other women, and who had straightened out many domestic tragedies and kept families intact, got to the cause of the trouble. The fortune teller was arrested, tried, convicted and imprisoned. The unlicensed doctor suffered the same fate, and up to the present time the indications are that the little bark that was nearly wrecked in the dark waters of superstition, humbug and vulgar faking has been saved and is again afloat in the currents of orderly, well-conducted and conventional happy life.

Some people on reading this sketch will say, "Why, of course these people are obviously fakers, ignorant and illiterate, and not in the class of the intelligent, presentable and high-priced men and women seers with whom we have come in contact and who make marvelous and astounding revelations and prognostications which come true."

Well, as I have said, I have never been able to see any substantial difference between the high priced and the low priced, the vulgar and the gentle, the illiterate and the learned; and saying this I am not venturing into the sphere of mind readers.

I have known people of high culture, marked intelligence and social standing who were favorably inclined to fortune tellers, astrologers and palm readers; and, that being so, what must be the illimitably complex and far-reaching evils that follow in the train of these oracles among the illiterate; prejudiced, ignorant and superstitious who cry out of darkness for light to these impostors and fakers by whom they are robbed as well as misled. I have probably heard a thousand of these complaints, and such chaff as this predominates:

"When you meet a young woman named Kate be very careful, as she is going to make trouble for you."

"Never leave your doors or windows open, as someone will enter the house for no good purpose."

"You are thinking of making a change, but don't do it until July, and then the change will benefit you."

"You have lots of deaths, lots of trouble in your family; you are a marked woman."

"Your husband does not live with you, but he is very sorry and he will come back to you soon."

"Your luck will change if you give me five dollars."

"Give me a piece of paper, blow on it three times, and you will get your wish."

"I cannot tell you any more until you give me five dollars."

A great, powerfully built colored man is in the Family Court for refusing to support his family. His wife says, "Judge, Yo' Honor, we ain't got anything to eat in the house, two of the chillun is dead, one chile is in the hospital and the landlord is going to put me and the other three chillun out on the sidewalk for not paying the rent, and this yeah man ain't give us nothing for the last month, and he got five hundred dollars in the bank."

The defendant, drawing himself up proudly and turning to the complainant reproachfully, says, "Woman, you is wrong; I got five hundred and fifty dollars in the bank."

The judge, turning on the defendant, says, "Why, what do you mean by such conduct? Here your children are, dead, sick or dying, your family is without food and is about to be put out of the house and home for nonpayment of rent, and you will not help in any way?"

The defendant, replying to the judge, says, "Jedge, Yo' Honor, I was told by a voodoo woman to save all this money for a 'mergency."

In the large number of cases that I have passed on, as in all human affairs, the element of comedy mingles with the dramatic and tragic. The tragic cases are shown in the confiding women who were swindled out of large sums of money by the alleged fortune tellers, who were also engaged in some swindling business enterprise, in the way of selling worthless stocks. One woman, for instance, a foreigner by birth, who had accumulated about ten or fifteen thousand dollars through extraordinary industry and thrift, went to a man who was widely advertised as not only knowing the future but as giving infallible advice as to the present. When she asked him whether she should take this money and engage in an industry or go back to her native country, he assumed a mysterious air, rolled his eyes, and went through the usual motions, and then informed her that the business enterprise she had in view would be a failure, and that he would have to have another talk with the spirits as to whether or not it would be wise for her to go back to Europe.

A Gold-Brick Mine

During these calls at his office he would rush, now and then, to the telephone, to be informed by friends, in fake conversations, that the stock in the company which was paying golden dividends was exhausted, that there was no more for sale. He would then come back and excuse himself and tell her that these friends had been offering to let him have some stock in a wonderful gold mine. Finally he told her that the spirit had advised him that if he could get her some of this stock it would result in making her an extraordinarily rich woman. He made earnest appeals through the telephone to imaginary officers of the company, and finally with great glee told her he had succeeded in getting some of the stock for her to invest her money in; which the poor deluded woman did.

When a warrant was issued for him he ran away and closed up his gorgeous parlors, but he returned to her through my office a considerable percentage of her losses when he was threatened with extradition from other states. I made no compromise with him and he is subject to the law if ever he returns here.

In another case a young woman, also a foreigner, a sort of governess in a rich family, who had been jilted by her lover, was told that to bring him back she must give a hundred-dollar bill to the seeress, also a lock of her hair; this was to be mailed to the Grand Lama of Mystery in Chicago.

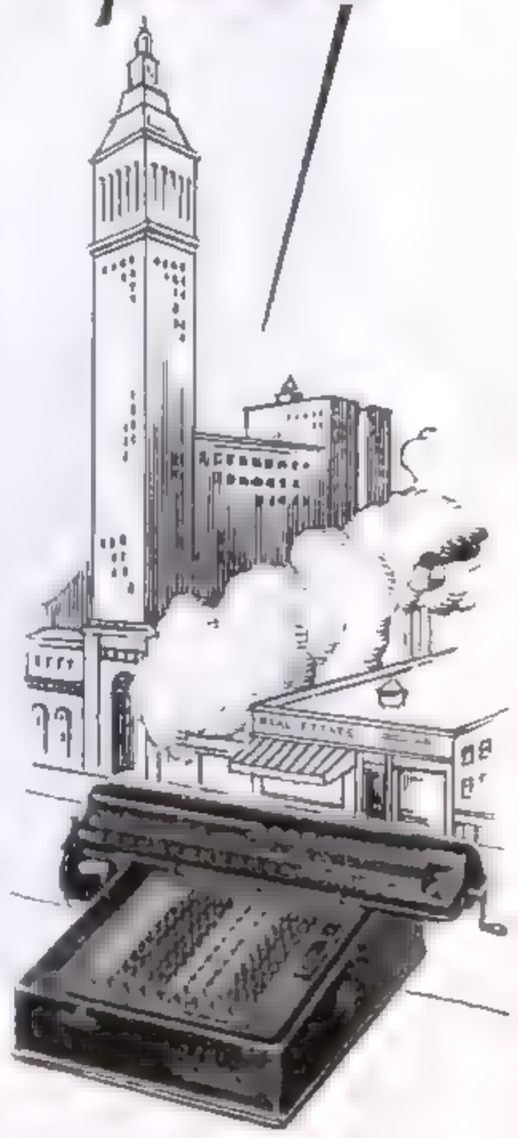
This form of swindling would be checked if two or three of these cases could be followed and the swindlers extradited from the states to which they flee and speedily punished, especially the conspicuous ones.

Many victims of the fortune tellers who step off the rocks into the wild and troubled waters of mental derangement are under the delusion that they hear a voice. Several of these cases have come to my official attention to pass upon. Some of them are people who threaten presidents, governors, mayors and private citizens, and who in their dangerous eccentricities believe they are following the voice.

The excellent squad of policewomen in New York City make it their business—most of them, at least—to specialize in obtaining evidence against fortune tellers throughout the Greater City. They do this

BUILT TO LAST A BUSINESS LIFETIME

every business needs figure protection



MONROE

HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

A BIG business cannot afford figure errors because they pyramid into such heavy losses. A small business cannot afford them because they are doubly serious for a limited income. No business can afford them!

That's why the Monroe is such a universal protector of business figures. It is depended upon by businesses of all kinds and sizes to keep their figures accurate and safe.

The Monroe High Speed Adding-Calculator handles all phases of figuring—Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division—with speed that saves time, with simplicity of operation that saves effort and with a reliability that saves money.

And the completeness and permanence of these results are assured to you by Monroe quality of design and manufacture, a quality that is distinctive even among precision machines. This quality doubly safeguards your investment.

ASK FOR A FREE TRIAL

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Woolworth Building, New York, N. Y.

Monroe Machines and Service are available in All Principal Cities of the U. S., Canada, Great Britain, Europe and throughout the World

A DEVELOPMENT OF 50 YEARS

Now Sonora's mellower tone in RADIO, too

The New Sonora Radio Highboy—A complete radio unit combining the Sonora All-Wood Radio Speaker—the Sonora 5-tube radio set and space for batteries in a rare Renaissance period cabinet Price, $200. Without set, $120. Attractive phonograph Highboys with space for Radio Sets the Plymouth at $175 and the Hampden at $225. Radio installed, $100 more

CRYSTAL-clear in tone exquisitely graceful in design—is the new Sonora Highboy. A complete radio unit made by Sonora from top to bottom with all the famous Sonora tone known to music lovers for a decade.

In it is built the new Sonora 5 tube set—made after years of study by our own engineers to combine volume, range and a rare degree of selectivity

Into this beautiful Highboy is also built the Sonora Radio Speaker with the famous tone chamber that gave to the phonograph a richer, mellower tone. This tone chamber is made of many layers of wafer-thin wood laid at cross grain to neutralize vibration Through its delicate walls of seasoned wood sound flows easily and naturally.

Other Highboys with complete phonographs, too

And Sonora makes these superb Highboys, combined with a complete phonograph—each one equipped with the Sonora All-Wood Speaker and ample space for the Sonora Radio Set.

Or, if you prefer, your dealer can offer you as separate units—the Sonora 5-tube radio set—or the Sonora Radio Speaker in standard, console or highboy model

To everyone—whether or not you own a radio—Sonora can bring richer music and more beautiful design. Supreme for years in phonograph tone—now with these new models Sonora brings to radio, too, all its matchless tone and exquisite cabinet work Sonora Phonograph Company, 279 Broadway, New York, N Y

Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL

The Sonora Radio Speaker with all-wood tone chamber—no mechanical noise—no harsh overtones. Equipped with cord and plug for attachment to any radio set. No extra batteries needed.

DeLuxe Model—$30.
Standard Model—$20.

with remarkable success, and most of the cases are brought to me at the headquarters office, where the complaints are read by me If the charges are deemed sufficient, warrants are issued for those concerned.

For a long time the wonderful prophet or prophetess in a back room in the congested sections of the city, up to the man or woman who gave séances in highly decorated and mysterious-looking parlors, and often with liveried attendants to admit you at the door and keep you waiting, like patients in the outer rooms of a successful physician, throve here, largely unmolested

It became evident to many of us, after the establishment of the Family Court, some fourteen years ago, that fortune telling had a very serious aspect. It was found, and is yet constantly appearing, that the fortune teller has been at the root of much family trouble. "I became jealous of this woman," says the complainant's wife, "because the fortune teller described her accurately as a blond woman, short and stout," or "a dark-complexioned woman, tall and lean," and so on, with many other descriptions. The fountains of jealousy were opened, possibly against some close friend or maybe even a sister or some relative of her husband; or she was advised that her husband was unfaithful to her, and she was going to have a second and better marriage; that her mother was going to die, but that her luck would turn when a new man came into her life; that she was badly abused, but that if she did the right thing—consult the seeress—she would get rid of her troubles; and in the meantime the charge would range from fifty cents to twenty-five dollars.

The seeds of jealousy were thus sowed; impossible hopes, improbable situations, the self-pity of martyrdom; the hatred of her environment, the feeling of superiority to her own family and those with whom she must associate; the sense of being in touch with another and mysterious world, and a conviction that luck, not work and thrift, should regulate her conduct; and often thoughts of sickness, surgical operations and deaths were sprinkled in the horoscope. The woman would become filled with apprehension and fear, made morbid, nervous, and finally would develop into a pathological case.

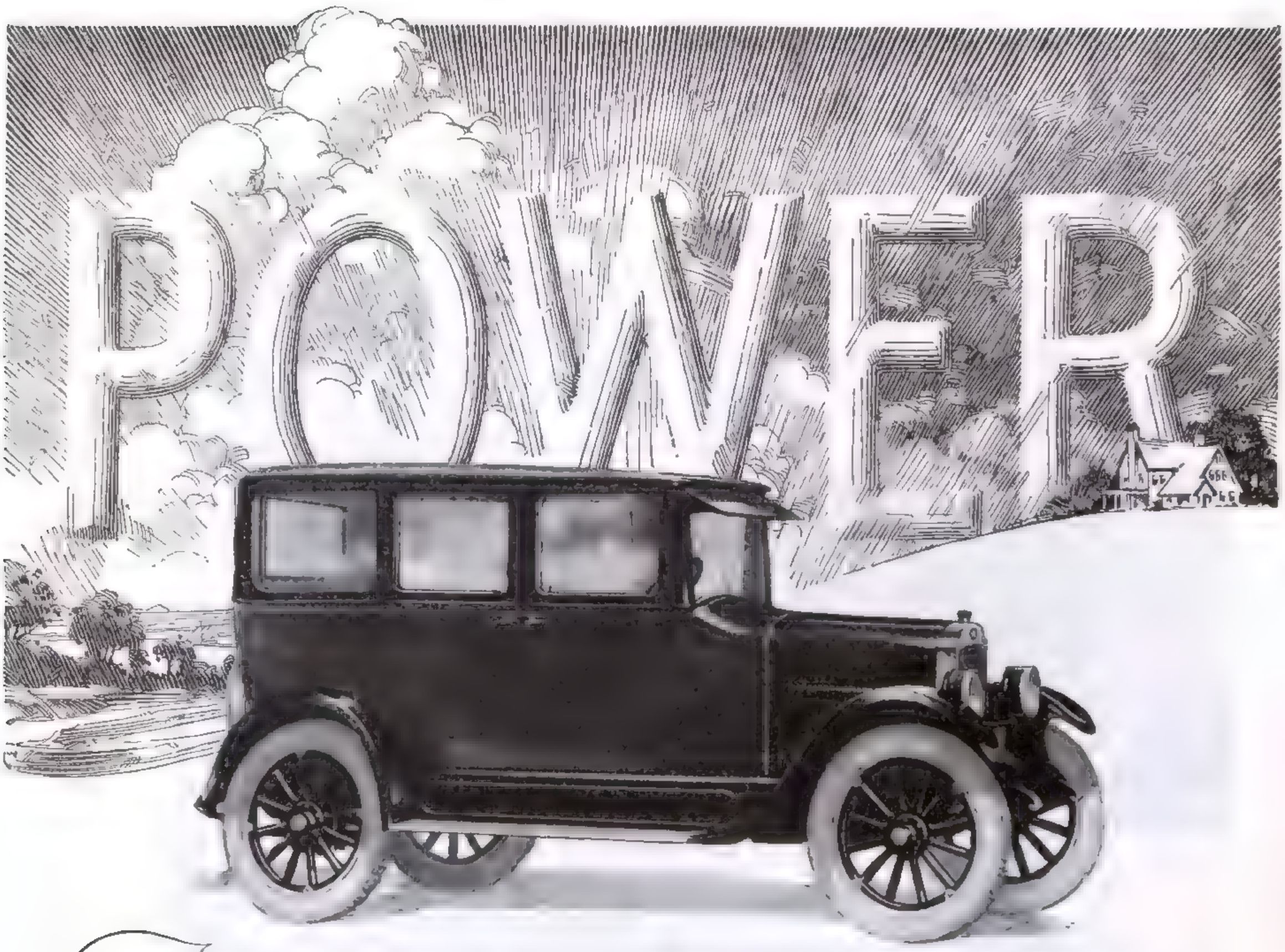
The husband, too, was not free from the spell of the fortune teller. Here the case was reversed and a plentiful sprinkling of the seeds of suspicion was spread in his mind against the wife and the mother with corresponding symptoms to those above outlined. Sometimes they were taught by innuendo from descriptions, to distrust and hate their own children. And then, too, worst of all, they were told to change the whole trend of their lives by this outlook into the future, founded upon the fictions and imaginings of these fakers and the reckless use of stereotyped prognostications.

I was told by one of the policewomen: "I have had my fortune told by these people about two hundred times, and as a rule they never told anything in the course of years which happened to be true, even by accident." In the main, they make a lot of hashed-up guesses, whether their victim pays fifty cents or twenty-five dollars to have the future opened up to her. Quite often it is laughable and ridiculous to read a prophecy, based upon present conditions, about a woman whom you have seen nearly every day for about fourteen years past, and of whose history you know everything in detail, and then to note the utter preposterousness of the future foretold. So far as I can see, the greasy old hag in the East Side tenement house in a back room on the twelfth floor who tells fortunes, comes just as near to the truth as the bejeweled, bedizened and mysterious-looking prophesier in a fashionable neighborhood.

Why should anyone want to know the future? God has wisely kept that from our view. Humanity lives in the present and we are judged in the future by what we do now. It is one of the most merciful things I know of that people are not allowed to see the difficulties that will come to them in the path of life. Our lives are more or less balanced; pleasure and pain, ease and disease, good things and bad things, riches and poverty, success and failure—appear to be all worked out in some law of recompense as outlined by Emerson. Many a person would lose courage if he knew what the morrow would bring forth, and to that extent would lose his ability to do his plain duty today. Many a life has been wrecked by credulity and the currents of primitive superstitions worked on by the false and foolish divinations of these lying prophets

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings," says Shakspere.

Sunset on Grand Lake, Colorado



The five passenger sedan, generally accepted as the ideal family car, needs POWER because of the heavier body and usual five passenger load. The Star leads in Power in the low-priced field. In high gear it ploughs through sand, mud and snow and climbs grades that stop most cars or compel gear shifting.

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

PRICES, *f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.*

STAR	STAR	DURANT

DURANT MOTORS, Inc., 250 WEST 57th ST., NEW YORK

General Sales Department—1819 Broadway, New York

Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States and Canada

PLANTS: ELIZABETH, N. J. LANSING, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL. TORONTO, ONT.

National Loose Leaf *and* Bound Books

The flexible leather cover is of luxurious brown leather. The steel hinge is strong far beyond actual need. The Royal is, we believe, the finest ring book made

A wonderful new Ring Book

With Steel Hinge and Ball Bearing Opening Levers

The minute you see this wonderful loose leaf book, you'll want it. It's new. It's different. You've never seen a book half so good. This is the Royal—a National Ring Book—royal in quality as well as in name. There is no substitute.

THE hinge, where the ordinary ring book wears out, is nickeled steel, practically unbreakable.

Ball bearings make the oval steel rings snap open wider and shut tighter. You can insert or remove all the sheets at once.

The cover is a single piece of solid leather, hand finished, flexible, beautifully grained—permanently anchored to the ring device.

There's a convenient pocket for memos in the back cover. The celluloid index, with alternate black and red letters, adds the final smart touch.

The Royal is the sort of book you are proud to own and consult in classroom—at a customer's desk—at a directors' meeting—or anywhere. It has an air of well-being that suggests prosperity—as well as efficiency.

You can buy the Royal at almost any good stationer's, and in any size from 6¼ x 3¾" to 11 x 8½". It costs as little as $3.85, according to size, including index and sheets.

Just inside the front cover is the Eagle trademark. Look for this trademark when you buy loose leaf and bound books.

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 34)

"What happened? Tommy went with the Small Company, of course. He got his contact with the president—daily. Mr. Small opened the mail himself, a sacred rite which he felt enabled him to keep his finger on the business. He even opened mail addressed personally to Tommy. Each day after the opening ceremony, Mr. Small called Tommy in and gave him that part of the postal offering which he wanted Tommy to handle.

"One morning Mr. Small handed Tommy an inquiry asking the cost of twelve pages of advertising in the Small periodical, and requesting a suggestion for text and layout. Mr. Small told Tommy to answer the letter and do the copy and layout suggestions.

"Here was what Tommy had been waiting for. He found out where the advertiser's product is sold, who buys it and wherein the product differs from competitive goods. He found a basic idea and split it up into twelve closely related advertisements. He wrote the copy for the first of the series and outlined material for the eleven others. Then he wrote his letter of transmittal and quoted standard advertising rates.

"When he showed his work to Mr. Small, that gentleman very deliberately tore up the letter, the layout and the copy. He told Tommy that because the inquiry came from a personal friend a special discount was to be quoted, that the layout was too wasteful of white space and the copy too flippant.

"Tommy protested that to quote rates less than those paid by other advertisers was bad publishing ethics, and he backed up his copy and layout by saying that it was the result of the same kind of thinking which had built him a fairly good reputation with his previous employer.

"Mr. Small replied that he had been in the business some thirty years and no boy two years out of college could tell him how to run it. However, Mr. Small accepted Tommy's next piece of copy as he wrote it, for it was his resignation.

"Tommy is with a big corporation now. At luncheon yesterday he told me how much he enjoys his associates. As he puts it, 'Every one of them knows a lot more than I do about some one part of the business. I can go to lunch with anybody there and learn something.'

"He has passed the stage where they stop to think how long he has been out of school when they are deciding on raises. He has erased the objection of impersonality, for, like his associates, he now knows more than they do about certain parts of the business.

"Having learned to give out, he can now take in. He has ceased to worry about the bigness of his outfit, too, for that bigness brings advantages of itself.

"There is, for example, the matter of geography. With a small organization, having a single office and an area of business activity of only a few hundred square miles, a young man comes to think of business in terms of a few cities, a few counties, or, at best, a few states.

"But with the large organizations where offices are maintained in half a hundred cities, the chap who is coming along in that company gets a viewpoint of business which is not local but national. His trips take him to more and more remote sections. He finds that things are done differently in Maine, Georgia and Ohio. As he gets to know people in each of his company's territories, his thinking becomes broader not only on business subjects but on government, politics, sociology and culture."

By way of countering that charge of slow promotion, the V. P. again compared the Small Company with a sizable outfit. In the Small Company, there are four jobs that pay well. There are three sons of the president in the business. With the larger organization, on the other hand, the very size of the business makes it necessary to find many dozens of men to fill good jobs every year. And since it requires at least two years to get a thorough grounding in the company's operation, most of those jobs are filled from the ranks.

A dozen years from now a large percentage of the Tommy Burtons who have stayed along with the big companies will find their jobs highly pleasant. They will be transacting interdepartment business with men who have grown up, as they have, with their outfits. And, perhaps, if they check their incomes against those of their classmates who have put into practice their theories of small-company advantages, they will find themselves surprisingly well off by comparison.

It is true that the first few years with a large company are usually years of slow progress. But they are also years of investment in experience. Like any other investment, the company back of it should be chosen with care. Properly placed, those investment years should bring a splendid return in growth, in widened acquaintance and in income. It is not such a bad thing after all to work for an outfit that is bigger than any one industry, any one community or any one personality.

—CHARLES LOOMIS FUNNELL.

Life Worth Living

MEN have discussed the relation between work and play since earliest times. We know that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but we likewise know that as between all work and all play the former is preferable. Play quickly becomes harder work than work. Those who do not realize that in the scheme of things play is intended only as an occasional relief from work merely show their shallowness of character.

But in recent years this subject has taken on a new and important aspect. Salesmanship looms large in modern business affairs; to get ahead, it often happens that a man must sell goods, he must always sell himself. This latter is commonly taken to mean what is known as putting on a good front. One must wear good clothes and do the things that bring one into contact with the right people. Most men of large affairs feel that they should take a certain amount of relaxation in the form of golf, hunting, yachting, and the like.

Within reasonable bounds this is sensible enough, but such methods are easily carried too far. Experienced men of affairs are quick to distinguish between a good fellow and a good worker. I had occasion recently to ask a bank president concerning a very pleasant young man whom I had met at a club.

"I wanted to know about him myself," replied the banker, "and so I went to old man Smith, the head of the Smith lumber interests, who knows him; and his only reply to my question was that he is a good duck hunter. That was enough."

Yet in his own leisure moments the banker is probably addicted in an extreme form to duck hunting. But low scores do not get out production or cut expenses in office management or sell the goods. To excel in one or more sports is not only highly desirable, it is to be envied. But a business recommendation which consists of the six words, "He is a good duck hunter," is damnation. Yet the business world is full of men who could get only similar letters of recommendation, if the writers were honest.

In the end the line between serious pursuits and play must rest upon self-respect. Professor Lounsbury, of Yale, used to relate a story of a former student who came back for his tenth reunion and told his old teacher how much he had enjoyed his English course and especially Macbeth. "But," he added, "you only completed four acts, and I have wondered ever since how that play came out."

The NEW MARMON

A NEW SUPER-SMOOTHNESS OF POWER FLOW

New Engineering Discoveries Give Amazing Results

The efforts of Marmon engineers have been rewarded by results that the whole country now recognizes as the most important and far-reaching contribution of the year to motor car engineering. *Double Fire Ignition,* in combination with a new system of gas intake and a new principle of oil-purification, endows the Greater New Marmon with a new pliancy and quietness of power flow, without parallel or precedent. Every atom of vaporized gasoline, caught between two fires, is blasted into service. The power-stream is at once soft and determined in its flow. It cannot be described and can scarcely be imagined. It has to be experienced. We therefore strongly suggest that you drive the Greater New Marmon at the earliest moment, even though it be for purposes of comparison only.

In addition, you will be interested in other improvements which save time, annoyance and money and add to the life of the car—the *Three-Way Oil Purifier* which automatically keeps the engine free from grit, impurities and dilution and the *Self-Lubricator* which enables the owner to keep the chassis lubricated simply by pushing a pedal.

Four luxurious seven-passenger standard closed models, at exactly open car prices and Standard Seven Passenger Sedan only $75 more than the open car

"It's a Great Automobile"

Comprehensive selection of De Luxe Models each fully appointed and upholstered permitting intimate expression of personal taste

THE GREATER NEW MARMON IS NOW AVAILABLE FOR DEMONSTRATION AT ALL MARMON SALESROOMS

Spur Tie all tied for you

50¢ and up

At the right you can see how smart the Square End style of Spur Tie looks when actually being worn This is the larger bow that is the new fall style

FREE! Write for your free copy of "Can Do Winthrop," an interesting, attractively bound business romance, with insert of new fall styles in Spur Ties and men's wear accessories.

Correct as etiquette and a million times more pleasant

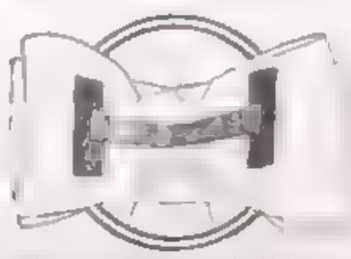
RUMPLED ties are as out-of-date as long skirts, and nearly as scarce. The Spur Tie has taught men how youthfully smart and correct a bow tie can be. The Spur Tie is on in a jiffy, without a wrinkle in tie or temper. It is all tied for you, and it stays the way you put it. The patented H-shaped Innerform is the exclusive style secret of the Spur Tie. Arrange your tie the way you like it. The H-shaped Innerform keeps it that way, correct as etiquette and a million times more smart, gay and pleasant. Look for the Spur Tie displayed on smart shop counters. Look on the back of the tie for the red Spur label, and feel in the wings for the H-shaped Innerform. Only the Spur Tie can have the H-shaped Innerform that makes it look more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie.

Hewes & Potter, Boston, Mass.

Pacific Coast Office, 120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Makers of Bull Dog Belts, Suspenders and Garters—the guaranteed brand

Below, the Butterfly Bow or bat-wing style of Spur Tie.



Above—a diagram of the H-shaped Innerform, the patented, pliable, exclusive Spur Tie form that makes every Spur Tie keep its shape. The H-shaped Innerform will not let the Spur Tie roll, curl or wrinkle

Below, the French Pointed-End style of Spur Tie

At right, the Spur Dress Tie, in either black or white, made the same as the band bow, with the all-round silk band. Here's one dress tie that keeps its shape.

At left, the Spur Band Bow. The silk goes all around, but the [illegible] by an elastic inser Adjustable to any size or style of collar, stiff or soft.

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 52)

dejected tenderfoot adult hikers, fed them in two instances, and made beds for them.

To get back to bed making. It's simple enough in balsam woods if one knows how. But how about it when not in balsam country? We Scouts do it this way in the Ramapos: With lean-to erected out of shelter halves or ponchos, a long log is pegged down at the front or open side of the shelter. At each end of the space allotted for sleeping another log is pegged down. This keeps the bed from spreading. A layer of chestnut bark is then laid in this space—in wintertime, several layers. Long gray birch boughs are cut, enough for a generous first layer, about seven feet long. These are laid so the butts rest on the foot log. These are the springs. A generous quantity of small gray birch boughs is then cut and laid and woven as in a balsam bed. For the last and top layer, to make the bed higher at the head, and also sweet smelling, two or three ponchos full of sweet fern are spread. This makes a bed as comfortable and springy as a real balsam bed. The gray birch as well as the sweet fern is a weed growth and no harm is done in cutting it; whereas the balsam is getting rather thin around the good camping locations on the trails in the North Woods of the Adirondacks.

The food we packed in our two-hundred-mile wilderness hike might interest others planning such a trip. It consisted mostly of bacon, dried milk, egg powder, baking powder, flour, sugar, oatmeal, corn meal, rice, spaghetti and concentrated soups. In fifteen minutes each night all the raspberries and blueberries needed for stewing or for fresh fruit were picked. Bass and trout we caught without difficulty. The old stand-by, flapjacks, was not on the menu, but quantities of fine hot baking-powder biscuit, johnnycake, plain cake, raspberry shortcake and blueberry cake were consumed, cooked in a light collapsible reflector oven. Our mess was the envy of the few hikers we encountered while in the woods. In fact, we fed a guide one night. He smelled the biscuits and followed up the wind till he found us.

—A. T. SHOREY.

HINDENBURG

Continued from Page 7)

the Quai d'Orsay does to the French and Whitehall to British statecraft. The German Foreign Office, by the way, has just had a fresh coat of paint, the first in years. It shows that here, as elsewhere, things in Germany are brightening up.

The presidential palace is one of the most attractive in Berlin. It is an eighteenth-century baroque structure with an interesting history. It was built by General Schwerin back in the days of Friedrich Wilhelm I, who was the father of Frederick the Great.

Its most recent civilian owner was Count Schleinitz, chamberlain to Emperor William I, grandfather of the last of the Hohenzollerns to rule Germany. I was told that within its walls Helmholtz, Bismarck and Von Moltke attended piano recitals given by Liszt and Wagner. Under William II the palace came under the control of the royal family and remained so until Friedrich Ebert, who had risen from saddler to be the first president of the German republic, took up his abode there.

At the President's Palace

I passed through the imposing gateway where policemen are constantly on duty, skirted the fountain that stands in the center of the large front court, and finally brought up at the main entrance, where there were two soldiers wearing steel helmets. The door was opened by a footman to whom I explained my business. After consulting a typewritten list of appointments which rested on a table, he saw that I was expected and led me into what was apparently the principal reception room on the first floor. It was a large salon with an elaborate crystal chandelier and furnished more after the French than the German fashion.

The salon opened on a terrace which in turn gave on a lovely park. It seemed almost impossible that this secluded forest of noble chestnuts with shaded walks, flowers, rippling waters, and its air of almost fragrant privacy, should be in the heart of a great European capital. In this charming retreat Hindenburg takes his morning constitutional, has his afternoon coffee, smokes his pipe and plays with his grandchildren. His wife is dead.

A few moments before the hour set for the interview, Doctor Kiep arrived. It had been arranged that he was to accompany me to the president. At precisely 10:15 o'clock Dr. Otto Meissner, who is what the Germans call *Staatssekretär*—that is, Secretary of State—appeared.

He said, "The president is ready and I will take you in."

He led the way to a door on the left. As he opened it I had my first glimpse of Hindenburg, who stood alongside a flat-topped desk in a room that was almost bare of ornament. It is the president's office and general workroom. He wore a double-breasted sack suit, plain black tie and low standing collar. Although he has seventy-eight decorations and orders—one for every year of his life—there was not a sign of a ribbon in his buttonhole.

The introduction followed immediately, and I got a strong handshake.

I said in my very best German, "*Sehr angenehm*," which literally translated is "very pleasant." It is the customary expression used on such occasions. I also added, "It is also a great privilege, Herr Reichspräsident."

Instantly the president's face lighted up with a smile and he said, "You speak German. That is nice." The president does not speak English or French. He pointed to a sofa that stood against the wall, asked me to be seated, and then settled himself comfortably in a chair for a talk.

The first—and I might also say the last—impression of Hindenburg is one of doggedness and simplicity. About him is an atmosphere of iron calm and assurance. He gives little idea of old age. On the contrary he looks almost sturdy. Nor is he as tall as the pictures of him in uniform and helmet would indicate.

Hindenburg's Message

His head is square, his white hair bristles, his eyes are deep blue, and he has heavy, drooping mustaches. There is strength, firmness and also kindliness in his voice. His face is deeply lined, but his figure, when he stands, is erect and soldierly. Sitting, he loses none of his military bearing. When he begins to talk in the nice fatherly way he has, he might be a burgher in a little town anywhere in Germany.

Most high-placed soldiers, in fact nearly all men with long military training, are apt to be a trifle tongue-tied in what might be called parlor conversation. It is due perhaps to long service in the taking and giving of definite orders, which seems to sterilize speech initiative. Not so with Hindenburg. He talks with ease, fluency, as well as conviction.

I told him among other things that I had lately come from South America, where I had seen many Germans, especially in

Continued on Page 76)

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Good looks, ease of handling, adaptability to all conditions and needs, and unfailing reliability—in short, everything you have hoped for—are offered now in greater measure, in the latest Ford cars. And the prices are the lowest ever made. ¶As a car for personal or business use you cannot ask for one more satisfactory than the Ford Coupe. Finished in deep green, with nickeled radiator, it is unusually attractive—a car you will long be proud to own. Buy now for winter enjoyment. ¶All Authorized Ford Dealers will gladly show you the many new and advantageous changes that have been made in all Ford cars.

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Color: Channel Green. Upholstery to harmonize. All-steel body. Polished nickel radiator and lamp rims. One-piece plate glass windshield; plate glass door windows with rotary lifters. Unusually large capacity rear deck. Closed end sun-visor of new design. Fuel tank under cowl Standard equipment includes windshield wiper, rear-view mirror, dash lamp, starter, demountable rims, and four cord tires.

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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

"The Morley"
—a winter coat for the well dressed man.

"I'll say it's warm"
—an overcoat of virgin woolens

GOOD-LOOKING, as well. Smartly tailored—tailoring that was inspired by the virgin woolens of Oregon City.

Virgin wool, you know, is *new* fleece. It has life, lustre and warmth not found in cloth made from re-worked wool.

No other woolens are just like these woven at Oregon City. Before the day of ready-to-wear clothes, thousands of yards of them were used every year by the best custom tailors. Now we make them into clothes for men and boys, in our own shops, all bearing our own label.

Drop in at the store featuring Jacobs Oregon City Woolens, and see our overcoats. Never have we put such style into them—such workmanship—such weaves and colorings! Their value will truly surprise you.

We make overcoats and suits for men and boys; sport shirts; flannel shirts; lounging robes; blankets. Write for an interesting booklet, "A Trip Through the Land of Wool," Oregon City Woolen Mills, established in 1864 by I. and R. Jacobs, Oregon City, Oregon.

The "Wrinkle Test"

Try it, or see store demonstrations. Roll up a Jacobs Oregon City overcoat *any way* you wish—for several hours! Then hang it up, or wear it. Within a short time wrinkles will be gone. Liveliness of virgin wool does it!

Jacobs
Oregon City Woolens

Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Mackinaws, Suits; Sport Blouses, Flannel Shirts

Lounging Robes; Vivid Indian Blankets, Motor Robes, and Fine Bed Blankets.

PURE VIRGIN WOOL — WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN

Continued from Page 74

Brazil. He said that he had heard that I was a great traveler, whereupon I remarked that the reason why I could move around the world so much was that I did not have a wife. This seemed to amuse him.

The president spoke interestingly about his experiences in the Franco-Prussian War and the World War, as well as the psychology of war. I am betraying no confidence when I say that he appreciated fully the first alarming reaction about his election abroad. It is worth repeating that he has the deepest appreciation of his obligation as president of the republic. No man can talk with him and get any other impression.

Before leaving I asked him to give me a message to the American people. This is what he said and authorized:

"Germany and the United States have had long traditions of good and friendly relationship. Frederick the Great sent one of his noblest advisers, Baron von Steuben, over to assist in the great achievement of establishing American independence. The two nations have no political difference and their economic relations in the past have been very close. These relations must be strengthened, for I believe that international coöperation is one of the strongest safeguards of peace and prosperity, and that particularly our present time calls for a close coöperation between Germany and the United States."

This message expresses one of Hindenburg's chief aims. I am convinced from the whole tenor of his talk that he would be glad to have a growing commercial entente with us one of the outstanding features of his administration.

After nearly fifteen minutes of conversation, he rose and I bade him farewell with the wish that he might have many more years of peace and work. I had taken with me the portrait of him which appears in this article, and I left it to be autographed. Almost before I got back to the hotel it was sent to me with a note from Doctor Meissner, who wrote:

"Herewith I send you the picture of the Herr Reichspräsident with his own signature. According to the custom here, the Herr Reichspräsident has simply signed the picture with his name and the date of today, and has charged me to hand it over to you in his name with his best wishes."

Never Ruffled

It was difficult for me to realize that this old man who spoke so softly had been one of the spectacular figures in the most bitterly fought war of modern times. I left him with the feeling that behind that serene exterior -a sort of Rodin massiveness is the dominant quality—lay an uncompromising resistance to what he believed was wrong.

With this close-up of the president, we can go ahead and see how he works and at the same time make an intimate measure of the man himself. That a person of seventy-eight should be functioning in public life is in itself unusual. In the case of Hindenburg the day's routine embraces a round of engagements that would weary a man twenty-five years younger.

Personally, as politically, he has surprised everybody. Before his inauguration there was a belief that he could not be heard in the Chamber of the Reichstag, where he took the oath of office. At the conclusion of the exercises an old soldier remarked, "His voice sounded like that of a major on parade."

On the day before the inauguration he was asked what he would do in case the communists in the Reichstag started a rough-house as they threatened to do. He replied:

"I will simply say to Doctor Loebe" president of the Reichstag -"'Mr. President, if you will bring your house to order I will proceed.'" Nothing was ever known to ruffle Hindenburg.

Hindenburg is always up at seven, and an hour later he has started his daily walk in that lovely park behind the palace. It lasts until nine. He usually spends the rest of the forenoon receiving heads of departments and deputations. Like most Germans, he eats his dinner in the middle of the day, and afterward, again following the usual Teutonic custom, has a nap. As with the elder John D. Rockefeller, who always took a snooze after lunch in his office, 26 Broadway, he ascribes much of his vitality and endurance to this post-prandial relaxation.

Hindenburg Off Parade

The general impression was that, as president, Hindenburg would lead a hermit life socially on account of his great age. Again the exact opposite has happened. Under Ebert the severest simplicity marked social affairs at the palace. Functions were also at considerable intervals and rather quiet.

Hindenburg at once inaugurated a series of dinners and receptions which astonished everybody, especially in the varied character of the guests. He has had no hesitancy in inviting the members of all parties except the communists, and he makes himself the target, on these occasions, for every conceivable kind of question. A military band is usually in attendance.

Once off parade—that is, free from public scrutiny and inspection—he loses himself in the peace and quiet of his family circle. Deep down, Hindenburg has a strong domestic instinct. His personal household at the palace is conducted by the wife of his only son, Major von Hindenburg, who is his father's adjutant. He is a Lutheran and goes to church every Sunday. In faith, he is a fundamentalist.

Although he lacks purely executive powers, he presides at important cabinet meetings and is consulted on every significant government undertaking. He keeps in close touch with German affairs, as was evidenced by an incident that happened on the day I began this article. At the cabinet meeting which was called to discuss the German answer to the invitation to attend the security conference, the question of the high cost of living in Germany came up. Hindenburg made it a point to urge the cabinet to make every possible effort to relieve the situation.

It is difficult to get anything by the president. He has a sort of journalistic thirst for information and he is not content until he knows all the facts about every proposition put up to him. He will not tolerate verbosity. Here you have the soldier again. He himself is concise and succinct, both with tongue and pen. He writes a strong, large hand, as the autograph under his picture indicates, using a thick stub pen or a heavy blunt pencil.

For Germany the spectacle of a soldier-president is a new one, because Ebert was a plain civilian. With us it is different. From Washington down through Jackson, Harrison, Grant and Roosevelt, we have watched the march from camp and field to the White House.

Since he is a soldier, it follows that Hindenburg runs his end of the government

Continued on Page 78

ANNOUNCING A NEW

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Because Duofold Fabric, in two *thin* layers, with air space between, uses the double wall *principle* (illustrated by the storm window) to increase its warmth and protection *without actually being bulky.*

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Write for interesting sample of Duofold's unique 2-layer fabric.

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$3.00 to $8.00
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$1.75 to $4.00
Children's and Boys' Union Suits
$1.75 to $4.50

Ladies' Union Suits
$3.50 to $5.50
Misses' Union Suits
$3.25 to $4.00
Infants' Styles
$.35 to $1.60

Duofold

Health Underwear for Men, Women, Children and Infants

(Continued from Page 76)

along military lines. He respects what Germans call the constitutionalism of the commanding officer who is trained to lean on a staff in which every man has a specific duty and is held strictly responsible for it. So with the public officials under him now.

The story is told that when Doctor Luther, the Chancellor, called on Hindenburg officially for the first time, he was addressed in this fashion:

"What have you to report?" It was exactly like a general receiving a subordinate.

It was on this occasion that the Chancellor intimated that the post of State Secretary, which corresponds with our secretary to the President, was desired by the People's Party. Hindenburg answered:

"Bring me the constitution and let me see whether it is set forth that I must choose my public officials according to the wishes of parties."

When the Chancellor hinted as discreetly as possible that to ignore his suggestion might lead to a crisis, the old president responded:

"In the whole constitution I do not once find the word 'crisis.'"

Doctor Luther then queried, "How do you stand toward the Social Democrats?"

The president's retort was:

"It is a matter of indifference to me whether the Chancellor or any other official is a Nationalist or a Social Democrat. Let me have a look at the man himself."

This is one of the many stories now current that reveal his attitude.

Not only has Hindenburg a lot of good common sense but he is not without a sense of humor. A characteristic anecdote of him relates to the early war days when, in conversation with some members of his staff, the talk turned to nervousness under fire. Several of the officers present admitted that they felt squeamish in battle, whereupon the field marshal confessed that when he was nervous he always whistled.

"But we have never heard you whistle, Herr Feldmarschall," spoke up a major.

Punctilious Over Details

"Of course not," replied the chief. "When the fire at home does not burn or the servants slam the doors, I get nervous; but in war, what is there to be nervous about? This is why you do not hear me whistle."

A contrast between Hindenburg and his predecessor, Ebert, is not only inevitable but it will serve to heighten some of the president's characteristics which have not already been disclosed. Ebert began as a simple artisan and in time succeeded the late August Bebel—the red Napoleon, as he was called—as head of the Social Democratic Party.

This was the reason why, in the social, economic and political cataclysm which followed the close of the war in Germany, he became the first president. He was elected provisionally by the National Assembly at Weimar following the revolution. This provisional status was changed to a regular one in 1921 by the Reichstag, which designated that his term should expire on June 30, 1925. The regular presidential term in Germany is seven years. Ebert died on February twenty-eighth, of this year.

Socially, Ebert never rose much above his original status. He was a sort of hail fellow well met, and did not shrink from going about with his old comrades, imbibing German beer, and representing, in short, a homespun democracy. He was a casual person, as befitted the leader and spokesman of the proletariat.

Hindenburg is the reverse in every respect. He comes from a fine old family, as the prefix "von" in his name indicates. His full name, which sounds like a line from the Almanach de Gotha, is Paul von Beneckendorf und Hindenburg. In the old days he represented the military caste, and that, in turn, was the ruling class. Just as he was a stickler for etiquette in those soldier times, so he is equally punctilious in every social and other detail now. You have only to come in contact with him to realize that he is absolutely intolerant of the slightest defection from the proper and conventional procedure.

Any analysis of Hindenburg invariably gets back to the question his election immediately raised, which is: Will reaction and even monarchy prevail in Germany?

It is evident that so far he has been nonpartisan in mood and performance. The truth of the matter is that he has really leaned away from the extreme right and has not given the monarchists the slightest crumb of comfort. When, after his inauguration, he went in triumph to Bavaria, the royalist stronghold and likewise the seat of the red agitation—no German state presents such wide political contrasts—he gave the Bavarian princely hang-overs there the go-by.

Loyal to Republicanism

He also scrupulously refrained from visiting Ludendorff, who, it will be recalled, was associated with Hitler in the *Putsch*—that is, the attempted coup; it proved to be a sad fizzle—which bore the latter's name, and which unfolded the banner of Fascism in Germany. The Germans refer to it as the *Hofbräuputsch* because it was framed up in the famous Munich Hofbräuhaus. The two generals who stood shoulder to shoulder in the war are now poles apart.

Hindenburg seems determined to avoid any political complications that could possibly jeopardize his nonpartisan course. This was evidenced by the following announcement which he caused to be published broadcast throughout Germany three days before his seventy-eighth birthday, which fell on October second last, by the Wolff Agency, the official news bureau of the German Government:

"The Reichspräsident has learned from press notices and letters addressed to him that associations and clubs are planning public demonstrations on his forthcoming birthday, and that they are calling upon people to display flags on their houses.

"The Reichspräsident, who will spend his birthday very quietly in the country, although thankfully acknowledging the evidence of friendship shown him, requests that these honors, particularly the display of the flag, be omitted. The Reichspräsident bases this action, in addition to personal grounds, on the fact that the proposed display of the flag might lead to political discussions and could cause a new division in our people, which at this time particularly needs unity and common purpose."

Hindenburg has almost gone out of his way to express his loyalty to republicanism. At the celebration of the birthday of the German republic on August eleventh, held in front of the Reichstag building in Berlin, he led the *hochs* with which the republic was acclaimed.

His one act savoring of the prewar order was the proclamation issued on September first, canceling Ebert's order forbidding the wearing of military uniforms. Ebert's edict was promulgated directly after the murder of Erzberger by two members of the Nationalist organization. Since nearly every male person in Germany has a uniform, and furthermore in view of the excessively high price of clothing, Hindenburg's order, from the economical standpoint, is something of a godsend.

Hindenburg's only appearance in uniform since his inauguration was at the army maneuvers.

Hindenburg's position today, certainly in approach, resembles that of Marshal MacMahon in France in the seventies. After the Franco-Prussian War a republic succeeded the Second Empire and the great soldier in time became president. There was a strong monarchial movement headed by the Comte de Chambord, who desired to be king under the name of Henry V. Parliament informally seconded his ambition. (Continued on Page 80)

FEDERAL TIRES

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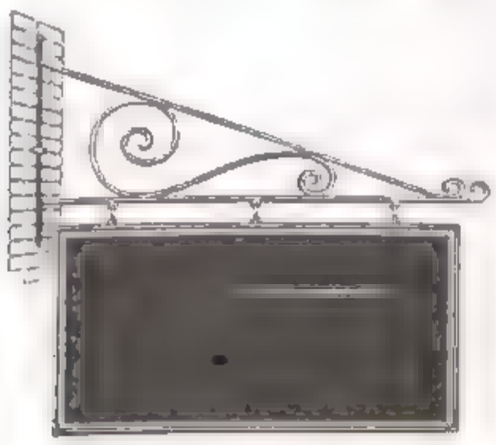
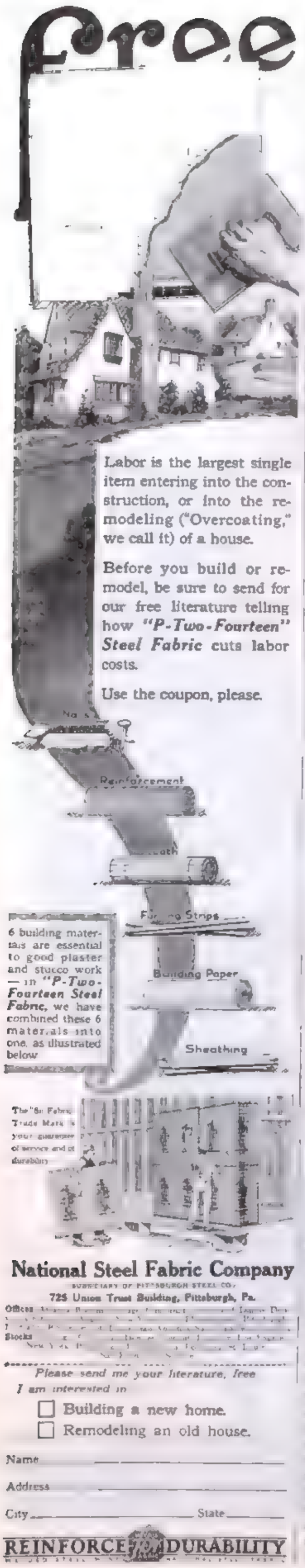
The only way to enjoy real tire satisfaction is to find a *good* tire sold by a man who realizes that his responsibility toward you does not end with the sale.

In buying Federal Tires you find this perfect combination. You are guaranteed *good* tires because Federals have a record of fine performance that spreads over many years. But of equal importance is the fact that you deal with the Federal Authorized Sales Agent, a well equipped, responsible merchant who knows that keeping his regular patrons pleased is as important as making new customers.

There is a Federal Tire at an attractive price to satisfy every tire requirement.

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Labor is the largest single item entering into the construction, or into the remodeling ("Overcoating," we call it) of a house.
Before you build or remodel, be sure to send for our free literature telling how "P-Two-Fourteen" Steel Fabric cuts labor costs.
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REINFORCE DURABILITY

(Continued from Page 78)

MacMahon, a royalist at heart, said in substance, however:

"I took the oath as president of a republic and I stand by my obligations. If you want a monarchy let the people vote for it."

An election was held and the republican form of government sustained. MacMahon then resigned and was succeeded by Grévy.

Now for the men around Hindenburg. Here we arrive at one key to his conduct. The tragedy of the last of the kaisers was that first he took his own unsound advice; second, he heeded the counsel of the militaristic ring—it did not include Hindenburg -whose obsession was might. It was their undoing. There is not the faintest glint of a brass button in the Hindenburg entourage.

The president's closest associates and advisers are two men who are sound and constructive and who are practically without political affiliation. First comes Doctor Luther, the Chancellor—a descendant of the great Martin Luther, by the way—who is not a member of any party, but a civil servant drafted into the national service. He made a specialty of economics at a university; and after serving as town councilor of Magdeburg, was mayor of Essen. While in Essen, he was associated with the administration of the Rheinisch-Westfälische Elektrizitäts-Werke, which was founded by the late Hugo Stinnes, who was president of the company. This company, which is ordinarily referred to in the Ruhr as the R. W. E., furnishes light and power for most of the Rhine-Westphalia communities. The *Bürgermeister* of Essen is automatically vice president. Doctor Luther got a business training in connection with it.

The second is Doctor Meissner, who, in his capacity as chief of the presidential bureau, has a closer contact with Hindenburg than any other official. He was trained in the law and has served as jurist. He was State Secretary under Ebert and continued in this post with the advent of Hindenburg. He is also without strict adherence to party.

Warden of the Marshes

Supplementing these two principal advisers is Hindenburg's solid sense and balance. No one has ever accused the president of having a brilliant mentality like Ludendorff's; but his sanity and therefore his safety have always stood him and his country in good stead. In the war, he sought always to conserve life, the opposite of the Falkenhayn tactics, which was to hurl men in mass formation. It was Hindenburg who opposed the continued attack on Verdun which was led by the crown prince. In 1917 he frankly declared that the old policy of holding the front lines in strength during incessant Allied bombardment was a mistake because of the casualties.

Once possessed of an idea, Hindenburg sticks to it until grim death. It means that doggedness is his chief trait. This leads to the war episode which gave him his great chance and which started him on the road to the presidency. Although at one time most people were familiar with the occurrence, it is well worth briefly rehearsing here. No other incident in Hindenburg's life meant so much to him.

When he became a staff officer in 1880, having served with credit at Sadowa and Sedan and been present when the first Emperor William was crowned in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, he conceived the idea that sooner or later Germany would be at war with Russia and that furthermore the Masurian Lakes in East Prussia would be the pivotal battle ground. Whenever he was given command of troops for maneuvers he invariably chose this area. It always happened that the armies opposed to him found themselves mired in these lakes and were forced to surrender technically. So obsessed was Hindenburg with the Masurian idea that his nickname in the army became the Warden of the Marshes.

Now comes the first phase of the drama in which Hindenburg became involved. Several years before the war he retired from active service and went to live in Hanover. Had he died then, or for that matter any time up to 1915, his name would have been known only in the military annals of Germany.

When the Russian steam roller steered by General Rennenkampf swept over East Prussia, there was consternation in Germany. Königsberg, where the first Hohenzollern was crowned, was isolated and Dantzic menaced. In this critical hour somebody in the general staff at Berlin remembered Hindenburg's obsession about the Masurian Lakes area. He was called back to active service, becoming what the British call a dugout—in other words, an old officer dug out of retirement.

First in War, First in Peace

At the age of sixty-eight Hindenburg was given command of the armies in beleaguered East Prussia. This time it was not a case of maneuver, but the real thing. In actual conflict, as in those mimic operations, he led the enemy to their destruction, crushed the Russian invasion, became the victor of Tannenberg and emerged from the campaign as the new hero of the empire. In 1916 he succeeded Falkenhayn as commander in chief of the German military forces and reported to no superior but the Kaiser himself.

So strong was the hold he had on popular affections that a huge wooden statue of him was erected in Berlin. Subscribers to the German Red Cross were permitted to drive a nail into it for every contribution they made. It was still standing when I reached the capital in 1919. Replicas of it in metal as well as wood were sold throughout Germany during the war in aid of the soldier relief.

Knowing these facts, you can readily understand the appeal that lay in Hindenburg's candidacy, once he consented to stand for the presidency. The sequence of events that led to it briefly was this:

When Ebert died, Doctor Luther functioned as president. Subsequently the Reichstag named Dr. Walter Simon, chief justice of the supreme court, as acting president until an election could be held. On March twenty-ninth the first popular election in Germany for a president was pulled off, with seven candidates in the field. They were Doctor Jarres, who represented the Right Bloc; Braun, the Socialists; Doctor Marx, former Chancellor, the Centrist, or Catholic, Party; Hellpach, the Democrats; Thaelmann, the Communists; Held, the Bavarian People's Party; and Ludendorff, the Fascists.

Under the constitution a candidate for president must get an absolute majority, and none achieved this in the first election. In consequence another had to be held. Everybody realized that it was the hour for consolidation. Stripped down, there were only three major interests in contention. They were the Monarchists, the Democrats and the Communists. A new Bolshevik offensive had been launched in Central Europe and there were rumbles of a repercussion in Germany. There was likewise the royalist danger from the extreme right.

Hindenburg became the choice of what came to be known as the Bürger Bloc, which included principally the Nationalists, the People's Party, which meant the industrialists—it was the party of Hugo Stinnes—and the Fascists. Doctor Marx again ran, this time the representative of a coalition of Centrists, Democrats and Socialists, while Thaelmann once more flew the red flag of the Communists. There were no other candidates.

As I have already intimated, Hindenburg made no campaign. His opponents, especially Doctor Marx, conducted a red-hot canvass. All Germany was wrought up. The women got out and worked, but mainly for the old soldier who was their ideal of all that a president should be.

Hindenburg's principles were set forth in the following extracts from his platform, which he called "an address to the German people":

"Patriotic Germans of every district and clan have nominated me for the highest office in the fatherland. I follow this call, after earnest meditation, in fidelity to my country.

"My life is an open book before all the world. I believe I did my duty during Germany's bitterest period. If this duty calls me to act on constitutional grounds, without regard to party, person, origin or calling, as president, I shall not be found wanting.

"As a soldier I had the entire nation in mind, not a party. Parties are necessary in a parliamentary-ruled state, but your highest executive must stand above parties and rule for every German, independent of them.

"I have never lost my faith in the German people and God's help. I am no longer young enough to believe in sudden changes of affairs.

"No war, no insurrection within Germany can free our divided nation, fettered, I am sorry to say, by discord. It will require a long period of quiet, peaceful work. The first necessary reforms are ridding the nation of those politicians who make politics a business. No state can prosper without order and cleanliness of living. The president is especially called upon to exalt holiness and right."

The second election, held on April twenty-sixth, brought out 30,351,948 votes, the largest number ever polled in Germany.

Hindenburg's victory was regarded as a repudiation of monarchy on the one hand and Moscowism on the other. One curious feature was that most of the people who voted for him never believed he could be elected. They were probably as much surprised over the result as the old field marshal himself.

Again, many who opposed him are now delighted that he got in. This is one of the chief features of the aftermath.

President of All the People

A typical post-election comment was made to me by Doctor Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, which is the financial center of Germany. He said, "Before the election I regarded Doctor Marx as the most desirable candidate. Now I am frankly convinced that we could not have a better president than Hindenburg."

The editor of one of the leading Liberal newspapers of Berlin, which fought Hindenburg in the campaign, made this remark:

"I confess that we were all wrong about Hindenburg. We thought he would breathe monarchy. Instead he is revealing himself as a president of all the German people."

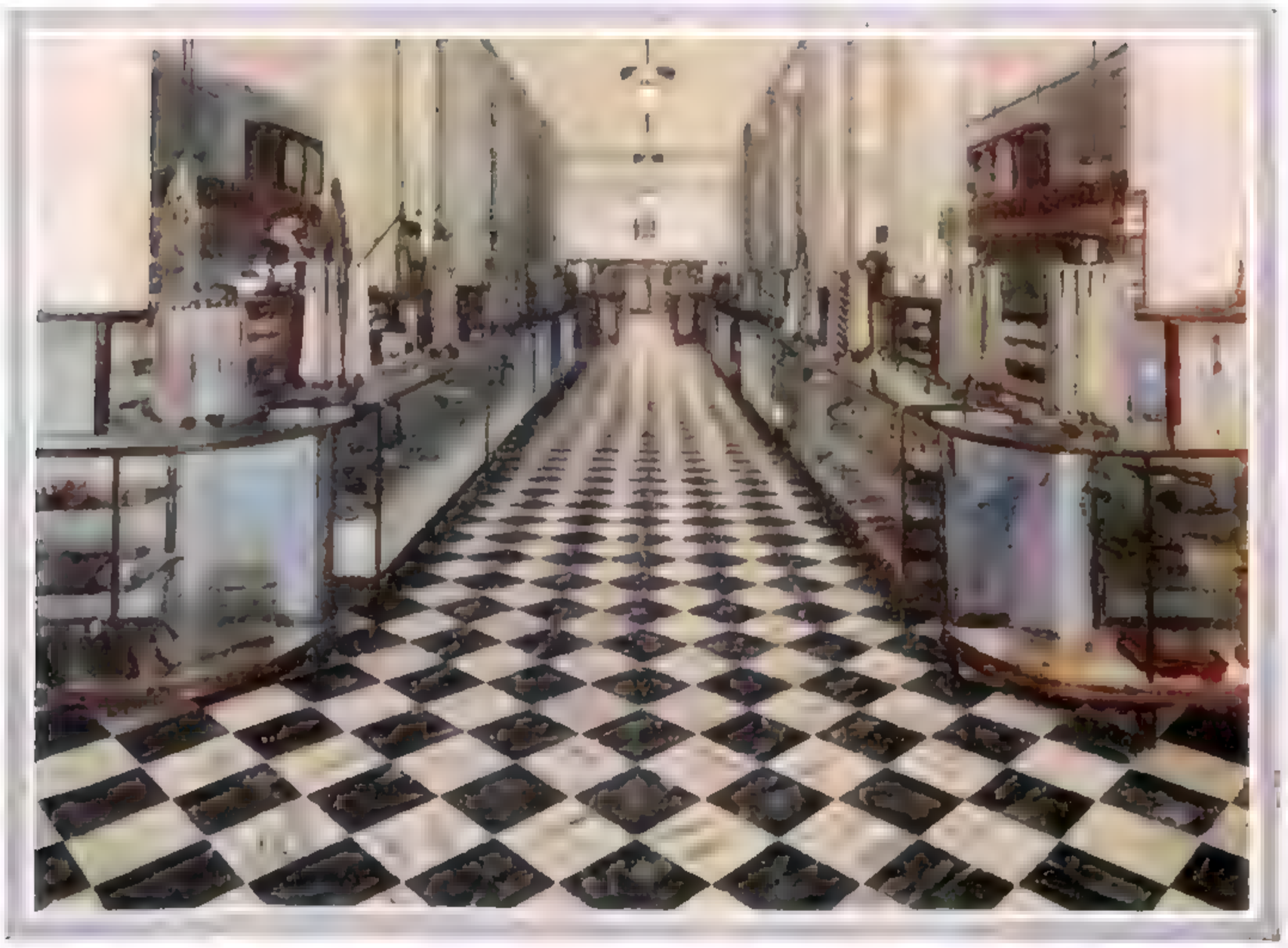
More to the point was the reply made by one of the valets at the Adlon Hotel, in Berlin, where I lived, when I asked him why he voted for Hindenburg. It was:

"I fought under the field marshal and respect him as a man and as a soldier. Unlike Ludendorff and Falkenhayn, Hindenburg's great desire was to save life whenever possible."

The women's point of view, and it is worth repeating that they were the decisive factor in the election, was summed up by the intelligent young person who usually acts as my secretary in Berlin. Here is her disclosure:

"I voted for Hindenburg because he is a fine clean old man who has always done his duty by his country. I felt that he was above party and would have the best interests of all the people in mind."

Such is the picture of Hindenburg, head of the new Germany entering upon an epoch of economic and political readjustment. In the look ahead one thing is certain. Unlike most of his contemporaries in office the world over, he is not apt to resort to expediency to guarantee a second term. At seventy-eight, and with a seven-year lease on his post, compromise is out of the question.



ONCE this San Francisco store of the Robert S. Atkins Company was so dark that flashlights had to be used to secure a good, clear photograph. Yet the picture reproduced here was taken without the aid of any artificial lights. The lustrous marble tile floor of Armstrong's Linoleum explains the transformation. This floor contributes light where it is most needed—it adds new smartness—it makes the whole store look bigger and the merchandise more inviting.

A shopworn floor is like shopworn merchandise

Both injure sales. Both cost money to carry. Both are taboo in the modern smart shop.

NO wise merchant today would try to dispose of shopworn goods except by means of the "bargain" counter. Many take the entire loss themselves when articles become soiled or damaged.

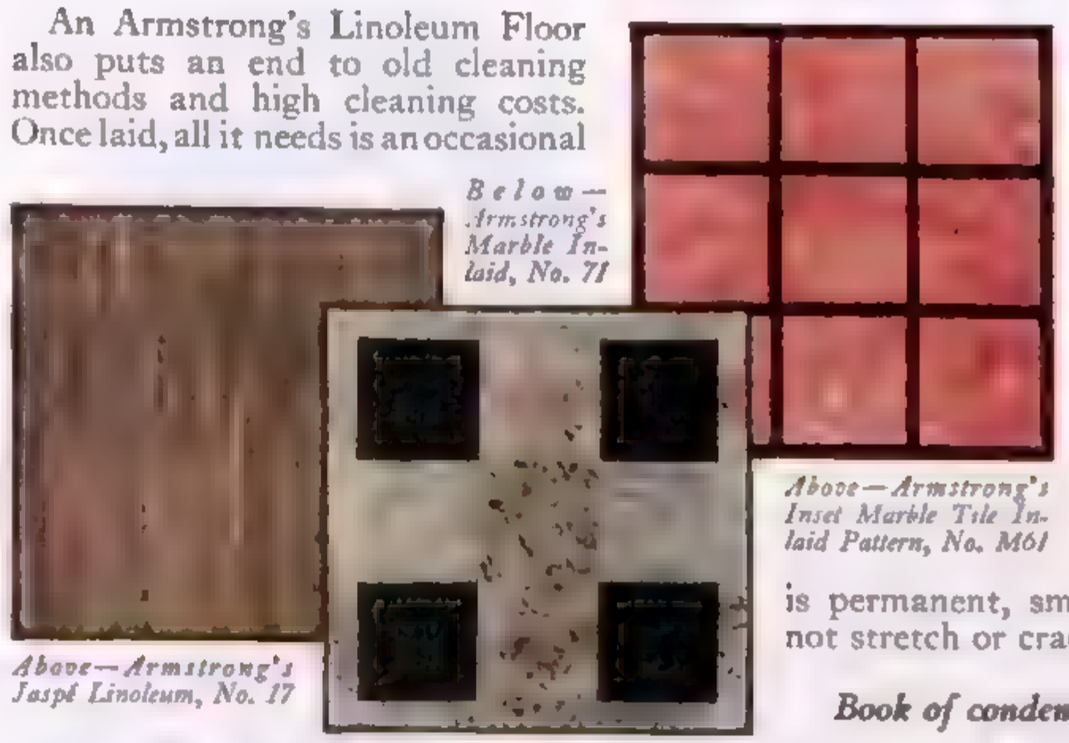
Why? Because retail shops of today cater to a critical buying public, and sales are largely affected by what the eye sees.

Yet even a store with all new merchandise looks old-fashioned, dreary, if it has a foot-worn, time-seared, shabby floor. Good merchants know this fact, too. That is why so many modern shops have quiet, clean, lustrous floors of *bright-looking* linoleum.

The correct colors and design of a well-chosen floor of Armstrong's Linoleum give a feeling of unobtrusive elegance to any store.

But dignified beauty is only one of its many advantages. Such a floor is a foot-easy floor—restful to weary shoppers; springy and warm to store personnel, too. It quiets footfalls to faint whispers; it deadens other store noises as well.

An Armstrong's Linoleum Floor also puts an end to old cleaning methods and high cleaning costs. Once laid, all it needs is an occasional waxing and polishing. Dust and dirt brush right up from its smooth surface. Feet cannot scuff or mar the design. It does not spot, stain, or splinter. And it never needs refinishing.



Below—Armstrong's Marble Inlaid, No. 71

Above—Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum, No. 17

Above—Armstrong's Inset Marble Tile Inlaid Pattern, No. M61

Installed quickly without muss

Near you is a merchant who will show you the many new designs now available in Armstrong's Linoleum. This merchant is equipped to install your new floor quickly—*and permanently*.

No noise. No upset. No dust and dirt. Expert layers cement your linoleum floor in place so quickly that there is practically no interruption to business. (The floor can be laid at night if necessary.) The finished floor is permanent, smooth, water-tight. It will not stretch or crack.

Book of condensed floor facts sent FREE

"Business Floors" brings in condensed form all the facts about selecting, laying, and caring for linoleum floors. It contains many illustrations of modern linoleum floors and colorplates of correct business patterns. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 858 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Ⓐ

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

PLAIN ∽ INLAID ∽ JASPÉ ∽ PRINTED

I WANT TO BE A LADY

(Continued from Page 28)

Fids. In short, their fortunes, let alone his own, depended on the unimpaired conduct of the lunch room; and clearing his throat Fid once more spoke. "I'm a-askin' you," said Fid, "how soon do you aim to hit th' grit outer this?"

There was a pause. After it, as his assistant hadn't seemed to hear him, Fid loudly cleared his throat. "You know now, I gotta hire on another hand w'en you lights out," added Fid; and as Judy still made no reply, he cleared his throat again. "Wal?" inquired Fid.

Judy looked up momentarily. "What did you say?" she asked.

Fid stared. "Say, if that wouldn' scatter you!" he remarked.

For a third time, his air now determined, Fid returned to the charge. It was true, as he'd said, that if Judy departed he would have to take on another aid; and what was more, to find one in that particular country involved no little difficulty. Still more would it be so to find one who was competent. Vital, however, as was this question, in the midst of expressing it Fid's interest in his own concerns seemed to wander, then to stray afar. In other words, if his aid, as he'd suggested, meant to light out pronto, leaving him to hunt a successor to her place, it was less this than another, less practical matter that now seemed to engross him.

"Yeh, hit's like I been a-sayin'," said Fid; "like as not, now you got all that thur money, you-all 'll be a-moseyin' outer here right smart; on'y I'm a-tryin' to figger whichaway you'll be a-aimin' to head." His smile eager, he nodded confidingly. "That's hit, Judy—I mean Miss Jude," Fid hastily corrected himself—"the facks is, me 'nd Mrs. M. was a-talkin' it over this A.M., only me 'nd her couldn't agree none. Cheyenne was where you'd head fur, I said just on a guess—or mebbe it's Chicaggy; but Mrs. M., she sez, 'Shet yer head, Murch; don't be a blattin' idjit!' So I guv another guess. 'Wot! You don't think hit's Noo York?' I sez. And call me a liar, Miss Jude, but whatta you think she sez? 'Noo York, you lunkhead? You mean Yurrup!' That's wot she sez; 'nd I wouldn' wunner was she right. Now how soon 're you a-leavin', huh?" asked Fid, rapt.

Judy looked up again. "Leaving?" she inquired.

Fid nodded. "Yeah, leavin' here," he prompted; and Judy stared at him. "Leavin' for Yurrup, y' know," added Fid.

Judy's lips parted momentarily. "I don't know what you're talking about," she said; and Fid's face fell hopelessly.

"Wal, hog-tie 'nd throw me!" he remarked.

Just the same, the restaurant keeper had reason for his curiosity. What he sought to learn was a matter that had concerned all of Pinto that morning. Before this the news of the will had been spread, and Fid was not the only one who burned to find out what the girl at the lunch room meant to do with all her sudden wealth.

Naturally with all that money no one of a sane mind would care to linger in Pinto. Not in any two-by-four, one-hoss cow town like that. Not if it could be helped. To be frank, the more one heard the talk, the more completely could the hearer detect the state of civic pride in Pinto—that or an entire lack of it. To get out of the place, and to get out at full speed, seemed, in fact, to be one, if not the only aim and ambition of each of its residents; though omit this now. The chief interest in Judy's fortune was what Judy meant to do with it; and trying again, once more Fid was saying raptly "Yeah, with all that dough," when all at once he stopped. His assistant suddenly had started.

A sudden sound had broken the stillness at the station—the quick scurry of a pony's feet outside. As it reached her she raised her head alertly. A pony, though for that matter anything in the shape of horse, was no novelty to Fid; and he resumed again. Here was this money; and here, too, was Judy. Then, too, before she had it was all the talk Fid had heard about Judy going East. She'd go East, in course; on'y now, mebbe, even the East wouldn't suit. What she'd want now, a-having all that money she had, would be to cut a reglar swath, wouldn' it? And thoroughly warmed up now, Fid again was saying "In Yurrup now," when again he stopped abruptly. "Hell," muttered Fid morosely; "howdy, Mr. Lippitt."

The door had opened. As indicated, it was the horse wrangler from the Cayuse who had opened it, added to which Lippitt seemed to have come in haste. Dust covered him; and his chaps were flecked with white—the sweat of the pony he'd apparently ridden hard. Added to that, the horse wrangler himself was perspiring damply, his round red face beaded with moisture; though what one perhaps would have noticed more than that was the look he wore. His air concerned, Lippitt glanced across the counter to the figure behind the coffee machine; then he slowly shook his head.

He said nothing, yet had he shouted, it could not have been more pregnant, perhaps, to the girl staring at him. Judy hurriedly scrambled to her feet. "What!" she exclaimed.

Glancing from her to Murchison, the horse wrangler looked back at her. "No, ma'm," he said.

Another muffled exclamation came from her. One hand went involuntarily to her breast. "You went out there, you say?" she demanded.

The horse wrangler nodded. "What!" she cried again.

"Yes, ma'm."

"And you didn't find anyone?"

"No, ma'm."

"Didn't Sim Fessenden know?"

"No, ma'm."

"Nothing?"

Again Lippitt shook his head. "Not hide nur hair nur any stitch," he said positively; and again the girl behind the counter caught at her breath.

"Say, wot's up anyhow?" demanded Fid Murchison, baffled; but the two seemed neither to heed nor to hear him. Judy was staring at the horse wrangler, her breath still held. "Why—why ——" she gasped; then all at once her eyes leaped.

It was as if some thought, a surmise, had swept on the instant into her mind; and darting out from behind the lunch counter, she sped toward the door. "Hey, whur you a-goin'?" called Fid Murchison; but the tall, slim figure made no response. Already she was out on the station platform, and her eyes shielded under her uplifted hand, she was staring fixedly along the railroad track, where, far away, a faint, tenuous smudge betokened the distant passing of Number 88. Beneath it the twin steel ribands of the rails gleamed and glinted in the staring sunshine. Judy, though, was concerned with neither the sunshine nor the track nor even the far-off departure of Number 88. On the rim of a distant rise a figure plodded onward, its course set between the two bands of metal; and as the girl's eyes lit upon it she gave another ejaculation.

The cry was unintelligible. It was echoed, though, by a cry from Lippitt. "Hey, holt on thur!" the horse wrangler shouted; but he might have saved his breath. Already the girl out on the platform had darted around a corner of the building and was lost to view.

Back of the lunch room the horse wrangler's sweating pony stood where its owner had left it; and as a figure in flying skirts snatched at its bridle it squatted back, then reared in fright. Judy's hand, however, already had gripped the pommel; and swinging into the saddle while the pony still was in mid-air, she wrung its head around. The next instant there was a thunder of hoofs upon the planking, and pony and rider reappeared in view on the platform itself.

Over her shoulder while she steadied the now frantic animal she cried a shrill direction. "Get Lem, Dozey!" she called. The "Lem" in question was Peters—Hog Eye, otherwise; and she cried out again, "Tell Lem I need him too!" Then, leaping the bronco down to the level of the railroad track, at full tilt she sent the pony scuttling over the ties and switch points, heading toward that distant figure on the sky line.

"Say, if she ain't plumb gone loco!" said Fid Murchison.

That was all Fid said, however. A round red face, its look menacing, was thrust close to his. At the same time a clenched fist was dandled under Fid's nose in imminent menace. "Shet yer face!" a harsh voice snarled.

Then, the fist wagged in emphasis, Dozey Lippitt added, "You let on to any of this, feller, 'nd I'll bust you good, you hear!"

V

THE raw cold of the night air had gone; the sun, now high, blazed down on the prairie and the foothills; and in the distance the shimmering heat waves already had begun to sway and dance. Farlow, though, doggedly plodded on. Not once, in fact, since he had turned his back on Pinto and headed eastward in the wake of Number 88 had he cast a look behind him at the place he had left. However, on one score both the town and himself were quits. If he had seen enough of Pinto, it's to be said that Pinto had seen enough of him.

In that locality adventurers of Farlow's particular type were not any especial novelty. Remittance men and other broken-down gentlemen, in fact, seemed to come and go with the seasons; though why in their wandering they chose to pick on this one section of the world is more or less a question. "The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth," Holy Writ sets forth; but aside from this or whatever the lure and why so many of the sort inevitably head out West, the fact remains that on the night Farlow dropped off the express at Pinto there was not a lounger on the station platform who could not have foretold offhand the exact course he would run. Arriving by Pullman, strays of his kind departed subsequently by freight—either that or in due time they were tucked conveniently into the ground on some lonely hill; and though the stray in question had neither died nor otherwise departed, in few other respects had he differed. If, for example, he worked, it was only at odd intervals. Then, too, the work was brief. Loading and unloading freight was about the only job the locality had to offer a drifter as incompetent and unused to work as he was; yet had he possessed the brawn of a Samson it's not likely it would have made much difference. Once he was paid off, night found him back at Fessenden's; and there in the mixed society of the pool room's clientele, and filled with the raw, scalding liquor Fessenden dispensed, the sorry figure seemed to find the one enjoyment life still held in store. However, what one may wonder is that having made a mess of this, much as he'd made a mess of it elsewhere, a drifter like him should have remained so long in the place.

Not even Farlow could have answered this. It may have been only another instance of the futility essential to such characters as himself—a drifter. At the same time, though, no man, however futile, is wholly worthless; and to this not even he was the exception. If he had become down and out, it still was not just by choice. Inability or, to be just, plain ignorance had had a hand in that; and in this he resembled most of his sort, the failures who think a new country is always the place to make a new start.

Once he had hit the West, to live and to get on had looked simple. It had seemed so at first anyway. In fact, after one glimpse at that raw region and its inhabitants Farlow had figured contemptuously that if they could do it, how easy it would be for a man of his superior education and advantages. There were the cow hands, for example. They roped cows, herded cattle and rode their half-broken range horses with a careless confidence that made the task look trivial. So easy had it looked that he had tried it too. And he had failed. He had failed, too, even at the drudgery of loading freight. Eventually, at any rate, he found himself outclassed at that burly toil; and though for months he kept at it off and on, one night now a few weeks back the boss of the freight gang had paid him off, then told him succinctly to "get the hell out of this!"—that he wasn't worth his salt. Perhaps not. Perhaps, too, it was no news to the man who heard it. His final shame, however, had been reserved for the following day when he awakened in the raw dawn to find himself stretched out in the litter back of the railroad station.

Dawn, to be sure, was no novelty to him, nor was it any more of a novelty to lie out the night in such surroundings; but what awakened him to sudden consciousness was the glimpse of a figure standing over him. It was that tall, slim girl, the waitress at the station lunch room, and her air grim, she had him by the shoulder. "Get up, you!" she said; and with a stout hand she half dragged him to his feet. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Ashamed, yes. So he had been; though that was not all. Shambling and uneasy—though why, he could not have told—he had slunk to his feet and tried to straighten out his soiled attire. "You come with me," the girl had ordered harshly; and still abashed, he had shacked after her into the lunch room, where silently and her face hard she had pulled a wash basin and a cake of stout yellow soap out from under the counter. Then, when she had filled the basin at a tap, she set both the basin and the soap on a bench beside the door. "Now wash yourself!" she'd ordered curtly.

He had washed himself. Meanwhile she had gone on working hurriedly behind the counter, where already she had the lamp lit beneath the nickel-plated boiler. Then, when he had made shift to cleanse his face and hands and restore some order to his blowzy clothes, she had shoved a cup of the black, steaming liquor across the counter toward him. "Here, drink that!" she'd ordered.

Queer, that girl. It was not the first time he'd surmised something of her peculiarities. For one thing, if you tried banter you got nowhere; and her talk, when she did talk, was not just the sort you'd expect from a biscuit shooter—that is, the usual flossy reigning in some wayside eating joint. True, Farlow hadn't wasted much time or experience in chaffing the gold-haired, gold-toothed kind, though he still had encountered the variety; and this girl didn't run to the type. Anyway, having finished his coffee, he'd remarked idly, in the way one makes conversation with the "goldies," "Nice weather we're having, deary"—and the next instant he could have cursed himself for the banality.

Deary, eh? Her face flaming, she had shot a look at him, then pointed to the door. "You go!" she'd ordered.

"I beg your pardon," Farlow had mumbled humbly.

This, however, was not the final outcome, the full shame he was to face. Slouching to the door, he was opening it when she said sharply, "Wait!" From under her narrowed lids she had looked at him a moment. Her speech, too, when she spoke again, had lost its usual set preciseness, lapsing momentarily into the local vernacular. "I reckon, friend," she said

(Continued on Page 87)

Two continents say *"Goodbye, buggy wheels ...here's Budd-Michelin"*

More than half of Europe's cars ride on Budd-Michelin wheels... In America, Budd-Michelin carries more motor vehicles than all other steel wheels combined...

And thereby hangs a tale

WHEN BEN-HUR won the Roman Derby the wood-spoked wheel was already so old nobody thought about it any more . . .

Two thousand years later people were still trying to equal Ben-Hur's speed on the highways—and still traveling on wood-spoked wheels . . .

Then came the revolution in highway travel. Speed jumped from six miles an hour to sixty. The weight of vehicles was multiplied. New problems of braking and steering were encountered . . .

The wood-spoked wheel had been adequate since the beginning of time, because horse-speed represented the maximum in highway travel . . .

But automobile-speed—automobile-weight—automobile-braking and steering—these are another story . . .

Goodbye, buggy wheels!

* * *

A great engineer quit thinking in terms of wood-spoked wheels and designed a wheel for the *automobile* . . .

He selected the material that makes possible the rest of the car—*steel* . . .

He developed a new *convex* form that permits the placing of brakes and king pins *within* the wheel, for more positive braking and easier steering . . . for better protection of brakes from mud and water . . .

He made his wheel *demountable*, for quick adjustment of brakes and quick changing of tires . . .

He provided a *fifth* wheel, to dress up the rear of the car and carry the spare tire . . .

He gave his wheel strength to withstand collisions . . . beauty that adds beauty to any car . . .

Europe saw this wheel first, and was quick to adopt it. Now it is sweeping America . . .

Two Continents say, *"Goodbye, buggy wheels.* Here's Budd-Michelin!"

* * *

Perhaps the car you are thinking of buying has Budd-Michelin Wheels as standard equipment. Perhaps it will be necessary for you to specify them, and pay a few dollars more. In either case . . .

Goodbye, buggy wheels!

BUDD

WHEEL COMPANY

Detroit *Philadelphia*

BUDD-MICHELIN—*the All-Steel Wheel gives you these advantages:*

—a scientific convex form, increasing resilience, harmonizing with the lines of your car, and permitting the placing of brakes and king pins within the wheel, for better braking and easier steering—for greater protection of brakes from mud and water

—a light wheel (lighter than wood) tapering toward the rim, making starting and stopping easier

Cross-section showing convex design

—five wheels to a set. An extra wheel to dress up the rear of your car, easy to substitute in case of tire trouble. No rims to remove. Just a few turns on the nuts *at the hub*

—a wheel which cools the tire, adding to the tire's life and service by drawing off and radiating friction-heat

—a wheel which can't come off until you want it off

—cleanliness. No spokes to collect dirt. A more enduring finish than wood will take

—everlasting strength, promoting safety. Triumphant beauty!

The Electrola adapts the radio principle

The Electrola

In addition to the new Orthophonic Victrola—the wonderful new instrument recently introduced which establishes a new standard of music in the home—we offer another marvelous new product which obtains its results by an entirely different method.

Instead of the acoustic principle, the Electrola makes use of an electrical system of amplification. Instead of a diaphragm reproducer, the Electrola employs magnetic "pick-up" and Radiotron vacuum tubes. Instead of a sound-amplifying compartment, a cone-type loud speaker is used.

The Electrola is operated entirely by electricity, and the method of "stepping up" the power results in enormous volume—big enough to fill large auditoriums and of special value for dance music—but by means of a control the volume is readily reduced and adapted to any sized room.

The instrument is remarkably compact, occupying a minimum of floor space, and is economical in operation—the cost of current is less than that for the average electric fan and the vacuum tubes are unusually long-lasting.

The Electrola can also be had in combination with the Radiola—both in one cabinet. An electrically operated instrument for both sound reproduction and radio reception that is the most complete and unique ever offered in combination instruments.

a new Victor product to reproduction of records

The Electrola and Radiola combined

The combined Electrola and Radiola offers these distinct advantages:
The new 8-tube Radiola Super-Heterodyne
Requires no aerial
Operates from light socket—no batteries needed. No springs to wind
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See and hear the Electrola, with or without the Radiola combination, at the store of the nearest dealer in Victor products. It will be a revelation to you.

Victrola

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

IMAGINATION
THE
BUSINESS
BUILDER

Which of these twenty advantages

added to your product will make it more saleable?

IN these days of intensive competition, those manufacturing businesses are most safely equipped which maintain two invisible departments:

One:—the Department of Discontent, whose province is to ask, "How soon will someone else make a better product . . . and, when a better one is produced, what will happen in *our* markets?"

The other:—the Department of Imagination, whose duty is to say, "We will *now* find the way in which *our* product can be improved and its saleability increased."

• • •

To manufacturers who maintain these departments—we suggest this: *"Investigate DUCO'S ability to improve other products—and learn what it may do to improve your product."*

• • •

Just because your motor car is enduringly finished with DUCO, or because the new furniture in your home is beautified and protected by it, do not think of DUCO merely as an automobile or furniture finish.

It is applicable to practically *any* article of wood, metal, fibre or composites, and *it adds definite new values to each product.*

DUCO gives to every product on which it is used a richly lustrous surface, either transparent or colored, with the following additional qualities:

It dries so quickly that articles finished with it can be packed almost immediately.

It is astoundingly durable. It is waterproof—easily cleaned—non-absorbent—sanitary.

It is not affected by steam, boiling water, alkaline soaps, heat or cold, gases or oils, perspiration, salt air, dust or repeated cleaning.

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DUCO may be had in a flat satin-like effect or a rich gloss.

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Because of these distinctive improving-values, DUCO is already used by most of the larger manufacturers of automobiles, by more than seventy furniture manufacturers, and by hundreds of manufacturers of diversified products.

In order that you may know whether one or more of these new values may be added to your product, we freely offer the assistance of a DUCO Finishing Engineer. Write for a manual of information. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J., Chicago, San Francisco.

863

DU PONT DUCO

Unlike anything else . . . . . it is **DUCO**, the beautiful enduring **FINISH**

There is only ONE Duco . . . DU PONT Duco DU PONT

(Continued from Page 82)

slowly, "you'd better hear the news. You've a-been cuttin' loose around here for quite a spell now; and mebbe you haven't heard tell what's up. If I was you I'd have a care!"

Have a care? He was inclined to smile at her. Why should he have a care about anything? The girl's face, though, did not alter; it still was set and hard; and she drawled painfully, "The boys round here, those nesters in particular, are fixing to run you out of this."

"What!"

The word had leaped from him as if he'd been struck. Run him out? It was so—exactly that, it seemed; though not even this was the final touch to his shame. Not to him, at any rate. "It's like I'm tellin'," the girl said slowly; and she added, "They'd a-done it already if I hadn't stopped them."

Well, there you are. One may judge, in fact, to what depths and dregs Rand Farlow had let himself sink. However, though the knowledge that he was rated an outcast was shocking, the fact that this girl had saved him from the outrage seemed to him more degrading. A waitress, a girl in a railroad eating house! And hers had been the only hand stretched out to aid him! "Yes, but next time mebbe I cain't," she'd added laconically.

"Why did you do it anyway?" he'd asked.

She hadn't answered that. With a shrug she'd turned away.

Stunned, Farlow had stumbled homeward. Some rags and tatters of former respectability still were left to him, however low he may have sunk; and the threat that he might be run out of town like any tramp was an awakening. As a result, for a week he'd kept clear of the Palace Pool Parlor, fighting off his desire. Then, afire inwardly and his nerves unstrung from his craving, he gave up the struggle and slipslopped down the road toward the town. However, he still hadn't gone to Sim's place. That was the night she had come back from the ranch on the Cayuse; and in the dark he had run across her, the girl not only reminding him of his promise but reminding him of the consequences. "You're a gentleman; a gentleman keeps his promise," she'd said artlessly; but whether it was this or whatever else it was that had served to keep him clear of Fessenden's, there was one influence that neither he nor the girl seemed to have taken into account. The next night, anyway, the door of his shack was thrust open and Sim Fessenden himself sidled in. "Hullo thur!" boomed Sim. "Whur you been all this long time? Don't ye know me 'nd th' boys is waitin' fur ye down to the Palace?" Then from his pocket the ex-desert rat produced a flask; and an hour later, his head swimming from Sim's potent brew, Farlow once more found himself clinging unsteadily to the rail of Fessenden's bar.

One may as well hurry on with this. The world is filled with too many broken-down gentlemen, wrecks like this, to waste time on the details of their downfall; and Farlow's did not differ much from the others. It's enough to say that in Fessenden's that night Farlow heard a bit of news. It was that his uncle, the ranch man on the Cayuse, was dying—a happening that serves to explain, no doubt, Sim's sudden cordiality. "Got quite a wad, ain't he?" said Sim. "I hear tell, too, you're his on'y relative, eh, wot?" But if so, and if, in fact, this was the why of Farlow's sudden popularity, the new interest proved of brief duration. The will filed at the county clerk's office down at Lattimer had been sufficient to end that; though this is of small moment here. Rand Farlow was finished with Pinto, as, for that matter, Pinto was finished with him. If he lingered he knew what he might expect.

An outcast, a pariah! That was why, the day before, he had wired his mother at Lattimer. He had heard she came West hurriedly, and he surmised, too, why she'd come; though never mind that either. Why he'd wired her was the same reason why he'd appealed desperately to her at the railroad station this morning. She'd been deaf, true, to the appeal; though it was not without good reason. At any rate, had he ever done anything to warrant belief in him? Whether or not, his face burned at the thought of what had happened. It burned still deeper as he recalled the finishing incident—the moment when that girl, the waitress, had offered him the money to pay his fare. That was the last, the final touch; and stung, something cracked inside Farlow. Sick from it, the fever to get out of that place, away from it, shook him like a reed. He must get home! Back East was his home—not this hell hole where he found himself. Back East he could try again, make another fight of it; and as Number 88, the express he'd hoped and planned to leave on, pulled out from the station, Farlow had cast one look about him. Then he had stepped down to the track and set out in its wake.

Home! His face dogged, Farlow trudged on.

"Rand!"

The sun rose, its heat scorching. Dust rose from beneath the walker's feet; and he was stifled by the hot, acrid scent of the sagebrush—that and the powdery alkali; yet he plodded on, his gait unflagging. Mumbling and muttering, he did not hear a quick sound that broke on the heavy stillness. The sound grew, a drumlike thudding rapidly drawing nearer. Then, with an abrupt scurrying rush the cause of all this drew up closer; though it was not until it was abreast of him and the voice again called out to him that Farlow awoke. "Rand!" cried the voice. "Rand!"

Farlow turned.

Three miles or so behind him was the town. The houses with their peaked roofs and flat false fronts stood out grotesquely in the staring sunlight; and nearer at hand was the nester's squalid, tumble-down shack where for so long he had made a shift of life and living. Farlow, though, did not look at them. A sweating pony, its flanks heaving, was lurching up the low slope of the railroad track close at hand; and as he stared sullenly at it the rider slipped to the ground and threw the lines over the pony's head.

It was that girl again, the one from the railroad lunch room. Her face set, she strode toward him. "Where are you going?" she demanded.

Where was he going, eh? Farlow knew well enough; but that was one thing, and to tell her was another. His face dark, he curled his lip momentarily. "What's that to you?" he returned.

His tone was curt, blunt, not to call it brutal. He was hardly prepared, though, for the response she made. "Rand!" she cried; and all of a sudden, the gesture impulsive, she laid a hand on his arm. "Please, Rand!"

Farlow stared.

Not even he could have mistaken the appeal. One could not mistake, either, something else voiced in her intonation. Farlow's wonder grew as he gazed at her; and as if she saw the look and realized its wonder, a swift tide of color swept up into her face. Then she spoke, her speech abrupt and awkward. "I know what you think," she said. "I can't help it though. I've just got to tell you, Rand. I want you to come back with me."

Farlow gaped at her in silence.

He was not prepared for anything like this. In the times he'd drifted in and out of the station no hint of that had come to him. At another time he might even have taken it humorously. Not now, however. Be that as it was, though, the girl gave no heed to his wondering amazement. "Come on back, Rand," she said slowly. "I'll fix you up. You and I will make a fight of it for you together."

Together? If he'd had any doubt before, the word—that and the look that went with it—left but one conclusion; and he drew in his breath. He still could not believe her in earnest though; and for a moment he faltered. "Do you mean—mean you want to marry me?" he said.

No hurt was intended. It was sheer amazement rather than any wish to injure that gave the words their intonation; yet the effect was painful. The tall figure stiffened rigidly. At the same time the tide of color in her face waned away. Then she spoke.

"Let's be plain," said Judy. "As like as not, I'm not anything you'd expect from a girl. Anyway, I've got no false notions about myself. I'm what I am—that's all; but just the same I can do for you what a good many women, just girls, never could. That's the fact—and I don't mean, either, I'm speaking of the money I have. The money goes with me though; and that's something, if it's not all. I'm offering to help you. I'm offering to set you on your feet, make you what you were once more—clean and decent and—and a man." While she spoke her eyes had drifted away, and with one foot she was burrowing awkwardly in the cinders of the railroad bed. Now, however, she looked up at him again, her face troubled. "Now will you come back with me?" she asked.

He still marveled. "Why?" he inquired.

"I've told you, haven't I?" she answered.

"Yes, but why would you care to marry anyone like me?" asked Farlow.

Her answer was frank. "I just don't know," answered Judy.

Back at the station Fid Murchison gave an abrupt exclamation. His excitement growing, for ten minutes or so Fid had been hitching about from one foot to the other. Now, as he looked along the track toward the two distant figures standing there, Fid's bottled-up emotion all at once exploded.

"Say, dummed if she ain't bringing him back with her!" he cried.

So it looked too. Up the track the two had turned, and were coming back to Pinto.

VI

THAT day was one to be remembered. Excitement is perhaps not just the word that describes the town's sensations; but just the same, throughout the morning and as the day waned, the hours drifting on toward evening, there was a buzz and stir in Pinto that seemed close to that, excitement. Shut off from the world, like other small-town places Pinto might be trusted, in fact, to make the most of every happening, however slight; and this proved no exception. If so, however, it still was not quite clear just how great a part of the stir was due to the happenings down at the railroad station. True, the news of the will was out. In dying, Harbison, as it was known, had left all his fortune to the daughter of his former head boss, Jeff Caswell, deceased. Then, too, on top of this was heard the whisper of another happening. It was the veiled, vague rumor coupling Harbison's nephew with the girl who'd inherited the money. Although the nephew had been seen to leave the town, heading eastward in the wake of Number 88 that morning, it was known now that he was back—temporarily, at any rate. Along toward midafternoon a final rumor ran the rounds like wildfire. It was that Judy Caswell, the girl who'd inherited Harbison's money, was leaving for the East that night on Extra 126, and that she was taking Harbison's nephew with her!

Pinto buzzed in fact now.

The day was Saturday, the big day in the town. On Saturdays the cow hands, the nesters and others in the section rode in to do their week-end marketing—that or to indulge in their regular Saturday "bust"; and the one street was thronged. Fessenden's, in particular, was crowded. Sim was, in fact, kept steadily on the jump; though in spite of the trade he was doing, Sim seemed in no discursive frame of mind. Uneasy, not to call it furtive, the pool parlor's owner evaded as a topic any reference to Harbison or what Harbison had done with his money; and he dodged also any talk that had to do with the ranch owner's

(Continued on Page 89)

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This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the *harsh effect of free alkali* which is common in ordinary soaps. The *free alkali* soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

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(Continued from Page 87)

nephew, Farlow's return to the town especially. "'T ain't no affair of mine," growled Sim, adding, "I guv him th' tip yistriday he'd better make himself scurce." But having said this much, Sim broke off abruptly. A figure in leather chaps and a battered sombrero had just appeared in the doorway; and scowling, Sim demanded, "What you want, feller?"

"I don't want nothin'—not offen you anyway," returned the figure.

It was Hog Eye Peters. After a searching glance about him at the pool parlor and its occupants, the cow hand glanced again at Sim; and then spitting reflectively on Sim's floor he withdrew. This, however, was merely an incident. Aside from all else, if the town had known the full facts of the happening that morning down at the railroad it would have done more than merely buzz.

As yet, though, Fid Murchison hadn't had a full chance to spread what he'd seen. True, Fid hadn't seen much; but though what he'd seen was exciting, and though Fid, too, was primed to give it full significance, up at Sondstrom's, the general store, he hardly had begun to splutter out what he knew when he halted. Over by the groceries side stood Dozey Lippitt. Dozey's eye was bent on him; and at the air the horse wrangler wore Fid's remarks trailed off into nothingness. "Wal, you ban sayin' something?" Sondstrom encouraged; but Fid said no, it was nothing. "Looks like rain," he mumbled; and he had subsided into silence when Lippitt spoke: "Twenty-five pound o' sow belly, Ole, 'nd a sack o' Double X. You kin pack th' bacon 'nd flour with th' spuds, Ole."

"You ban goin' somewhere?" singsonged Sondstrom.

"I guess," nodded the horse wrangler idly.

A moment afterward his bunky, Peters, slouched in. He had just come up the street from Fessenden's; and helping himself to a can of tomatoes, with a dexterous knife Peters slit the cover, drained the can's contents, and smacked his lips. As he flung the empty tin behind the counter he shot a glance at Lippitt. "Seen anything?" he inquired, his voice guarded.

The horse wrangler shook his head. "Ain't been over thur," he answered as guardedly.

For a moment Hog Eye cogitated. "How much chewin' did you put in with th' beans 'nd bacon?" he asked.

Lippitt told him. A pound a week, he figured, was what a man would consume; and he had ordered four pounds even. Peters again cogitated. "Better double that, Dozey. Two weeks ain't no time, considerin'."

"Wal, mebbe ye're right, Hog," reflected the horse wrangler; and he called to Sondstrom, "Hey, Ole; make that eatin' tobacco eight pound 'stead o' four."

"Say, Doze," said Peters after a moment.

He glanced about him. Again his air was guarded. "I hear sumpin just now. A feller was tellin' it. He let on that Truby Cole's up Clawhammer way."

"What!" said Lippitt.

"A-huntin' mavericks," nodded Peters.

The horse wrangler's face looked concerned. "Mavericks? Up in them hills? They ain' none!" he exploded.

"Wal," returned Hog Eye Peters, "just th' same the feller sez he's up thur." After a stare at his bunky, his red face still more perturbed, Lippitt let fall another exclamation.

"Hell!" he ejaculated, and gave a whistle.

Who Truby Cole was or just why the two should look concerned was not disclosed; but with their heads together, for a minute or two Lippitt and Peters talked energetically. At the end of it the horse wrangler hurried out, leaving Peters behind him; and darting down the street, he headed at full speed for Fessenden's. Meanwhile, up at the other end of the street still another occurrence was taking place.

Out on the town's edge Mrs. Castro's two-story-and-garret dwelling stood just where the street dissipated itself into the trackless infinity of the prairie; and not excepting the station agent's knockdown bungalow, the product of a mail-order concern, the Castro mansion was the most pretentious in Pinto. At this hour, however, the afternoon already having waned, one would have been less concerned with the house itself than with what was going on within it. Downstairs all was silent. The front-room shades were drawn; the floor itself looked as if unoccupied. Upstairs, though, all was bustle and confusion. Feet trod to and fro; there was a sound of doors being opened and shut; and in the midst of this a shrill voice now and then rose excitedly.

The voice was Mrs. Castro's. A short, plump woman, the widow of a horse rancher late of the region, the lady now seemed infused with growing agitation. As the day wore on, Mrs. Castro's emotion had risen by leaps and bounds. "Wal, it's all right mebbe; and mebbe, too, you know what you're doin'; but so fur's I'm concerned," proclaimed Mrs. Castro, "I'm in a twitter, th' jumps! Now what'll I do with these here?" she asked.

The articles indicated were a set of leather chaps hanging with a sombrero and a checked flannel shirt on a hook behind the door. On the floor below stood a pair of high-heeled range boots; and as she spoke Mrs. Castro turned to the other figure in the room. On her knees before an open trunk the landlady's lodger was folding and laying away in the trunk a variety of articles piled upon the bed, and over her shoulder she now cast a glance at the chaps. "Leave them where they are," she directed briefly.

Judy's face was quiet. Regardless of Mrs. Castro's emotions, through the most of the morning and now well on toward dusk she had gone on working, her air impassive, unmoved. About her, though, had one looked closely, might have been seen something else than that. Her brows at times knit themselves together sharply. At times, too, the line of her mouth set itself in a thin, hardened fixity. When she spoke, replying at odd times to Mrs. Castro's ejaculative chatter, it usually was in monosyllables; and rising occasionally, she went to the near-by window and shot a glance down the street toward the town.

The street was crowded, so to speak. As the day passed the town had filled up rapidly. Rows of saddled ponies, their bridles drooped over the bars provided for the purpose, stood in front of each of the stores, the Palace Pool Parlor included; while lined up along the walk were the buggies and box wagons of the nesters and punkin rollers. "Wot you a-gazin' at so?" inquired Mrs. Castro abruptly.

The figure at the window gave a shrug. "Nothing," she murmured; and she returned once more to the trunk. "Wal," remarked Mrs. Castro tartly, "if you aim to finish this afore Extry 126 hikes out you'd a-better get a hump on!"

"I'm hurryin'," responded Judy.

Extra 126 was the Saturday night special that went through to North Forks, the junction eastward. There it connected with another line for Chicago and points east; and as if she had caught the significance of Mrs. Castro's remarks, Judy worked with redoubled vigor. As she did so Mrs. Castro shot a glance at her; and opening the door quietly, she went out into the hall. Here for a moment she hung over the stairs, her air attentive, listening. But only for a moment. Returning to the room she remarked, "'S awful quiet down thur. You don't suppose nothin's happened, do you?"

Judy looked up inquiringly. "Downstairs?" she asked.

"Yeah, to him," replied Mrs. Castro.

Bending over the trunk again, the guest went on packing. "Don't worry," she returned.

However, though it may not have been in the sense that Mrs. Castro meant, something really was happening in that room downstairs.

The hours had gone. One by one they had dragged their way along; and though it had been early morning when that little byplay, the affair out on the railroad line, had taken place, already the sun was slanting toward the west, and in a short time now the shadows of the dusk would fall over the prairie and the foothills. But only in one way was the man seated behind the curtained windows of the room downstairs concerned in the flight of time. Along toward eight o'clock or thereabout the train for the East was due; and until then he was only waiting.

One might stop to speculate on the twists and turns Farlow's mind had taken in the interim. True, he still was in a daze at the turn the day's doings had taken; and the chief marvel of it was that happening out on the track. He had no illusions. He knew well enough what others must think of him—he knew, anyway, what he thought of himself; and that any woman, a girl in particular, should wish to tie her lot to his was sufficient to make him wonder—anyone else, either, for that matter. But never mind. It's only justice to say that, at first, he had refused to consent.

He might have saved himself the effort. She seemed determined, for one thing. For another thing, her will was stronger than his. Later on Farlow would have reason to remember that, recall the set of her jaw. The main thing, though, was that Farlow had come back to Pinto with her.

Out on the track he'd asked her again for her reason. It had seemed then to anger her. "I've told you, haven't I? Didn't I say I didn't know?" So she had. However, if her reply still had told him nothing, a momentary remembrance had sprung into his mind. He could read people well enough, no matter how else he might be lacking; and already he had surmised there was something about this girl that differed, even if grotesquely, from the others in her surroundings. Up at Fessenden's, too, Farlow had also heard the talk. "Highfalutin" was the word Sim and his rabble had for her; and he started queerly. Was this her motive with him? Was that why she would marry him? Was she using him to gain her end? In spite of himself Farlow had laughed; and the effect, the result of that laugh, had been electrical. Her head had flown back, and again that determined chin of hers had set itself. "Well, are you coming back or not?" she'd demanded sharply. "I've got things to do, and I'm not staying out here in the sun all the morning. You'd better make up your mind if you're going to!"

Farlow had made up his mind. If he had something she wanted, she had something too. A bargain was a bargain; and besides, why struggle? Fate, or call it fortune, had dropped something into his lap; and why not take it for what it was? "Very well," he'd said grimly; and together they came back to Pinto, where, at the head of the one street, she had turned off from the right of way. The house she roomed in stood there; and, her mouth set, and leading the pony by its bridle, she'd headed toward its door. "Where shall I meet you?" asked Farlow as they reached it.

In reply she opened the door and waved him inside. Farlow tried again. "If we're going to get married," he said, "we'll have to find a minister."

"I'll attend to that," she said.

He spoke once more. "Someone, too," he added, "will have to get the tickets for the train."

She flashed a look at him.

"What train?"

Farlow told her. "The train tonight. The train we are taking for the East."

"I'll attend to that, too," she said.

Then, her chin set, she again waved him inside. "You wait here till I want you."

Inside the front room Farlow had swept a look about him. The red plush chairs and sofa; the whatnot in the corner with its crewel mats, its sea shells, its painted jar with the spray of imitation flowers in it—all these, and on the wall a crayon of the

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late Castro, seemed a fit setting to the situation in which he found himself. How his one-time friends would have laughed! How his mother's brows, too, would have arched themselves had she only been there! There was his sister, too—she and that time-serving, bootlicking, ladder-climbing husband of hers. Derisively Farlow had pictured to himself their sensations. On the floor a blinding purplish carpet was laid, its huge florescent pattern as incredible and as staggering as its hue; and to save this and the other rococo furnishings, the green holland roller shades had been tightly drawn. But Farlow gave these only a glance. Grinning sardonically, he was laying his battered hat on the crewel covering of a center table, its soaplike marble top further ornamented by a plush portrait album, when a sound outside had caught his ear; and going to a window at the front, his air all at once concerned, he had slipped back an edge of the shade.

Two men were running up the road. The two were booted and spurred; and at a glance he identified the pair—hands from his uncle's ranch. One was the Cayuse horse wrangler, a round, red-faced fellow hardly one's ideal of what the typical cowboy might be. He was, at any rate, hardly what Farlow back East had pictured as a dashing rider of the range; nor was his companion any more alluring. A morose, lean individual with small, squinting eyes, he was known to Farlow by the sobriquet, entirely descriptive, of Hog Eye. What had held Farlow, though, at the moment was what was happening in the street.

Out there was that girl again. Still holding the sweating pony, its lines drooped over her arm, she said something hurriedly to the two men; and as Farlow watched he saw their faces alter sharply. Astonishment seemed to dawn upon them, a gaping wonder; but heedless of the look, the girl went on speaking, her speech energetic; and then one of the men—it was the horse wrangler—made some reply. From his look it was as if what he said was a protest, his face concerned; but if it indeed was that, the girl out there was in no mood to heed it. "You do as I say!" she said, her voice sharp, so sharp that Farlow himself caught the words; and after a glance at each other, their air still more concerned, without further ado the two nodded at her. As they did so the girl handed the pony's bridle to the horse wrangler; and swinging into the saddle, the fellow darted off at full tilt down the street, his companion following afoot. A moment afterward Farlow heard the front door open; and dropping the shade he held, he crossed the room to the hall.

She was standing by the stairs, her face clouded. As Farlow appeared she started abruptly up the stairs. "Just a moment, please," he said; "what time does that train leave?"

Her blue-gray eyes rested on his.

"What train?"

Surprised, Farlow told her. It was the train he had spoken about, the train that was to take them East. "Oh, that," she murmured.

The train left around eight o'clock, she told him; and he asked another question. "If you mean to go through with this, where are we to get married?"

"Where?" She was already at the stairs, walking upward. As she hadn't answered the question, he put it again. "Do you mean to marry me here or later on?"

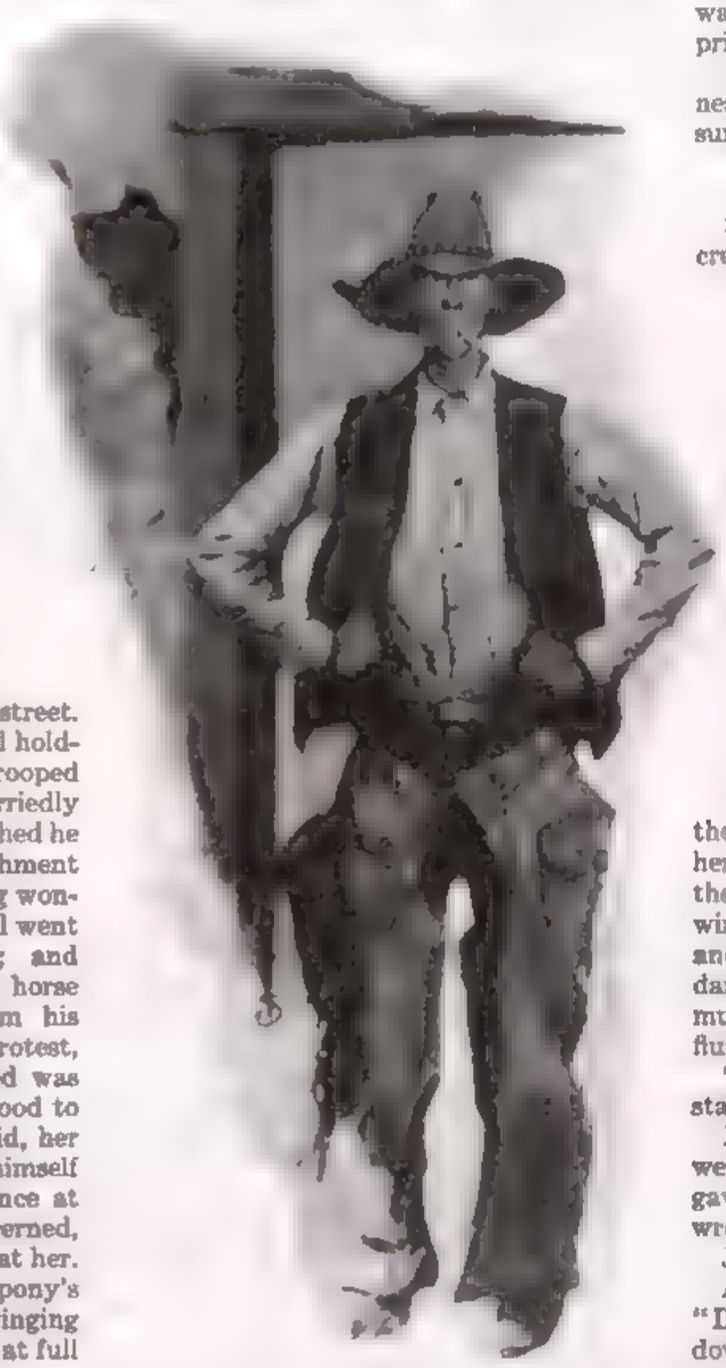
She hadn't stopped even then. "Suit yourself," she said.

Once again he tried. "Here or when we get East?" demanded Farlow; and over her shoulder as she went on up the stairs she gave him her answer.

"Yes, when we go East," she said.

That was all. Since then Farlow hadn't seen the woman he was to marry. His orders, though, were to sit there and wait; and he had done it. Along toward noon there had been a flurry of pony's feet outside, the door of the house had opened, and he had heard a thud as if something heavy had been dropped inside. Hearing the pony scuttle off again, Farlow had looked out into the hall, his curiosity aroused, and on the floor by the door lay two objects. One was a leather bag, a carry-all once smart in style, though now it was dingy and soiled; and this he recognized. It was his own possession, the hand bag he'd abandoned in the nester's shack that morning; and in it were his belongings. He grinned as he opened the bag and found them in it.

With the other object he was not concerned. It was a huge pasteboard box, its covers bound with heavy twine and obviously containing dry goods. The wedding dress, maybe, Farlow figured sardonically. His look grinning, he figured, too, what the wedding dress would be in looks and fashion. There was not much amusement, though, in his grin. He had no illusions there. He had no illusions, either, of the girl he was about to marry or what marrying her would involve. However, he meant to see it through.



A Figure With Leather Chaps and a Battered Sombrero Had Just Appeared in the Doorway; and Scowling, Jim Demanded, "What You Want, Feller?"

Noon came; then he heard the clock strike one. It struck two, and he still sat there thinking. At five he was still at it. Upstairs was still the sound of hurrying feet and the opening and shutting of doors and bureau drawers; but he gave little heed to that. The fever was on him to get aboard that train bound East. The train would take him home. This in his mind, he figured what he'd do, once he got there. Among other things he pictured to himself what would happen, once he landed in among his family and friends, the girl he was to marry in tow. That was the joke. He knew what they'd think and say; and that was the cream of it! Money, wealth, was the bulwark of their lives, its thew and sinew; and he laughed grimly at the thought of the pickle he'd put them in, his family first of all. They'd hate him for it. They'd hate this girl—with her gauche and outlandish manners; writhe at her and her crude pretenses. Yet, as she had money, they'd have to truckle to her! A waitress, a girl in an eating house! Just the same, Farlow had no thought of backing out; and as he sat there, waiting for the hours to pass and the time came for him to leave with her for the train, his mind busied itself with his plans. With that money, hers, he could buy a place, set up somewhere. It would be in some place where he liked to live. It might be, too, that if he kept her out of sight for a while he might be able to trim off some of her rough edges, make her decently presentable. But what matter even if he couldn't? What difference if she went on being raw, gauche? He was going East, wasn't he? Even at that price he would be getting home.

Home! Back East! As the hour drew near, Rand Farlow felt a flame like fever surging through his veins.

"What's that!" Judy said all at once.

Seven o'clock had struck. The shadow creeping over the prairie and the foothills had merged into darkness now; and in Pinto the lights already had been lit. As if echo to it, out on a cut bank beyond the town a coyote laid back its head and yapped. The thin, weird cry, age-long in its intonation of misery and isolation, split the starlit evening quiet; yet it was not this that had caught the ear of the girl upstairs. In the lamplight she stood for a moment with uplifted head, her breath held, her ear bent attentively. "Do you hear that?" she whispered.

Her face was strained, the look in her eyes vaguely frightened. "Hear wot?" inquired Mrs. Castro. Having cooked the supper and set it on the table, she had come upstairs to call her guest. To her brief query, however, the guest made no reply. Slipping to the window, Judy had drawn up the shade and for an instant she peered out into the dark. At the same instant a stifled murmur escaped her; and swinging about, she flung a hurried question at Mrs. Castro.

"Quick! Where's Dozey? Is he downstairs?"

Mrs. Castro gaped. "Mr. Lippitt he just went out," she answered; and she, too, gave an exclamation. "Why, Judy, what's wrong?"

Judy made no reply.

Already she had darted out of the room. "Dozey! Lem!" she cried as she darted down the stairs. Then she was gone; and bewildered, Mrs. Castro paused. She, too, had heard something now. Out of the night a sudden din had risen. It was as if at some signal the town had burst all at once into an uproar of shouts and cries.

The landlady pricked up her ears. More than once in her experience of the cow town had she known it to break into a sudden hullabaloo; and that was nothing to her. Boys will be boys, especially if they're cowboys; and in the past it had been no novelty when some outfit rode in from the round-up, hell-bent on raising Cain. But times were changing. The cowboy, that interesting mammal, bid fair now to become extinct; and in place of him were those nesters, dougheys, punkin rollers filling up the old-time range. In fact, it had been a long time since an outfit had shot up Pinto; besides, this racket had a different sound. What were all the hoots and catcalls? What was the deafening rattle, as if someone were beating tinware? Going to the window, Mrs. Castro also peered out into the dark; and as she did so she, too, gave a gasp, a muffled cry.

The next instant, her face white, she was scuttling down the stairs.

"Judy!" she shrilled. "Judy!"

No Judy answered.

Downstairs, though, as Mrs. Castro gave another cry, both the front door and the door to the parlor opened; and in each opening a figure was revealed. In the doorway of the parlor it was Farlow; and his face queer, he looked up at Mrs. Castro. "What's happening?" he asked.

Mrs. Castro didn't reply. The figure at the front door was Peters from the Cayuse ranch; and his hat jammed down on his head and his small eyes glinting like steel, he waved Mrs. Castro back upstairs. At the same time he turned to Farlow. "Say, feller," he drawled, "you'd a-better lay low awhile. Thur's a ruction outside thur, and it's headin' thisaway."

Mrs. Castro cried out again. "Mr. Peters!" she shrilled.

Hog Eye looked up at her momentarily. "Yes, ma'am; hit's like I been a-tellin' him. That doughhead Fid Murchison, he let out today that Miss Jude she aims to marry this hobo here; 'nd them nesters and sech they's a layin' out to have a little fun. The facks is," drawled Hog Eye, "hit's a shivaree!"

Mrs. Castro again gave a scream.

She seemed to comprehend. The significance of what she'd been told appeared to strike with full force in her mind; and her cry was succeeded by still another. "Where's Judy? Oh, she'll be hurt!" she shrilled; and over his shoulder Peters jerked an expressive thumb. "Now don't you worry none, lady," Peters soothed; "they's on'y nesters out thur, 'nd, anyways, me 'nd Dozey got wind o' this today, 'nd we rounded up a few of th' Cayuse boys. They'll be right along now in a minnit!"

A sudden lull had fallen. Momentarily the catcalls and the hoots had ended and over the silence a shrill voice keened suddenly. "You rats!" it said. "If you dare!"

Farlow spoke. "A shivaree? Who for?"

The answer was simple. "You," the man at the door drawled laconically; and Farlow whitened. For him? Well, so it seemed.

What happened after that was all confused, bewildering. He remembered afterward only that something seemed to surge up in his gorge; and thrusting aside the fellow at the door, he blundered out into the road. It was crowded. A mob of men and boys with a fringe of giggling women on its outskirts thronged the dusty street; and facing them was a tall, slim figure that he recognized. To his dull surprise she was not in ordinary attire. Once again she seemed to have donned chaps and roweled boots, though he had only a moment to notice that. She had just cried again "Get back, you cowards!" when a roar burst from the crowd. Surging forward the rabble of men and boys bore down on her.

One might dwell on that ancient custom of civilization, the shivaree, a relic of its barbarism. One might dilate, too, on the components of character and courage in a rabble of that sort. All this seems answered, though, in what happened here. Confused, yet valiant, Farlow stood his ground. A tramp, a common outcast, this mob of homesteaders meant to run him out of town. In doing it they meant also to have a little fun—fun not only at his expense but at the expense of the girl who'd dared try to save him. A thrill ran through him at the thought, a stab of rage and, with it, shame; and crouching, he plunged toward the on-coming mob. Red shot like a flame before his eyes; and for the instant he had the lust to kill in his heart. It was only for an instant, though. As Farlow leaped forward something whistled through the air, and he felt it at the same instant land snakewise over his head and shoulders. Caught by it he was yanked backward off his feet.

A sudden spit of fire, followed by a rattling reverberation, burst upon the night. Halting for an instant, the crowd gave a cry. It was echoed by another flash of fire and that crashing detonation; and, turning, the crowd broke like sheep. Plowing through its midst came half a dozen men on horseback. Two or three were shooting into the air. The others, their arms going like flails, were laying about them with their quirts. That was only a glimpse, though, the little that Farlow saw. Down in the dust, fighting the rope that had settled about his neck and shoulders, he was

(Continued on Page 95)

She waited on three Presidents

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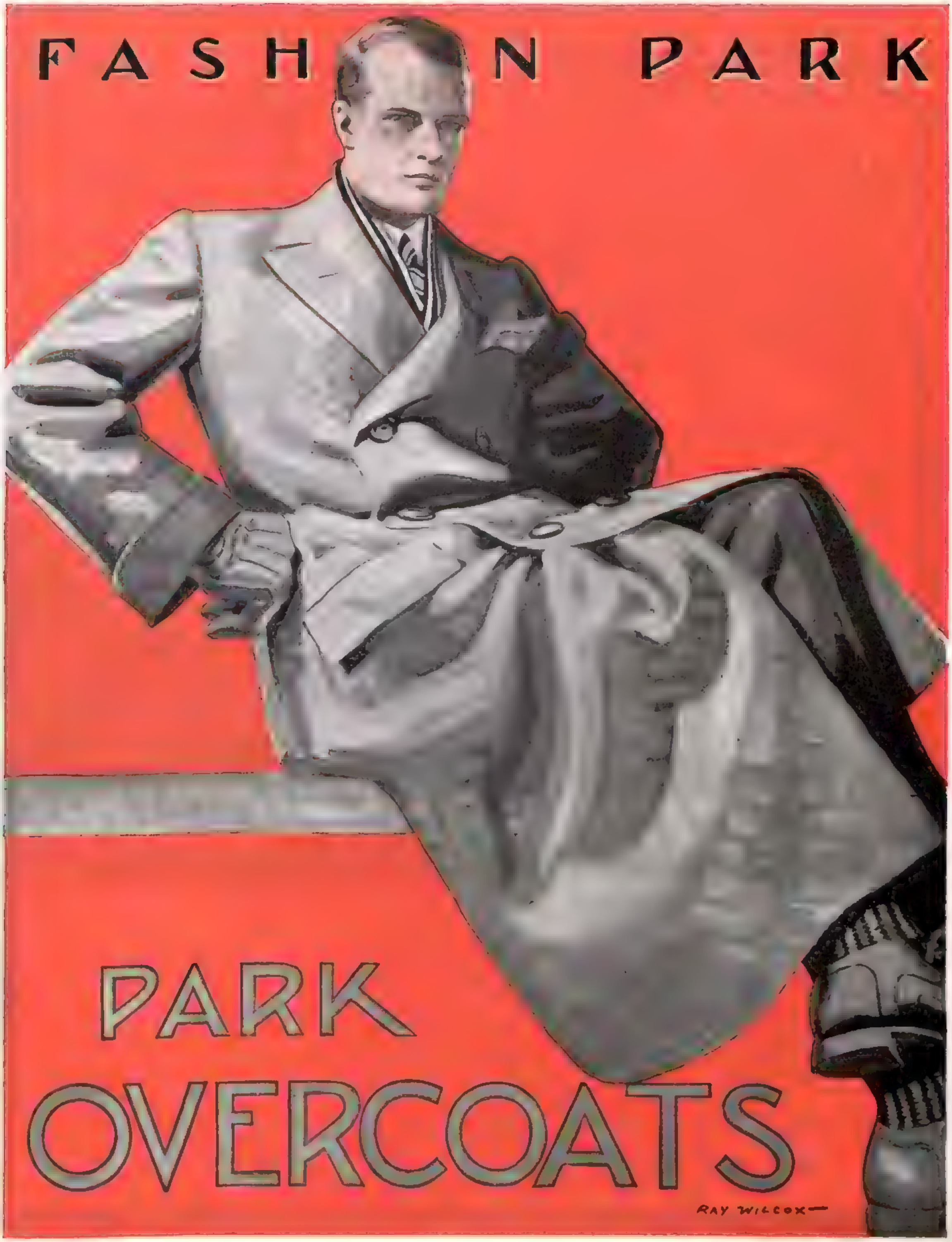

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(Continued from Page 90)

struggling to get free. "What're you doing? Let me up!" he shouted; and madly he lashed out about him. It was of little use, however; and in the midst of it he heard another voice speak sharply. "Careful, don't let him hurt himself, Dozey!" it warned.

Farlow knew the voice. Stunned, for an instant he stopped struggling. It was that girl again, the one he was to marry. Then, like a bolt out the blue the truth seemed to rush upon him; and frantic he launched himself on the knot of men surrounding him. Fighting now as if for his life, again Farlow heard her give a cry. "No, no—don't! Dozey!" she screamed. It was too late though.

Over his head as he fought Farlow beheld something momentarily uplifted; then it fell and, stretched out again in the dust, he rolled over on his face.

That was all though. Swift hands raised him, and he felt himself hoisted into the air and sprawled on a horse's back; after which Farlow knew no more. Minutes, too, must have gone before consciousness returned to him; for when he awoke dizzily, the town, its lights and sounds had gone, while about him was only silence, the stars blazing down on him in the solemnity of their solitude. Beneath him the pony on which he sprawled still headed onward, and in the distance, as his senses reeled anew, Farlow beheld in a dream the distant saw-tooth profile of Painted Horse.

Then once more his senses left him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHAT I HAVE SAID I HAVE SAID

(Continued from Page 9)

even set eyes on him; a personage who controlled and coördinated tubes and busses and even taxi-owning companies and whose name caused dozens of company directors to tremble.

Ralph stopped a taxi.

"Miss Hummel," said he, speaking with slow solemnity and emphasizing his words with smacks of the right hand on the palm of the left, "you will go to Sir John Hipwood—you know, the general offices—and you will insist on seeing him at once, no matter what he is doing. You understand—no matter what he is doing."

"Yes, sir."

"You will ask him to come to me at once, at once, here, here. Tell him I want to see him on a matter of the very greatest urgency, and that I rely on him. Got it?"

"Yes, sir."

Miss Hummel sprang into the taxi.

"Hi!" Ralph halted the moving cab, and added through the open window, "And I rely on you."

"Yes, sir."

After he had been striding up and down the pavement for what seemed to be about thirteen hours and was in fact about half an hour, someone touched him lightly on the shoulder. It was Lady Furber, cheerful, agreeable, infinitesimally pert and ironic.

"Here, Rafie," she smiled. "You'll probably be here for quite a long time, unless I'm mistaken in you. I know you'll be hungry soon, so I've brought you some sandwiches from a Lyons. I've chosen the perambulator."

Before he knew it he was holding a white packet. Lady Furber passed prudently on.

"Great heavens and Scott!" hissed Lord Furber, and pitched the packet fiercely over some green hoardings into a temporary inclosure that encumbered the middle of this particular isle of refuge in the middle of Grosvenor Place.

IV

A CAR drove up, and out stepped Sir John Hipwood. An older man than Ralph, his hair and mustache were white, though perhaps prematurely. Without doubt he was under sixty. His expression showed benevolence and a thoughtful habit of mind. His eyes were soft and liquid—so different from the blazing, challenging orbs of Ralph—set in a broad, cautious face that all the time contradicted them.

"Jack," said Ralph, in his deep voice, "this is very decent of you, awfully decent. I knew I could count on you. I'm grateful."

"Not at all," said Sir John deprecatingly.

"Yes, I am. I'm sure it must have been damned inconvenient for you to come like this." And Ralph, while in secret dwelling proudly on the fact that he, once a working engineer, had now influence enough to drag such a Titan as Jack Hipwood out of all his engagements without any explanation whatever, was indeed quite emotionally grateful to Jack.

"Not a bit!" Jack assured him warmly. "Not a bit inconvenient. I'm only too glad to be of use." Then his tone became much graver and more compassionate as to one who was in the very last ditch. "But what's the matter? And why are you waiting here in the street? Come along with me to the yacht club. We can talk in the card room at this time." He looked at his watch.

"Jack, listen to me. Bear with me. You're one of the few men who'll understand. And I'll tell you why I can't go to the yacht club—why I can't even get into your car and talk there."

When he chose, Ralph could be a very dramatic and persuasive talker, and Jack, already affected by the exordium, patted him sympathetically on the shoulder. Nevertheless, Ralph felt fully the immensity of the task before him. He saw clearly that if he did not succeed in it, and succeed completely, he would make himself completely ridiculous. He, therefore, mustered all his powers for the narration of the quandary.

"That's how I'm fixed, Jack, my lad," he ended. "And that's why I can't leave here except in a 99 bus. What I have said I have said and I'm bound by it."

Sir John Hipwood's reaction was rather spectacular. He turned away roaring with laughter—so much so that his pink skin deepened to purple and people stopped to look at him. He walked a dozen paces and then back, and faced Lord Furber, still laughing; then he wiped the tears from his eyes.

"And what is my rôle supposed to be in this affair?" he demanded, somewhat curtly, the laughter having finished as suddenly as it had begun.

"I want you to give orders for a 99 bus to be put on. But of course it's got to be a real 99, with the proper label on it—a public bus—none of your Private labels, hire department. It's got to ply for hire, and follow the right 99 route, with a proper conductor and all. I must play the game properly. No hanky-panky with yourself. I'll pay all expenses."

"No!" said Jack, with increased curtness.

"No? But believe me, Jack, it's a very serious thing for me. It's everything to me. My self-respect is at stake. I said it, and I said it to my wife, and I've got to stick to it. You're my friend, and you can save me. What's the good of knowing great men if you can't make use of them in a crisis?"

"Crisis be hanged!" cried Sir John Hipwood, who was gradually losing his benevolence and showing that he was just as accustomed as Ralph to being top dog. "Crisis be hanged!" He moderated his tone. "Now look here, Ralph. You say I'm your friend. I am. Take the advice of a friend. You walk right off this pavement and go home—it isn't five minutes off. Go to your wife and say to her just these words, 'Maidie, I'm a fool.' Tell her I told you to. She won't crow over you. She's fine, Maidie is, and there isn't a mean streak in her."

Lord Furber replied quietly and collectedly; his demeanor was a masterpiece of self-control:

"You mean all that?"

"I mean it. Not only will I not send a bus for you, but I'll give positive orders that a bus must not be sent."

"Well, then, you're a dirty dog, Hipwood!" Ralph retorted, calmly and bitterly savage.

Sir John bit his lip and responded:

"The matter with you is that you're an overbearing idiot, Furber. You think you own the earth, but you've got to learn that you don't. You've made a fool of yourself, and you think because you're the mighty Furber you can evade the consequences. It just happens this time that you can't. You're beaten—and a good thing, too, for this once. You talk about your self-respect, but self-conceit is what's the matter with you. What you have said you have said! Bosh! I say bosh! And here you have the infernal impudence to take me away from my business on this fool's errand. D'you know that I broke up a directors' meeting to come to you, and put off a lunch, too, because I thought you were in trouble—real trouble? I never dreamed I was being summoned by a swollen-headed lunatic."

At this point Sir John relented. "Forgive me, old thing," said he coaxingly. "Mustn't lose our sense of humor. Come along with me now and I'll stand you a lunch."

Ralph's answer was to walk away with a lowering face. The next moment Sir John Hipwood drove off in his car.

Ralph had not moved a dozen paces when he saw the patiently waiting Miss Hummel. He laughed shortly.

"Miss Hummel," he addressed her in calm tones, as though nothing had happened, "you did very well, very well indeed. Now get back to The City and get Mr. St. John. Tell him he is to go down with you to the General depot at Battersea. I know there's about sixty old motorbusses for sale there. Tell him to buy one and pay cash and see it's in going order. Make them lend you a conductor and a driver—they always have emergency reserves—and borrow two 99 number boards, and come right back here with it. Don't spare money. If bribes are needed, give them. Doesn't matter how much. Got it? Got it all?"

"Yes, sir," said the imperturbable.

V

THE Right Honorable, the Lord Furber, suddenly felt very hungry—even to the point of physical weakness. He felt also that he had supported long enough the rigors of Grosvenor Place and needed a little privacy. Such were his reasons for nosing round the green-painted inclosure, rather in the manner of a dog excited by hopes. He then heard a strange tapping within the inclosure. His next act was to knock on the door of the inclosure, which bore an authority from the London County Council to exist up to a certain date; the date was already passed, but the inclosure continued to exist.

A gray-bearded man, clothed in white from head to foot and holding a chisel, appeared at the door.

"My man—" Lord Furber began benevolently.

"Something wrong there," the graybeard interrupted him. "So far as I know I'm not your man."

"I beg your pardon," Lord Furber apologized. "I thought you were a workman."

"So I am," said the graybeard, "and I hope you are too."

"Certainly," agreed His Lordship quickly. "I'm sorry to trouble you, but I'm afraid I threw a packet of sandwiches into your wigwam a short while ago."

"Why are you afraid?" the graybeard inquired. "Either you did or you didn't—you must know. If you mean that you are

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afraid because you threw the packet on my head, that's all right. You ought to be, now that I see you. When the packet fell I thought it came from Providence—or from the devil. Probably the latter. I thought it had been sent to tempt me from my hygienic brown bread."

"May I have it?"

"No, you mayn't," said the graybeard. "I regret to say that the temptation was too strong for me, and I ate your sandwiches—all of them—and am now suffering from the inevitable indigestion. I don't blame you. I only blame myself. But you can have the brown bread. Here it is."

Lord Furber, after some hesitation, took the brown bread.

"Of course I couldn't eat it inside here?"

"You're wrong again. Of course you could eat it inside. Come in."

Lord Furber gave thanks and entered the inclosure, and was relieved to see that he was still on pavement. A large group of statuary occupied the middle of the inclosure.

"Very fine," observed Lord Furber amiably.

"Only posterity can decide that," said the graybeard. "Now make yourself at home while you eat. I don't know who you are and I don't care."

"I'm Lord Furber."

"Who's he? Never heard of him."

"Don't you read the papers?"

"Of course I don't. I haven't looked at a paper since the day after I was elected to the Royal Academy."

"Oh! Perhaps I ought to say ——"

"No, you oughtn't," said the graybeard firmly. He began to knock chips off the statuary. "I'm just putting the finishing touches to this shameless young woman, and I desire you to follow the example of Renan's barber. When the barber asked Renan how he would like his hair cut, Renan answered 'In silence.' I want you to eat my brown bread in silence. I'm engaged and mustn't be disturbed."

Lord Furber, with a deplorable lack of self-control, pitched the whole of the brown bread full in the face of the shameless girl and left the inclosure. No sooner was he outside than he regretted the rash act. But he impartially saw that a man must abide by the consequences of the defects of his qualities.

His sole sustenance was now the self-induced, joyous conviction that St. John and Miss Hummel might arrive at any minute with the bus, driver and conductor. About an hour later he noticed a group of idlers staring at him from the opposite side of the roadway, by the gates of Constitution Hill. He swung round. From the west also groups of idlers were staring at him. The groups waxed in size and came nearer to him.

He thought hard, and would have retreated into the inclosure, but the door of the inclosure was forbidden to him by an invisible barrier. Then, gazing across to the corner by St. George's Hospital, he descried a newspaper poster: Strange Freak of a Millionaire Peer. And another: Lord Furber's Dilemma. The poster of his own newspaper, The Echo, said: Bloodhound Hunt for Girl's Murderer.

He blushed; he wished to sink down through the earth to the antipodes; then he cursed, swore, shrugged his shoulders, and grew brazen again. He especially anathematized Jack, who must have been talking at a late lunch.

A young man approached. "I'm from the Standard."

"D'you know I own The Echo?"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Dog doesn't eat dog," said Lord Furber oracularly.

"I only thought you might care to tell me ——"

"Dog doesn't eat dog!" thundered Lord Furber. "Get off!"

He was obeyed.

The multitudes of quidnuncs were still waxing. The policeman, a new one, had to begin to handle them—always with tact. Three photographers came, one after another, and snapped Lord Furber. But Lord Furber had tenacity, and held doggedly to the theory that everybody in the world was mad except himself.

Then Miss Hummel—alone. No St. John.

"We've bought the bus, My Lord."

"And how soon will it be here?"

"It isn't coming, My Lord. The police license for it was withdrawn when it was put up for sale. We can't get a new one for four days, and no driver will take the bus without a license."

After a terrible pause, during which his face underwent the most shocking contortions, Lord Furber said with an affrighting imitation of calm:

"You'd better get away if you value your life, Miss Hummel. Come back in an hour. I shall be here."

In less than a minute Lady Furber herself arrived, snub-nosed, freckled, perky, bright, kindly.

Ralph glared at her.

"Come to keep you company a bit, Ralph," she said. "Sandwiches all right?"

"Fine," said Ralph.

"That's good. I must tell you about the pram."

She seemed to accept the situation as though it was perfectly ordinary. She did not argue, cajole, nor complain. She was richly experienced in Ralph.

■

RALPH'S face was enigmatic. He smiled to himself, and occasionally even snorted a kind of monosyllabic laugh. But his feelings were terrible; they included despair. He did not know what to do; he only knew that he could not and would not give in. He saw nothing for it but a lingering death on the pavement; and such was his silly, grandiose, tremendous character that he was not unprepared for this, because a surrender was inconceivable to him. He had never surrendered.

At the same time he clearly realized the vast extent of his folly. But he happened to be of those few who are ready to pay honestly for their follies. Meanwhile he walked to and fro the full length of the pavement, and at intervals right round the three sides of the pavement. And Maidie walked with him; and he said not a word to her. Still, he saw that she was a great wife. She withstood the ordeal of the ever-increasing crowds perfectly—better even than Ralph. They were now quite accustomed to being pointed at, and to hearing, "That's him," and "That's her." Or, "Is that him? Good heavens!"

Then there was a strange diversion. Three young men hurried past; one carried a saxophone, one a sort of flageolet, and one a kettledrum. Ralph for one appalling moment thought that some newspaper—not his own, perhaps the Evening Press—had engaged them to serenade. The Press would be capable of anything. However, they passed on, winding through the throng, down toward Victoria, and the diversion ended.

"Look!" said Maidie suddenly. They were now at the extreme south of the pavement and could see the string of busses climbing the hill.

Ralph looked, and behold on the forehead of one bus the number 99! It was not a General. It was what people very unjustly called a "pirate." Its color was a brilliant green, and it belonged to the Emerald tribe of motor busses. A heavenly and triumphant satisfaction permeated the whole soul of Lord Furber. He had held out, and he had won.

"You did this," he said to Maidie.

"Well, my lad," said she, "I thought of it."

"And why I didn't think of it myself absolutely beats me," said Lord Furber.

Lady Furber was very happy. She heard no praise with her ears, but in her heart she plainly heard the unspoken, enthusiastic laudations of His Lordship. The 99 came nearer—the gallant lifeboat of His Lordship's self-respect. But music was soaring from its roof. The trio of musicians had boarded it and were playing I Want to be Happy with an amazing stridency; and flowing from the trumpet end of the saxophone was a long streamer with the words Evening Press.

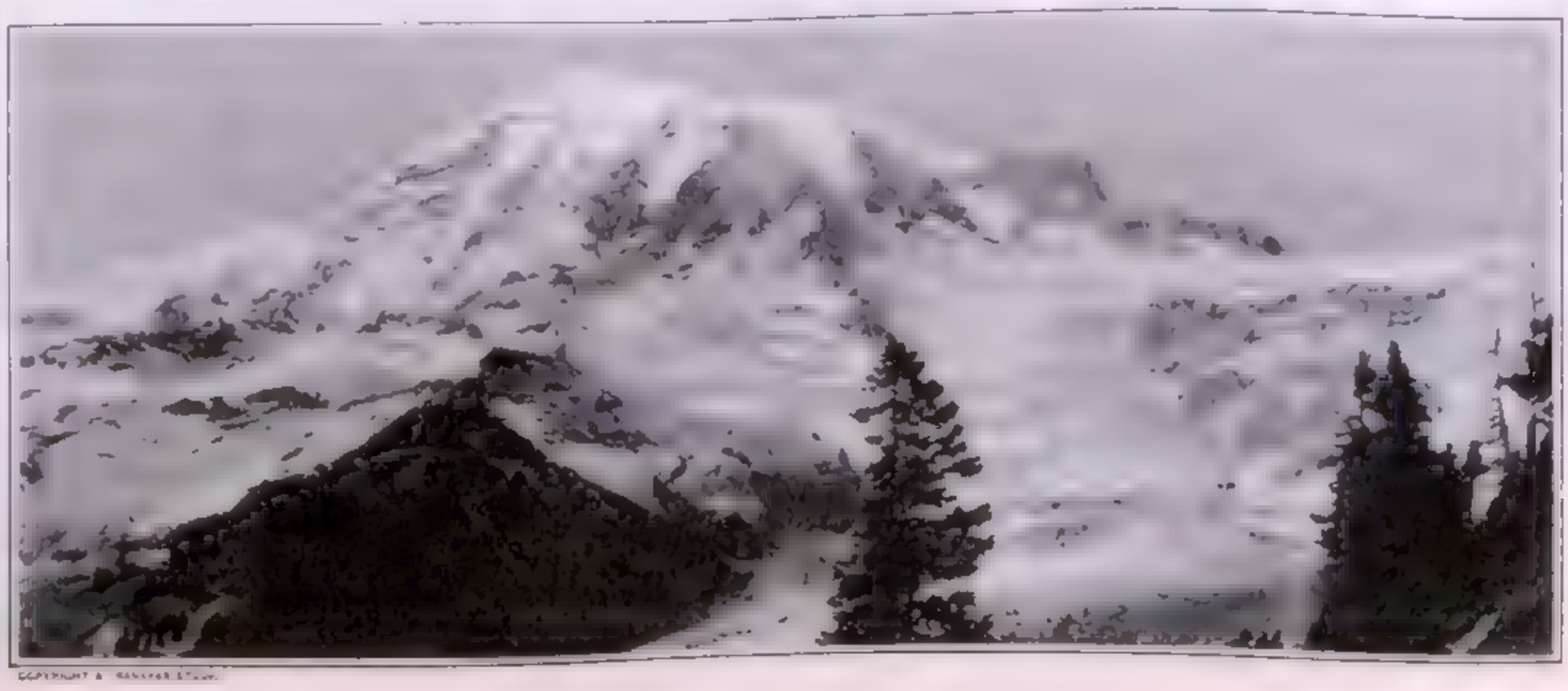
The multitude of gapers gave an immense roar of delighted cheers. Those nearest the bus made way for Lord Furber to mount. But Lord Furber turned his back on the bus and, accompanied by his wife, walked right off the pavement in a southwesterly direction toward Belgrave Square. He was laughing.

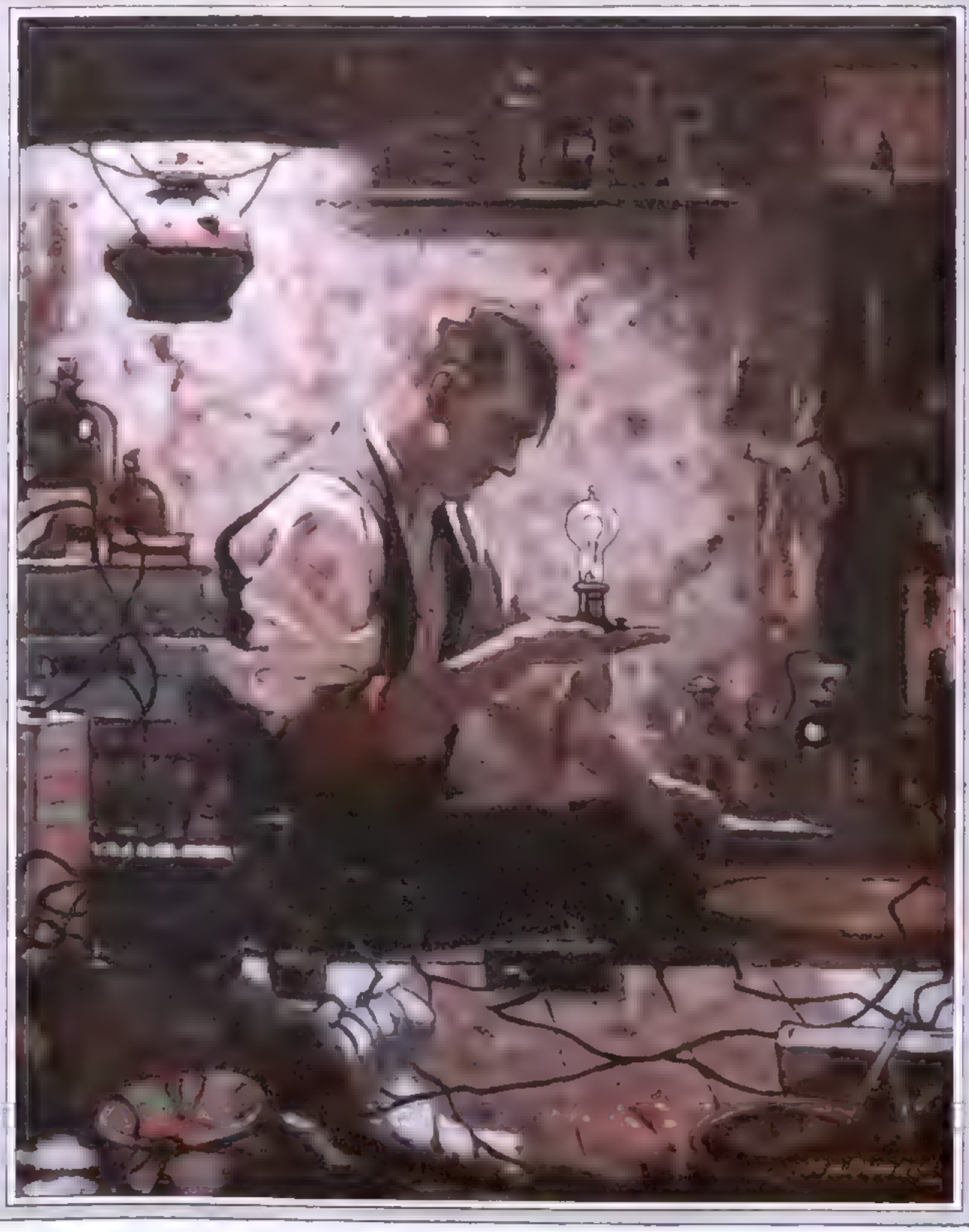
"Dog does eat dog after all," said he.

"It is a shame!" said Lady Furber, with the full vivacity of her red hair. "But you've won, Rafie, really."

"You have, wench!" said he. And after a pause, "But I'll get even with the Press."

This was not the right spirit. If he had understood the only way to happiness he would have forgiven the Press.





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BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

JUDITH ISCARIOT

(Continued from Page 19)

of western sky, the black bulk of Drona appeared. She was coming to Merlin—not waiting for supper over tonight. She wasn't hurrying particularly, but I noticed that Gudakesha at her head, was running to keep up. Bhima followed as helplessly as the other mahouts.

For once Grief had not received prompt orders to stay back. A whirring brown streak closed in, and the dark avalanche stopped. There stood that heaving tonnage seething on her four feet, halted by a small bristling dog that could have been entirely misplaced in the fold of her ear. Merlin reached her and sent Grief back. Drona presently turned toward her own place, just as Bond-Finley came up, white-lipped with anger. I heard the word "chains."

"But you would not, sahib," said Gudakesha. "Drona—in chains!"

"I can't have her running things this way!"

"It would not be seemly, sahib."

"Obedience demanded!" I heard his choppy sentences. "Obedience—men and animals."

"It is not quite like that, sahib. Drona has never given obedience to the English. It is that her volition has at times coincided with the will of the English." Which sentence I reflected upon, walking back to our camp.

"Do you think she really knows we're getting ready to make a break?" I inquired of Merlin.

The supper fire flared up that moment. "Why, damn it all, Crawford, I don't suppose I'd care to leave the main outfit this way, if it wasn't for that treachery business she's engaged in."

A film wavered between my eyes and the straggly camels at the tail of the caravan. To the east I saw the gray cone of the second Upadhi through the notch of the nearer. The last of the elephants passed on toward Darhana. I had never noted before their bowed look.

"Parade's over," Merlin remarked.

It was becoming a bit breathless to me. We were alone, having anticipated their desertion by paying off our servants; three camels now, in our party, instead of five.

Four nights later, facing south from the slopes of the second Upadhi, we entered the pass of the Shushumna. I remember the sudden soft wind in that high country, and the sun went down with a fiery flourish instead of paling into a death of watery grays. Up from the shadowy vales came a blend of camphor and balsam, even of rarer essential oils. Merlin's water pipe purred. He seemed possessed tonight to talk of the one he called "Leila"—of the bungalow on the hill in Saubala.

I had dreams of my own. Fanned in that perfumed wind, I felt like a boy on the eve of some marvelous Saturday. The terrier sniffed it agreeably, too, liking the world better since the elephants had passed out of his mournful life. Gradually everything was forgotten, but that the full moon of a lifetime was rising in the east, and we were actually in the hidden pass of the Shushumna. I had slept less than an hour when awakened by Grief, sitting on his blanket hunched and shivering—throat and lips tubed in a howl at the moon. Merlin sat up and grabbed him.

"Queer little job," he said to me. "His outsides and insides don't match up in moonlight."

We awoke at daybreak, to find our rifles gone. Something to think over, for I had the sense of having slept lightly, and Grief usually had one ear cocked and the other to the ground. Having found his camera safe, Merlin's world wasn't seriously rocked, but the point of the lifted rifles didn't rest so lightly on me, until our descent began into the verdure and light. The contrast of the two sides of the Shushumna commanded all attention after that—tinted hazes of flowing light below. Through deep cathedral shade, we followed a game trail that led through pleasant places, always silenter.

Mighty deodars, far apart at the base, canopied above, a half-foot layer of needles on the slope. At times, deer walked in the gold and brown shadows parallel with us—strolling wide-eyed, struck with enchantment. A green-winged humming bird poised over the flaming throat of a flower, momentous transaction. Merlin strode forward in silence, a smile, but rarely a word on his lips.

Leading the camels, we followed an easy down-slope that skirted a rocky stream bed.

All I had ever known of the call of adventure and exploration was sublimated in the thrill of these moments, in the strange pouring glory of afternoon sunlight, and the flash and song of the waters tumbling down into Samadhi.

"Do you suppose they've been keeping up this show all these ages—until we came to check up on it?" I panted at last.

Just then we saw Grief freeze at the rim of a waterfall. We bent forward to see the huge gleaming back of an elephant mother, to her shoulders in sparkling water, a calf at her side. One of the nobility like Drona, rocking and swaying in the checkered sunlight on the pool, the perfume of ferns ascending. The surface of the water was strewn with lilies and the bright air above alive with butterflies. I lay upon the ledge while Merlin came up with his camera. The great mother-thing turned, moved without haste between us and her calf, then presently withdrew. Merlin whispered exultantly at last.

"I've got it—I know now what the essence of all this charm is! It's the sense of invisible companions!"

I remember having an idea of his meaning at the time. Toward evening in a sort of mellow hush, all seeming more and more natural, we approached a village and heard the singing of women returning from the fields—the people coming forth to meet us. I remember the honey-laden air of Samadhi.

Days after that we were both at work, I with notes, Merlin with his camera. I had found one of the last of the Arcadias left on earth, and Merlin a wild animal paradise. Deer and elephant roamed freely on the upper slopes above the villages, tame as if the district were one vast game preserve. I couldn't put my finger on the magic, but there was something trancelike in Samadhi; a clockless leisure, a frictionless flowing of days. Grief only was plunged in his native element, because of the elephant concerns of his master, who was away for hours each day.

"Talk about getting an elephant battle—they're the friendliest creatures on earth," Merlin reported after several weeks' work. "I'm getting a lot of pictures, but they're all beauty, no struggle, no snap."

I was more in the villages. "I don't get the language very clearly, but the natives keep talking about a danger from bad elephants," I said, "not those up yonder, but a sort of danger of invasion—same thing Gudakesha hinted at."

Merlin shook his head. "With Bond-Finley on his big drives over Darhana way, you'd think he might start something in this direction, but I'm losing hope ——"

We started out together one morning, but I left Merlin up in the big timber, returning to the village about noon. At the moment of bowing under our thatch, the eye of the terrier met mine. For once I was a bit irritated; too much of one thing. Here in the shadows the dog seemed holding onto his misery with all his small might. The sense of oppression grew as I fixed for tiffin tenseness of listening for Merlin's return. I was standing in the doorway when a far shrill trumpeting began on the upper slopes. (Continued on Page 100)

The Monthly Country Gentleman Has Broken With the Past

In farm paper publishing *The Country Gentleman* represents the same progress that has replaced the buggy with the motor car, the mud road with concrete, the old oaken bucket with running water, the kerosene lantern with electric lights, the washtub with the power washer, the broom with the vacuum cleaner, the cradle and flail with the combine harvester, the deadly silence of country isolation with the radio.

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Pioneering, thus, into wider fields, it is a great satisfaction to find that the men and women on the farms are responding with a progressively increasing flood of subscriptions. All over the country, sales are mounting.

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Clearly, the monthly *Country Gentleman* is the *modern* farm paper—the foremost publication in America for those whose homes, or whose interests, are in the country.

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Look for this trade mark. It is stamped on the [illegible]

(Continued from Page 98)

The village awakened out of the silence of that meridian hour. I saw the children first, then the elders hurrying to the grove of chinars in the center of the village—movements and sounds altogether unprecedented, hands pointing up the slope. From the voices I began to know that what so long had been feared had come to pass.

"Stay back," I said to Grief, and he cowered again.

The distant trumpeting continued; sinister change in the light for my eyes, as if some spell of Samadhi were breaking. Freshness seemed gone from the air, a sense of fatigue altogether unusual as I climbed. Had "the brothers of the shadow," as Gudakesha called them—come from Darhana? Was Merlin getting his battle of bulls at last? That would mean leaving Samadhi. Making haste along the trail at the rim of the stream bed, it came over me like a gust that instant—an actual longing to be out on that cool gray table-land on the way back to the Serai.

A final moment of trumpeting, high-pitched, insane; then the racket that had lasted nearly an hour died down. Part of the strangeness now was the silence in the air. I sent up a call, listening in the stillness for Merlin's answer, but none came. Standing there, face upturned, my eye caught a moving speck far above the summit of the ridge—then another, birds of great bulk to be visible from the height—from over the Shushumna.

I smelled dust, and this was a different sort of winged life in my ears—not the lazy lulling of honey-laden wings, but an uneasy buzz that goes with sultriness and taint. Ahead was an open level space, the trees far apart, the gravelly surface free of all growth save lichens and low crackling thorn. A few bordering trees still stood between me and the open. A drench of sweat filled my eyes at the sight of a dark rocklike mass, uncouth, unfamiliar. An area of subtler consciousness must have registered the truth, since my heart was thumping in sickening fashion, before the brain actually understood—flesh, not rock—a great hulk of flesh sprawled out on the gravel in fierce daylight.

There was movement, unless my eyes betrayed—pull of the earth on that mammoth head, already bowed—a black male of the type of Drona and Bhima, startlingly like the latter, but the lordliness of the figure utterly destroyed by the thick hind legs stretched out, boneless and absurd as an unweaned pup's. The head sank another inch; there was life in the eye nearest me—giving the impression of a sort of immortal patience in the crazing tension. Deep gouged wounds under the ears and jaw, and from the center of untellable havoc—that eye of calm. Had Merlin photographed the fall of this mighty one?

Now I saw that the open space was everywhere smeared and trampled—that this area had been the scene for more than one battle today. Farther on, against a background of trees lay another hulk, a Samadhi male, quite finished. Others had fallen—the foes, three great leaking sponges—the shadowy type of elephants familiar to the outer world. With five down, how many had been engaged? How much of all this had Merlin gotten? Had he followed the wounded elephants away for more?

I had to watch my step, moving about trying to piece together what had taken place—until that instant of shocking synthesis when Merlin's tripod appeared before me, as if flung in the thorn bushes, and partly covered beyond—the black box.

Jerking forward and halting in deranged fashion after that, afraid of the shadow of each tree; calling, but afraid to listen. There was no place of baffling concealment among the thorns; they could not utterly have obliterated—yet the man was gone from his camera. It was all in that. I glanced to the sky as if to fend off the inevitable inference. Against the blue was a wide lowering circle, at least a dozen now, in leisurely sweep—great carrion specialists from over the range; at the same time the forces of death in minutia were a buzzing horror about my ears.

This was but one segment of the battle floor. The threshed trail of conflict led out and away, but Merlin would not have followed without his camera. A hope wavered in mind, that I had missed him somehow on the way up from the village. I started down the long trail in the evil breathless heat, but each step I knew better that I was only following a pretext to get away from this shambles.

Late afternoon; the village seemed empty. No change in those hard eyes under the thatch—as if Grief had known the worst at noon. I picked him up from his blanket, a rush of feeling toward him as toward some human thing. He tolerated my hands for the first time. In the lash of ineffectuality, I knew now that I must go back and search again—that at least the camera must be brought down tonight. I half hoped Grief would keep me company this time, though I neither called nor ordered him to stay. He followed to the opening of the thatch merely, then turned back to his blanket.

I remember stopping to rest on the way up the slope, as night gathered. It wasn't fatigue alone that I fought with, but fear to pass the last curtain of trees that bordered the open of the battleground from this side. No turning back without the camera in the thorns. I pushed on, stopping the leak of talk that came to my lips. It was like creeping into fold after fold of darkness and silence.

I cannot quite explain how I got into that somber circle without knowing. I did not hear nor see them, until I had stepped close to that first hunch of death in thick twilight—then dark movements all around, a yerking, awking, puking rattle, and then I could see the upright shadows, boy-high, huddled to their naked necks in loose plumage like dingy bathrobes—waiting for the ripening of the feast of the age.

Down the slopes I stumbled with Merlin's black box, and that night Merlin's dog lay across my arm. In the days that followed I heard the singing of the women on the river banks, their singing from the looms and the fields, but under all was the stir of tainted wings, and specks before my eyes of others coming.

I had left Merlin's camel in Samadhi, taking but two. Always it had been against my code to carry bad news, but here I was, helpless as a projectile aimed at a certain porch of a hillside bungalow in Saubala. Often my eyes turned back across the table-land shuddering in persistent illness. The black box was ever within reach, and often the dog lay across my knees. His nose caked and the smell of fever came up to me. I wondered that the little chap lived. Days afterward at the Serai, an old Mongol doctor picked him up and placed him down.

"Tomorrow—no see," said he. Yet Grief was still clinging to life next morning, and later still when a caravan to Saubala folded us in, for more monotony of camel days.

I stood upon the porch of that bungalow upon the hill. The door opened as I was bending to place the camera down. The woman there turned from me an instant and seemed to run a few steps into the house. I knew it was to cover her face from me, but immediately the words:

"Won't you come in, please?"

The photographs had brought me little of the truth of Leila Merlin. Something of the burden I carried went from me like a weight, even as she took the whimpering dog from my arms.

". . . He wasn't there—nothing of him, but the camera and tripod ——" I repeated.

"But surely it means something that the dog still lives," she said at last.

I had braced for so long to stand quiet in the storm of her sorrow; now I found her caring for me. It was she who brought the big camera from the porch to the living room, where it remained. There was but

(Continued on Page 102)

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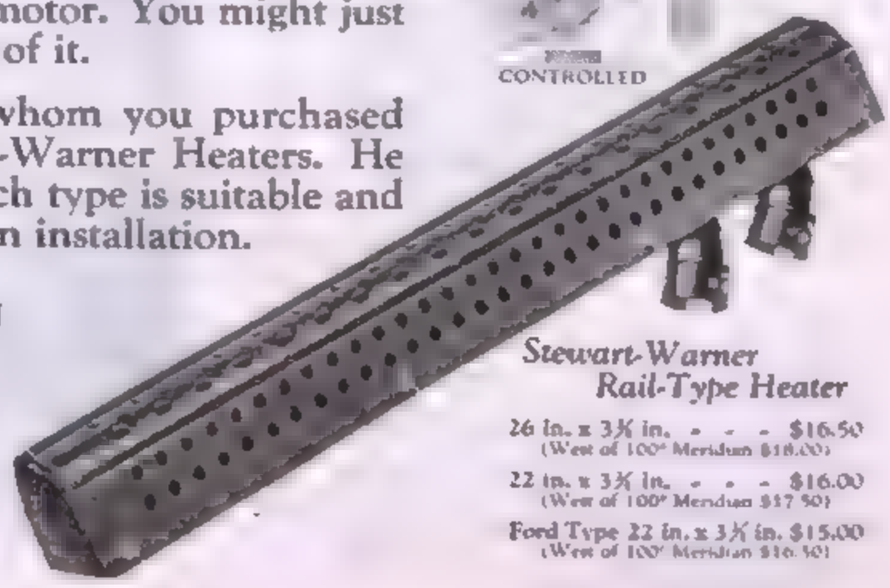

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Stewart-Warner Accessories

(Continued from Page 100)

one floor to the house, only three or four rooms. I heard her step through the days—frequently not speaking to her until evening, though occasionally she would pause in the doorway, as if resuming where she left off yesterday—telling something Merlin had said or done.

"I can't help but feel that the dog is still waiting for him," she said another time.

My bags were ready to carry to the Rest House, but it seemed like taking a prop from under the house on the hill to leave. I was looking harder than ever at Merlin's camera these days, especially when word reached us that an American moving picture company was coming to Saubala on location. I made a call on the outfit when it arrived. One of the photographers, a young chap named Winchell, knew Merlin by reputation.

"I always figured a tiger would get that fellow," he remarked.

"Something got him over in the Shushumna country," I said. "I have his camera. There's some film in it that may hold a clew to the last minute or two. It wasn't a tiger."

"Bring it over," said he.

Winchell and I arranged a meeting for the next day, but a few hours later I saw him coming up the path in a hurry to the bungalow and I slipped out to head him off.

"I'd have stolen this stuff, Crawford, only I couldn't get away with it," he said excitedly. "Merlin's captured the impossible! You say you picked up the camera after the fight?"

"There was a fight then?"

"Three rings going on at once—then a lone wind-up, to put your eye out. You say something got him. You could tell, couldn't you?"

"He wasn't there at all."

"What's this?"

"Not a sign—only the camera."

"Did you look against the trees?"

"Yes."

Winchell took me in long and searchingly, then glanced up at the bungalow. "Come on with me. You might as well see it now as any time."

"Shall I ask Mrs. Merlin?"

"Lord, no," said he.

I sat down in the stuffy little projection room which the picture people had improvised.

Samadhi again; the open gravelly bench; no carcasses on the ground now, but a confusion of elephants, twenty or more. One-third of these were of the dark imposing type of Samadhi, the rest being the gray elephants of Darhana and elsewhere. Winchell remarked that for the first few minutes Merlin had merely been "sketching" around the herd. What was persistently incredible to my faculties was this being returned to the Samadhi arena again, but at a time at least two hours before I had reached there on foot the first time.

My nerve wasn't right. This conference of elephants taking place on the screen ordinarily would have been cleanly absorbing, but what I had seen on the same ground later, continually insinuated—horrors of nightfall on that high slope. All but six of the elephants had drawn back. It was the leisurely way the three duels began—each a stand-off of black and gray—that wore so deeply into me, the camera taking the ensemble, then artfully the separate combats. Winchell's voice jerked me back:

"Old Spotted-tail will appear presently, if you can manage to sit through these preliminaries. Then things brighten up."

In a general way the gray elephants were no match for the huger darker type that defended Samadhi. One was gored down; two were slowly whipped back among the trees. For a dramatic instant Merlin had held the arena clear, then a single black male, possibly the one I had first come up to that afternoon, stood alone in the open. His likeness to Bhima, of the Bond-Finley herd, was singular now, as he stood upon his feet.

From the side came an elongated beast—more like a mammoth wild boar in some of his movements than an elephant, vaguely spotted dirty cream and gray, a sort of devilish laughter in the up-curve of his trunk and the sidewise stretching of the mouth. He was lower than the Samadhi defender and brought the fight with him—ghastly tusker of a fallen race wheeling in at a trot. It wasn't fury he fought with, but malevolent laughter, for my eyes. He met the stately impacts of the great black with a rakish twist of his snout and answered with gouging side hooks thrown in. From Winchell:

"Think of this stuff with slow music! Isn't he the fightin' fool?"

It was too slow altogether. One could stand the slow movement of a horse race or of a high dive, but to me it seemed that replicas of these gouging side hooks of the sinister beast were being etched upon the surfaces of my own brain. Again and again up from his knees, the patient black was taking his death blows, and arising for more. I turned away, but it was still going on—tusks of the ghastly one still probing—that stretched mouth!

"Don't miss this, mister—Merlin coming in for his close-up!"

The camera actually moved nearer; the hump of the kneeling Samadhi champion huger against the background. Not rising again—the patient eye visible for a second—that passing but painless look, the inverted knees of the hind legs stretched back.

The head of the shadowy conqueror lifted—no doubt of the insane trumpeting that marked that instant.

"Get him, locating the camera!" Winchell whispered.

My arm had lifted in pitiful self-defense—the eye of the evil one turned—to me. I caught the looming of the charge at the camera, the folding roll of the streaked shoulders, the reaching forward of that reptile trunk. Then, so far as I was concerned there was power to see, but not to believe—the intervention of another huge head—and the empty screen.

"Right there, apparently," Winchell was saying, "the best man in the business got his!"

I was back in Merlin's house, sitting alone in the unlit front room. I heard Grief's whine and my hand dropped over the arm of the chair. The woman came in and out. She was not one to ask questions. I couldn't speak yet. It was still reeling off in my brain—that last moment of the charge and the head that had thrust itself between. It could not be possible.

A step in the gravel outside. I thought Winchell had followed me here. A slow step on the porch, a whimper from the floor as the dog raised. I heard a quick breath from the woman in the doorway with a lamp. Grief barked, came to life—complicated as a crab, hind feet racing parallel with the front pair—the skeleton of a dog fighting with the door.

There stood the wraith of Merlin, one shoulder sagging below the other—white smile, tired sigh. He took the woman in his arms. He stooped to pick up his dog. He seemed quite unsurprised that I was there. His hand reached toward me presently and fell across my shoulder—as if I were one with them. A fumbling tone.

"I'm a bit tired."

I had drawn close to them. I caught the woman's look over his shoulder—her anguished nod—no movement of lips, but what her eyes meant to me was the single word:

"Smashed!"

I lay awake through the hours. The dog scratched at my door at last and I let him in. He lay very still across my arm. I fancied him asking, asking—the meaning of the change that had come over his master. Mrs. Merlin reported at dawn:

"He is sleeping now. He was badly hurt, and remembers only Darhana and his coming home from there."

"Darhana," I repeated.

Merlin arose and sat in a chair throughout the next afternoon. He had come from Bond-Finley's outfit at Darhana, he repeated, where they told him he had lain for weeks, shoulder crushed, nursed by old Gudakesha. His hands moved across the wire-hair of Grief's back in a trace of the old way, but his eyes held nothing of the days before that—nothing of the days we had known together. "I seem to have seen you before," he said, looking patiently at me. "Was it at the Great Serai?"

"Yes." I held hard not to cry out the question "How, under heaven, did you get to Darhana from the slopes of Samadhi?"

I went to Winchell and talked it over. He said, "It might finish him to see it on the screen. Then again it might ——"

"That's just the point," said I.

Mrs. Merlin favored the chance.

"I'd a little rather not go out anywhere," Merlin said patiently, but she managed. He was sitting at my left and turned to me as the projection room was darkened. "You see, I don't care for pictures," pleadingly.

"Don't blame you, Archie," said I.

The high gravel slope of the Shushumna flashed on—bringing nothing to Merlin, no break in that crush of weariness; the elephant conference in no way roused. I saw Winchell shake his head—the wavering of hope in the gray eyes of the woman. Merlin bent to me with dry insufferable tone: "I've really seen quite enough of this."

"Just a minute ——"

Darkness indeed, I dwelt in. Looking away from the screen didn't help. The walls of the projection room were alive for me with the shadows of that hideous nightfall—fright and unfulfillment. I had not yet found the camera again. "Just a minute," my lips mumbled.

The tusker lifted his head above the fallen monarch of Samadhi. It was the moment of the charge at the camera. The woman's silence was deathlike. My hand closed on Merlin's knee as I watched for the unbelievable—then a jerk of his body, full-length, and the startling call:

"Judy!"

The veil in his brain was rent that instant, and the woman had him to her breast. A drawl from Winchell: "The fact that I don't get it, doesn't make it not all right!"

We were back in the bungalow on the hill, Merlin sitting in the kitchen, elbows on knees, face in his hands:

"Oh, I'm onto her job now! It's to keep the rogues and the common gray kind out of Samadhi—to thin them out of the Shushumna by tricking them into the stockades. Oh, I see what old Gudakesha meant now all right."

"It was actually Drona then?" I said.

"You saw her break into the picture, didn't you—just before I heaved the camera?"

"I even saw the arrowy scar, Merlin, but couldn't believe."

"Yep, old Judy beat him to me!"

"Was it Bhima too?"

"You see, I was pretty involved with the camera. I didn't even see Judy until the mottled beast trumpeted and started my way. But Bhima wasn't back in Darhana when I came to."

"And Drona was?"

"Yes."

"Did the mottled one actually reach you with his trunk? I mean your hurt ——"

"Something like that. I went dark with the camera ——"

"How did you get to Darhana, Archie?"

His eyes gleamed. "I didn't walk," he said.

The woman came between us. I knew she meant to spare him further effort. I turned to the door as Merlin added slowly:

"You heard Gudakesha say that the enlightened know the way from Darhana to Samadhi ——"

Lamplight was differently bright in the bungalow that night, with new life and the continuity of consciousness flowing into Merlin again. The terrier moved from one to another of us, his stub wagging so furiously that his back feet couldn't track. Something of the spell of Samadhi returned, a definite longing, and not to me alone. It was Merlin who spoke of it first, and almost as if I heard the night wind of the table-land in his chuckle:

"Old Judy's exile may be over by the time we cross the Shushumna next time."

"You'll take me with you when you go again," the woman said.

Trees at Night

THE EXIDE RADIO POWER UNIT

(Combination "A" battery and charger)

This unit is kept connected to your electric light socket as well as to the radio set. Raise the small switch on the end and the receiving set is ready for use; lower it and the battery is automatically placed on charge. Finished in rich mahogany color, the Exide Radio Power Unit is furnished in two sizes—one, for sets using 4-volt tubes; the other, for sets using 6-volt tubes; retailing at $28 and $38 respectively—slightly higher west of the Rockies.

6-VOLT "A" BATTERY

Here is the rugged, good-looking Exide 6-volt "A" Battery. One-piece case.

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Compact Exide for low voltage tubes. Also made in 4-volt size.

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In glass cells, 6000 milliampere hour capacity. Also in 48-volt size.

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Exide Rectifier for economical recharging of "B" Battery from your own house current.

Range far and near with your radio set

Bringing in the distant stations, selecting the choice numbers from local programs—in short, getting the most enjoyment from your radio set—is largely a matter of proper current supply.

All the distance, volume, and clearness that an ample, uniform supply of current gives to radio reception are yours when current is supplied by Exide Radio Batteries. There are Exide "A" and "B" storage batteries for every requirement, and a rectifier for recharging "B" storage batteries.

See the complete line at any Exide Dealer's or at your favorite radio store.

THE ELECTRIC·STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Philadelphia
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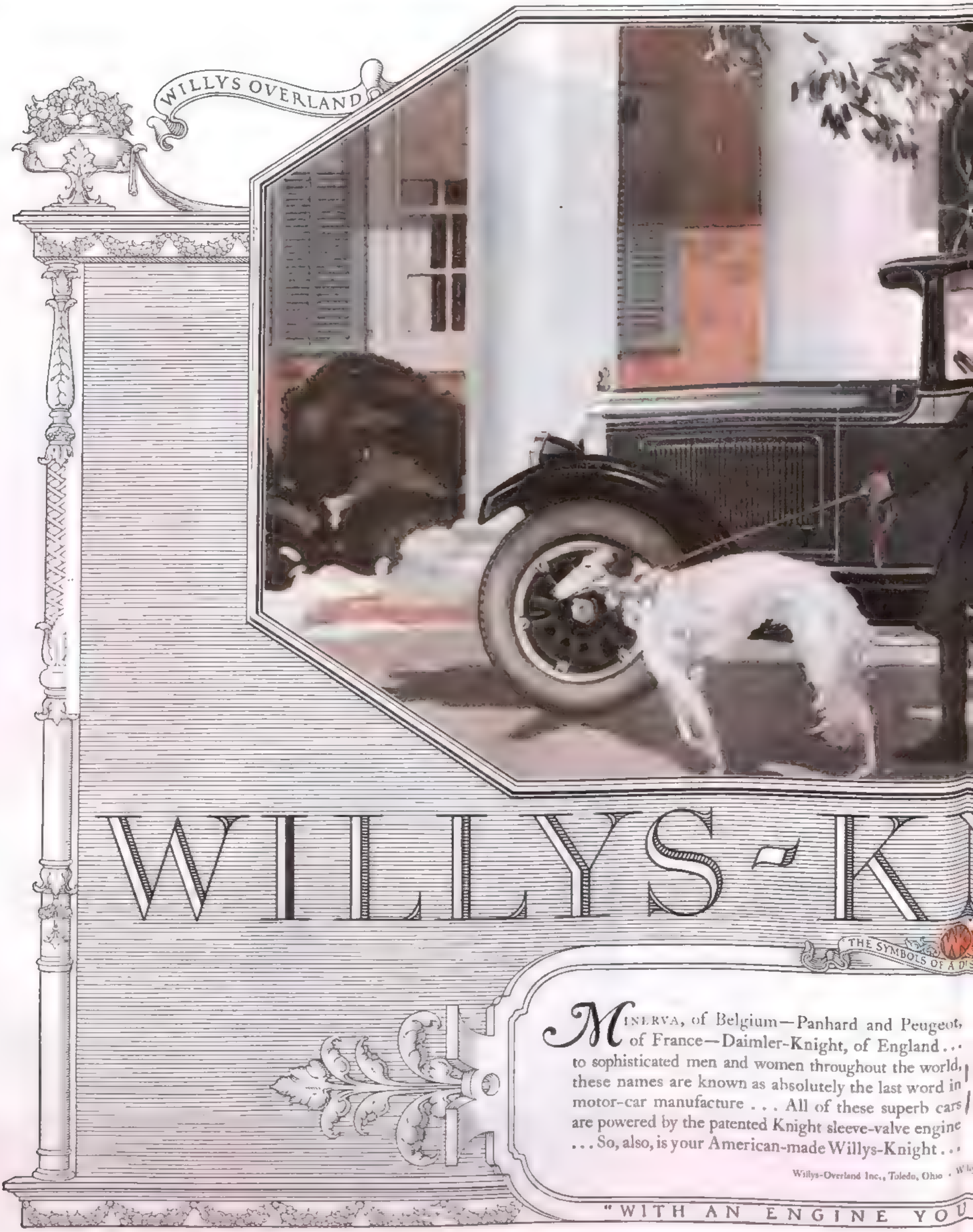
RADIO BATTERIES

FOR BETTER RADIO RECEPTION, USE STORAGE BATTERIES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THE SYMBOLS OF A
MINERVA, of Belgium—Panhard and Peugeot, of France—Daimler-Knight, of England . . . to sophisticated men and women throughout the world, these names are known as absolutely the last word in motor-car manufacture . . . All of these superb cars are powered by the patented Knight sleeve-valve engine . . . So, also, is your American-made Willys-Knight . . .
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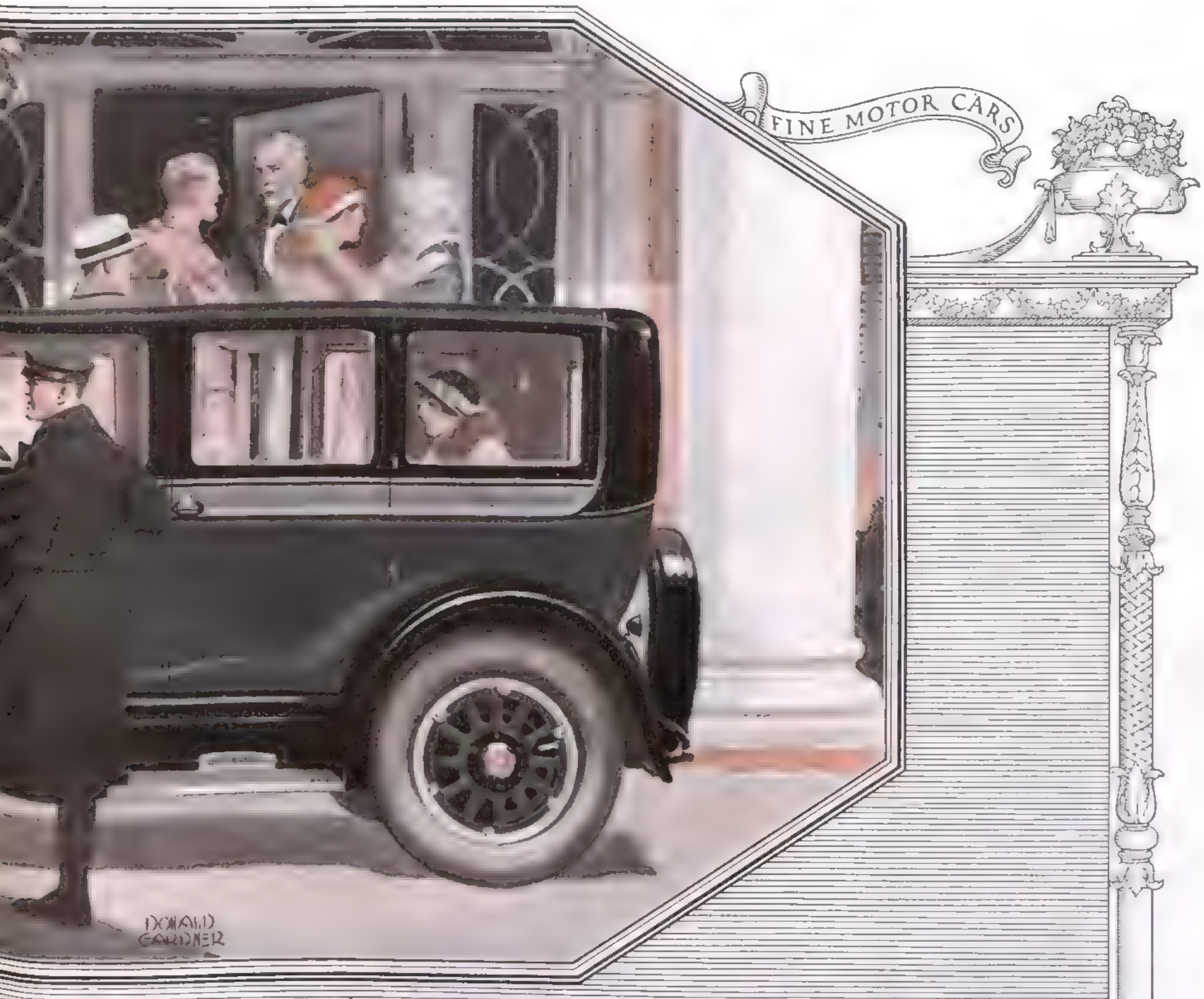

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DISTINGUISHED MOTOR CAR

No carbon troubles. No valves to grind. Fewer adjustments—fewer engine repairs . . . The only known motor-mechanism that actually and visibly *improves* with use . . . The only engine that *improves* in horse-power, *improves* in fuel-efficiency, *improves* in smooth and silent running up to and beyond 100,000 miles!

Willys-Knight models from $1195 to $2295 f. o. b. Toledo

Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

"WILL NEVER WEAR OUT"

Stolen from Her!

HOURS, precious "story-book hours" with the children, slipping away unused—stolen by the great thief, Household Drudgery.

And soon the children will cease to bring their books and questions to her—somewhere beyond the range of mother's eye, they will find playmates and playthings, and the answers to the problems that puzzle their little heads. They, too, will drift, away—stolen.

Yet it's so easy to rout out the thief and keep the "story-book hours." A modern age has furnished the means in modern time-saving methods and institutions. Today, the click of a switch cleans the floors, the touch of a lever cooks the dinner. But best and most important of all is the modern laundry—a phone call and washday, with its worries over laundress and weather, with its horrors of reddened hands and "clothes-line colds," is taken entirely out of the home. The laundry calls for your soiled clothes, washes and irons them, then returns them promptly, clean and fresh once more.

And think of the time gained! A day or more each week. Time to be a real companion and mother to your children; time to guide them safely through the shoals and narrows of childhood. Time, too, for home and husband; time for yourself—to keep the freshness of youth through happy, healthful recreation.

The cost of this washday service, as you'll discover by calling a modern laundry, is very reasonable. Besides there is such a wide variety of helps, one for every family's needs and purse. Today, phone a laundry in your city and have them explain the services they offer. Then choose your service and try it. You'll never go back to the old-fashioned washday!

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI

The Canadian Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd.
47-93 Sterling Road, Toronto 3, Ont., Canada

Agents: British-American Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd.
Underhill St., Camden Town, London, N. W. 1, England

THE DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 5)

"Poor child!" he said. "Poor little child! And you'd come with me, wouldn't you? And find food for me and cut grass to make a bed for me? And you'd think that all I did was right—even leaving four black women to die in the morning, when there's always a chance that I might save them—save even one of them—wouldn't you? And down on the coast you'd marry me before the consul and you'd never think you'd got a coward and deserter for a husband, would you, Luisa?"

There was gentle banter in his voice. She answered only with a sob. Manner is a mask, restraint is an ambush; but tears are the transparent garment of the naked soul.

"I shan't go, Luisa," he said.

His voice was still kindly. She had never heard it otherwise. She had never heard it rasp and jar, as it could. For Dr. Arthur Pringle was the younger of the twin sons of old Squire Pringle, of Amleigh, in Kent; master of foxhounds in his day, the most brutal-mannered and softest-hearted landlord in the county. For Pallard Pringle, his elder brother by half an hour, who was badged into the world with a red ribbon tied about his wrist to make sure of him as the heir, there had been Eton, the Guards, then the estate, and the silly little title of that baronet. For Arthur Pringle there had been a much smaller public school, a decent but modest allowance and a profession. He had chosen medicine, especially research in that backwater of science, tropical medicine, in which, to put no fine point upon it, there were yet many blood drinkers of bugs which are yet not acquaintances of the doctors. He had found a missionary society which needed a doctor in East Africa, where men can sleep themselves to death, where a fly in the house can sow death like a bomb-dropping aeroplane, where men, humbled and affronted, can lay themselves down and wish for death—and get it!

"No!" he said. "You don't understand, Luisa. I don't think, when it comes to that, that they'd kill me. I'm not thinkin' of punitive expeditions and all that kind of rot; but they, poor brutes, are. So those four women who are still alive are going to have their doctor in the morning, with their medicine and the hypodermic. You see, Luisa—I'd like you to understand me, if the worst comes to the worst—I'm a doctor!"

She was still holding him; she made some small miserable noise which he interpreted as an answer.

"A doctor!" he repeated. "Not even a priest. And my work isn't finished. I'd be like a soldier running away under fire. I'd be a traitor and a coward. So if it's death for staying here, then it's death. But they'll let you go!"

She moaned. "Yes!" she said. "But without you, I don' go! I don' go!"

He patted her bowed head again. He was nearing forty years of age and it was easy and natural to be paternal. But she was nearing twenty, and in that climate and in those lands she was as old as he. Nature is good to women there; they are old before they are middle-aged and they are dead before they are old.

"You must," he said. "You must go at once. Supposing it were all true—that tonight is the end—there's a letter, Luisa. I've been expecting all this as long as you have. I've got it here!" He tapped the breast of his shirt. "I've never told you, but I've got a brother, a very dear brother. It is for him. You must carry it down to the coast; and when you hear there that these poor brutes have—have done what you fear, you must take the letter to the consul and he will send it. And so you will do me a great kindness."

She shook her head, her face still buried in the bosom of his shirt.

"I don' go!" was all her answer. "I don' go! I"—she choked a little; it may have been her posture with her face buried in the slack of his garment—"I stay! A dead man—my 'usband! The fire—my bed! And all the Assouti see how white man's wife can die."

Dr. Arthur Pringle shook his head.

"Die!" he said. "You haven't understood what I've been teaching you, Luisa! Die? I can't die! They can't kill me unless they get you to help them—unless you refuse to carry that letter for me! Think! The stabbing assagai won't hurt me; the fire, after that, won't hurt me either. I shall rise from that, in the shape of many stern and good white men, who will finish the work which I have begun. I shall rise; only you can kill me, by not taking this letter. Carry it for me, and our bed shall not be of flames but of glory. Or say you won't carry it—I love you, Luisa—you know, because I have told you, that I love you."

She let go of him and stood the small stature of her upright. She had a face like a flower, like the half-opened bud of a passion flower. She had lips like a gash in wet flesh; she was that plastic thing, that most beautiful thing on earth, a *dona* of the coast; lovely, eager to obedience and able to service.

"Good!" she said. "You say, I do it! You say live; I am your *dona*. You say die; I am your *dona*. Give me your letter; I carry 'im safe! Give me your letter!"

He produced the stamped and addressed letter. She took it. A manner of seriousness had come upon her, an effect of holding him to his word. Visions had flashed upon her; not of saints or beatitudes; but of stern and good white men, each of them made in the image of God—that is to say, in the image of her god, Dr. Arthur Pringle. And death is not so terrible to all people as it is to some. There are those to whom it is a meeting place, a rendezvous.

"Art'ur!" she said suddenly. "I take your letter. But"—she paused—"never you kiss me! You are good man! Never you kiss me! Kiss me now!"

He looked for some seconds at her upturned face, straining to his, to the invitation of her ripe lips. He bent toward them.

After a while she released herself. She stood back.

"Now," she said, "I am married woman. Your woman, Art'ur!" He had the sense not to speak. "Art'ur, now I take your letter. I take 'im now. An' then I come back to my bed!"

And so speaking, she departed. There was no ceremony of farewell; as though she went on the merest occasion, she turned and walked up the slope towards the biggest of the Kaffir kraals. And there was that in her of their own black blood, mingled with the terrible and damnable mystery of the white, that the great negroes, each with his bundle of throwing and stabbing spears, each primed for the evening's murder of the white magician down below—the redoubtable Assouti killers whom none had been found able to quell or vanquish—parted to let her through; great six-foot black men who stood aside for her and made the semblance of a guard. And in her bosom she bore the death of the Assouti nation.

The white man, alone in the pit of the valley, watched her till she vanished. Then, with a sigh, he returned to his labors.

The interview was brief. He was kneeling over the bare form with the hypodermic syringe on the point of going into action when the velvet-footed spearmen arrived. The stabbing assagai has a range of about three feet; it has a blade of hammered iron three feet long; it travels like a bullet. Dr. Arthur Pringle, kneeling beside the woman he had hoped to save, got it full in the back. He rose upon his knees.

"What the devil?" he said, and fell forward and died.

The Squire of Amleigh, in Kent, the elder of the twins, read his letter at breakfast. He was alone at the moment; there was none to mark that he read the letter twice before he returned it to its torn envelope and sat staring at his meal. He was long, beaky of the nose and thin chested, with large bony hands.

"My dear old chap," the letter had run, "this reaches you only when I come to the jumping-off place. You've been a dashed good brother to me; I've had a jolly good time; but I think you ought to know that it was our mother that told me how she struggled up from bed to change the red ribbon from my wrist to yours. You were the healthy chap and I was the weakling. She was right; she was always right."

There had followed something about one Luisa, and a provision for her.

"Damn!" said the squire. "She can have the lot. It's hers."

A Road Through Fern Jungle, Hawaii National Park

"More precious than rubies"—seems this smoking tobacco

Hence this moving letter from an American resident in the Philippines

Old smokers of Edgeworth delight in their friendly rivalries for length of attachment to their favorite brand, and for total poundage incinerated in their trusty pipes.

Mr. Dugan inaugurates another sort of competition—a sort of Long-Distance-Wait Contest. For this loyal Edgeworthian orders his favorite tobacco in May, and then goes on forage rations until August, rather than twist his tobacco taste to accommodate native varieties.

Of course, it may be just habit that makes smokers "hold out" for Edgeworth. On the other hand, it's possible there is something unique about its uniformity, smoothness, and mellowness that makes men balk when "something just as good" is offered them.

What do you think? Do you think it's habit or the tobacco?

At any rate, read Mr. Dugan's letter and be thankful you're where you are!

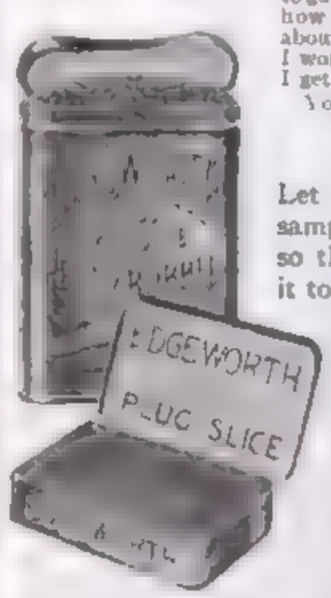
Philippine Islands

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:—Enclosed please find money-order for $4.65, for which please send me the following: 1—16 oz. glass jar Ready Rubbed; 1 $1.50 can Oboid; 1—$1.50 can Plug Slice.

Until recently I have been able to get Edgeworth from a dealer near here, but for the last month he has been "out," and I have been smoking native cigarettes and other so-called tobacco. I realize that it will be three months or so before I hear from this, but I know I'll get it sure by sending direct to you, you won't be "just out." In the meantime I may be able to scare up a little here and there. It's mighty hard to "bum" any Edgeworth from friends in this part of the world. They'd just about as soon give you the key to their safety deposit boxes as they would to the "Old tobacco box" where they keep their Edgeworth. I don't blame them; it's mighty hard to get, and it's terribly hard to go without. I know how the baby felt about the soap now. I won't be happy till I get my Edgeworth.

Yours, almost tearfully,
C. P. Dugan.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 L South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

for every

Christmas Radio Set

use only genuine RCA Radiotrons

READ all the claims of all the makers of radio sets —and then remember this when you buy—that getting what is claimed for a set depends upon the quality of the *vacuum tube* put into it. You cannot get clearness—you cannot get distance—you cannot get volume—unless the *tubes* get it. That is why it is so important to look at the base of every tube, to be sure it is a *genuine* RCA Radiotron.

A great gift for any fan—at $2.50

A radio fan will appreciate a "spare" Radiotron, just as an autoist appreciates a spare tire. But the Radiotron —a genuine RCA Radiotron—costs only $2.50. If you note what make of set a man owns, any dealer can tell you which *type* of Radiotron he uses, and you can give him exactly what he would choose for himself.

for owners of Super-Heterodynes — the new power tube

Every owner of a Radiola Super-Heterodyne can bring his set right up-to-date with the latest improvement, if you give him the new dry battery power Radiotron UX-120, and the adapter. The adapter costs but $1.50. And this new tube means great volume with better tone than ever!

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

No matter what set you buy, be sure the dealer puts in *genuine* Radiotrons

UV-199	$2.50
UX-199	$2.50
UX-120	$2.50
UV-201-A	$2.50
UX-201-A	$2.50
UV-200	$2.50
UX-200	$2.50
WD-11	$2.50
WD-12	$2.50
UX-112	$6.50
UX-210	$9.00

Rectrons:

UX-213	$7.00
UX-216-B	$7.50

A UV or UX tube is the same as the corresponding WD or WD tube except in the design of the ba

Radiotron UV-201-A
standard high-vacuum tube for storage battery sets

RCA-Radiotron

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF RADIOLAS

KEEPING TIME

(Continued from Page 38)

and send him to the hospital." Then turning to me he said, "Sousa, it's pretty hard to get all the cardinal virtues for thirteen dollars a month!"

It was very pleasing to me that Houston was passionately fond of my music. One day an advertisement appeared in the Washington papers that a concert would be given by a symphony orchestra from New York, in which the program would consist entirely of music by American composers. Finally the program was announced, and after Houston looked it over and found there was nothing of mine on it he dismissed it by saying he knew it would be rotten.

I defended the program, because there were some really good composers on it, and I said, "They come from New York and perhaps don't know much about me there," and tried to excuse the management as best I could.

The concert was given. Next morning, when I went to the barracks, the major sent for me and asked, "Did you play last night at Willard's Hotel?"

"No, sir; I did not."

He showed me a criticism of the concert, in which it stated that after the concert there was a reception at Willard's Hotel and the Marine Band was present. "You answer that," he said. "Let the rest of the public know you weren't there."

So I wrote this to the Washington Post:

"*To the Editor:* In your account of the concert of American compositions given two evenings since at the Lincoln Hall, you state, 'The Marine Band stationed behind tall palms played music in violent contrast to that heard earlier in the evening at the American Composers' Concert.' I desire to offer a few corrections:

"First: The Marine Band was not placed behind tall palms at Willard's Hotel.

"Second: The Marine Band did not play music in violent contrast to that heard earlier in the evening at the American Composers' Concert.

"Third: The Marine Band was not present.

"Fourth: Outside of the above corrections the rest of the article is substantially correct."

Touring With the Band

The colonel commandant of the corps was suddenly taken ill and was put on sick leave. I had gotten along splendidly with him, although he opposed any request I made to take the band on a concert tour. The most he would allow would be twenty-four hours' furlough which would carry us as far as Richmond, Baltimore or Philadelphia. I had applied many times for leave, but he had always refused to indorse an application to the department for it. As I was in the Marine Corps I didn't propose, even if I had the opportunity, to do anything against his wishes.

As soon as he had left Washington I called on the acting commandant and he said he had no objections to the band making a tour—in fact he approved of it—and gave me permission to call on the Secretary of the Navy.

General Tracy was the Secretary. He was a great friend of the band. He said it was entirely agreeable to him that we should make a tour, but "you'd better see the President and see how he feels about it."

In my years in Washington I had found out that if you want to see the President, see his wife first; so I called on Mrs. Harrison. She liked the idea and told me that if the President was in good humor and not too tired she would speak to him about it at dinner and let me know as soon as possible.

Next morning when I went to the barracks for my usual rehearsal a telephone message was given me that I should come to the White House at once. I went there, and the doorkeeper led me to the President's office. As I went into the room he got up, shook hands cordially and, leading me to one of the windows looking out on the Potomac River, said, "Mrs. Harrison told me last night that you are anxious to make a tour with your band. I was thinking myself about going out of town, and," with a smile, "it would be tough on Washington if both of us were away at the same time. I have thought it over and I believe the country would rather hear you than see me; so you have my permission to go."

I immediately arranged a five weeks' tour, which was a success both artistically and financially. The tour was directed by David Blakely, manager of Gilmore's Band and, at times, of the Thomas Orchestra. After we had completed our tour our commandant died

His son, a Philadelphian, told me his father said to him two months before, "I see by the paper that Sousa is going on a tour with the band. He has got his own way at last!"

The tour had been a very hard one for me, what with two concerts a day, luncheons, banquets, civic demonstrations, traveling incessantly, scarcely any sleep, and I broke down on my return and the post surgeon sent me to Europe to recuperate. We sailed, my wife and I, on the City of Richmond.

Excitement Enough for All

The first day out the people on board who craved excitement—or thought they did—said the Atlantic was no rougher than a duck pond. Well, by Tuesday a terrible storm arose, and while I have crossed the ocean many times since I have never seen such stupendous waves.

The third night about one o'clock we were called on deck with the terrible cry that the ship was on fire. We walked up to the saloon. It was raining and the sailors were getting the lifeboats ready. I don't believe the lifeboats would have lasted five minutes in that storm. We waited patiently for the day to break and before four o'clock the dawn came slowly. As soon as it was light the captain asked for a volunteer to go down into the hold and locate the trouble. A brave Scotch engineer named Grant was dropped down the hatchway, supported by ropes. He put tackle on a bale of cotton which was pulled up on deck and thrown overboard to an accompaniment of our cheers. He sent up another bale, then he was pulled up, overcome by the smoke. When he came to he said something to the captain, who immediately gave orders to batten down everything, covering the ventilators with tarpaulin, which was done.

That day my cabin burned out, and all the day was rainy and dismal. Finally we saw a vessel ahead and ran for it, throwing out our signals. When we got near enough and told her we were on fire her captain, in the excitement, dropped dead.

The flags on both ships were placed at half-mast and we traveled together, not knowing what minute the fire would get beyond control.

That night about ten o'clock we saw a light to the northward. "It's a Cunarder," said the captain; and leaving the faithful boat that had stood by us all day, we cut after the Cunarder, throwing up signal rockets. She could not understand our predicament because we were going so fast. Signals were exchanged and she agreed to stand by us until we reached Queenstown. She was the Servia. They fought the fire steadily.

On Thursday it looked particularly bad, as the linen room had caught fire, but by pouring tons of water into the hold of the boat, we managed to reach Queenstown. While some of the sensible ones disembarked, some of the others—including myself—concluded to stand by the captain who had, according to one gushing female,

The HURDLES of HORSEPOWER

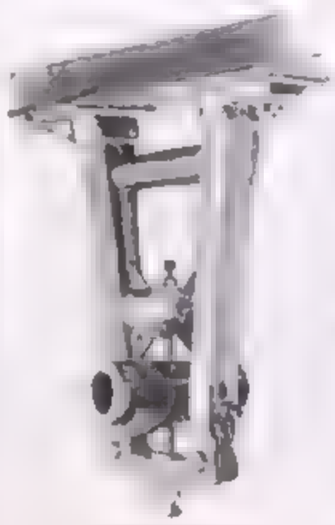
THE horsepower that leaves the boiler spends a part of its force in overcoming the obstacles encountered in every lap of its travel from the boiler to the last machine.

There are resistance and waste in the transmission of every form of energy—the Hurdles of Horsepower.

But because of the scientific design and construction of "American" Pulleys and "American" Hangers (both of steel) these hurdles are lowered and transmission losses are cut to a minimum.

There are sound reasons for this power saving. You will find them clear and understandable. Write for them.

Visit our exhibit, Booth 530, at Power Show, Grand Central Palace, New York, N.Y., November 30th to December 5th.



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The American Pulley Company

Manufacturers of Steel Split Transmission Pulleys, Pressed Steel Shaft Hangers and Pressed Steel Shapes

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AMERICAN

PRESSED STEEL HANGERS — PATENTED

STEEL SPLIT PULLEYS — PATENTED

The artistic stand lamp:— With a base plate that screws out to clamp anywhere. With a slot to hang by. With a ball joint and a movable shade to adjust light in any direction.

Bring sunshine to dim eyes with a BUSS Light!

How "Mother" would appreciate such a Thanksgiving remembrance from you! A light of her own to use as she likes.

What a comfort to her eyes for sewing! She can attach it on the machine or her chair, and then adjust it to focus the light right onto her work, to make every detail of her sewing clear and easy to see.

And for her reading, can't you picture what a pleasure this adjustable, close-up, focused light would be, that makes the printed page as clear as day?

She'll find so many other uses for her BUSS Light, too—for her work in the kitchen—for taking about with her to light up any dark place—for use on the card table or the book case, or on the mirror for dressing. And she'll be proud to use it simply as a stand lamp, because it is such an artistic, handsome little article.

You can buy a BUSS Light in beautiful decorated Ivory or statuary Bronze finish. When you see them you'll wonder how they can be sold at such low prices.

Ask at any store that handles lights.

Bussman Mfg. Co., 3825 N. 23rd St., St. Louis

$2 Plain Brass or Bronze finish. Complete with extra long cord (9 ft.) and combination plug. Bulbs not included
$3
BUSS
The Handiest Light
Light
in the World

stood by us. The run from Queenstown to Liverpool was an exciting one because the fire began to make great headway.

They would not allow the ship to dock when we reached Liverpool, but took us off on a lighter. The vessel was towed down to the mouth of the Mersey and some of the cargo salvaged. Then they opened everything and let her burn herself out. I think that accident brought about the passage of the law forbidding a cotton cargo on a passenger ship; so while it was exciting and terrible, it brought about a well-ordered reform.

When we reached London, a lady and her husband, old friends of ours, suggested that we go to their quarters in Woburn Square as we were pretty well rumpled up after our terrible trip across the ocean. It was a high-class boarding house, and just as I reached the house the fire engines were passing going to a fire somewhere in the vicinity. With the American boy's irresistible impulse to follow the engines, I ran along with them. I viewed the fire, saw the engines put it out, and slowly started back; but in the meantime I had forgotten where I lived. I didn't know the name of the proprietor, or the boarding house, or the street it was on! Here was a pretty how-de-do! Lost in London!

I stood on a corner for fully twenty minutes considering whether I should go to a police station and have all London called, or whether I should put an advertisement in the morning paper telling I was lost, when a genteel stranger came up to me and said, "Can you direct me to No. —Woburn Square? I'm a stranger."

It flashed across my mind that that was the number of my boarding house and I said, "So am I, and I'm just going that way and will take you along." I called a cab. We drove five or six minutes, reached the number and, the Lord be praised! It was where I lived! My wife was really glad to see me.

At Wagner's Grave

After we had spent some time in Paris and Berlin, we finally arrived in Bayreuth where the Bayreuth Festival was in progress. I had written ahead for tickets, but for once German thoroughness went back on itself and I found it impossible to buy a ticket. Finally, one farsighted and coming-fast millionaire-to-be offered to sell me his ticket for what he gave for it—which was 20 marks—if I would come out immediately after the first act was over. I agreed, and went in and saw the first act of Tannhauser.

I came out and started to walk down to the Wagner villa to go through the grounds and see the grave of Wagner, but Frau Wagner had that day gone to the theater and left orders that no visitors should be admitted to the ground where Wagner is buried. I tried all my powers of persuasion on the housekeeper, but in vain, so I went around to the back through a sort of park, where the composer and the "Crazy King" Ludwig II of Bavaria used to walk together. I met a German student in the road and told him of my disappointment as we walked along together. A little girl with a basket of bread walked behind us and she seemed very much interested in our conversation. Finally she came up and said she was so sorry I could not get in, but that she thought she could get me admitted, as she knew the housekeeper. We all went to the front door again, where she called the housekeeper out and told her she thought it was a shame to send me away when I had come all the way from America to visit Wagner's grave.

A consultation was held among the servants, and the little German girl's eloquence prevailed where mine had failed. They agreed to admit me for five minutes.

There was no name on the stone which marked his grave, and I asked the housekeeper the reason.

"He does not need it," she said proudly, in German, "he is the first man."

Both Secretary Whitney and Secretary Tracy were known as the Father of the Navy. Modesty and the greatness of either of the men would have made it extremely difficult to get their personal views on that, but at least from the time of Secretary Tracy the progress and development of the Navy was very great.

Secretary Tracy had been a general in the Civil War and was oftener called general than he was secretary. He was a great lawyer, and a man with a keen sense of humor. I recall when the band was ordered to go on the Despatch, which was known as the President's boat, and usually took foreign parties of importance on a trip to Mount Vernon, where they would see the home of the Father of His Country and, incidentally, the key of the Bastile, get a bountiful lunch and hear a lot of music from our band. On this occasion, when the ambassadors of nearly all the embassies in Washington were aboard, together with a great number from the official life of Washington, the Secretary sent his naval attaché to me with the request that I come to him at once.

I went over where he was sitting and he said, "Sousa, if you have the music here I would like you to play the national air of every embassy on board," and he instructed the naval attaché to find out how many nations were represented.

The Airs of All Nations

The report came back that there were seventeen. I always carried the national songs of a great number of countries in a folio, so I said, "I think I can play all of them." The music was handed out and I began with God Save the Queen, at which the English Ambassador immediately arose, followed by the rest of the guests. I then continued with France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and so on. As I played each anthem the ambassador or minister of that country arose, and I finally ended with The Star-Spangled Banner.

A few days later when I happened to be up in the Navy Department I met the Secretary and walked into his office with him. He congratulated me on my industry in collecting the airs. I told him I had spent much time in getting them, and he said they should be formulated and made into an official document.

"I would like them published under your authority," I said.

He immediately sat down and wrote the following:

NAVY DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

"October 18, 1889.

"*Special Order:* John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster of the band of the United States Marine Corps, is hereby directed to compile for the use of the Department, the National and Patriotic Airs of all Nations.

"B. F. TRACY,
"Secretary of the Navy."

The work was issued a year or so later, and is a standard all over the world, known as The National, Patriotic and Typical Airs of All Lands. I have once before referred to it. It still remains the most exhaustive work of its kind.

After we had discussed the compilation, he said, "Sousa, I want to compliment you on the excellence of your band. I was very much impressed with the solo playing of your cornetist at your last concert."

It was my opportunity to talk for the band, and I began:

"Yes, Mr. Secretary, that young cornet soloist is a fine Western boy. He comes from Schoolcraft, Michigan; his name is Walter F. Smith. He doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, his general habits and conduct are excellent; and all the Government pays him is thirty-eight dollars a month."

"You say he doesn't drink?"

"Not a drop," I replied.

"And doesn't smoke?"

"Never a puff."

"And his general habits and conduct are excellent?"

"He leads absolutely the simple life," I said, carried away by the fascination of the subject.

"Well, Sousa," and the Secretary leaned back in his chair, "for heaven's sake, what does he want with money?"

I joined in the laughter.

Another time the West Penn Hospital at Pittsburgh had secured permission from President Harrison for the band to go to Pittsburgh and give a concert for the benefit of the hospital. As soon as the concert was announced some musicians in Cincinnati telegraphed the Secretary protesting against the band accepting the engagement. The telegram read:

"To the SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, WASHINGTON, D. C.: We musicians of Cincinnati hereby protest against the Marine Band giving a concert in Pittsburgh, thereby taking the bread out of the mouths of American musicians.

"WASSERMAN,
"HESSLEIN,
"HEYMEYER,
"KRANTZ."

I read the telegram and indignantly said, "Why, Mr. Secretary, there isn't an American name signed to this telegram."

He took the telegraph blank, read it slowly, then turning to me remarked, "They're damn good American names in Cincinnati, Sousa."

We proceeded to Pittsburgh and gave the concert. One of the Washington correspondents had had a little fun with me by saying that there was no city in the world in which they demanded such highbrow music as Pittsburgh, and, he said, "If you play anything of a so-called popular nature, they'll hiss you off the stage just as sure as beans is beans."

He carried such an air of conviction that I believed him. I built my program of very solid material; something by Brahms, something by Bach, something by Wagner, and something by Richard Strauss. The house was crowded, and when I finished the first number I turned to the audience expecting salvos of applause.

The number was received in silence.

Crowned the March King

"But," I thought, "perhaps this piece was too trivial for them—they certainly are highbrows!" and I started off with the next number.

That piece likewise was received in frigid silence.

I was terribly worried and decided, "If the next is too light for them I'll play something popular and have them hiss me off the stage."

Then I began the Parsifal Procession of the Grail.

As I finished it half the audience was asleep and most of those who were not sleeping were apparently half yawning.

"Boys, get ready to be hissed off the stage. They'll do it in quick time," I muttered. "We will now play Annie Rooney, and if any of you get maimed or killed, I'll tell the Government you did it in the line of duty and your widows will get a pension. Now together!" And we blared off for all we were worth.

Strong men wept! Husbands threw their arms around their startled wives! Brothers hugged brothers, sisters hugged sisters, and the rest of the evening was taken up with Annie Rooney. As the band embarked for home, loud above the chug of the engine and the whistle of the locomotive was heard the dulcet melody that carries the words:

Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart!"

And on we sped to Washington.

My marches were forging ahead and beginning to grow in popularity. The Yorktown Centennial was played by a great number of bands and the Gladiator became the rage. That came out in 1885, and was published early in 1886. At a parade in Philadelphia, a friend of mine counted no

(Continued on Page 113)

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THE U. S. Royal Balloon has gained the title, "the Balloon Tire Principle at its Best," because it successfully embodies all the original ideals of the *true* low pressure tire.

You get *full balloon comfort* because U. S. Royal Balloons can be run *safely* at pressures lower than those usually recommended.

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You get *handsome appearance* that keeps on looking handsome during the long life of the tires. Their striking all-black tread and side walls are not marred or soiled by the varied conditions of service.

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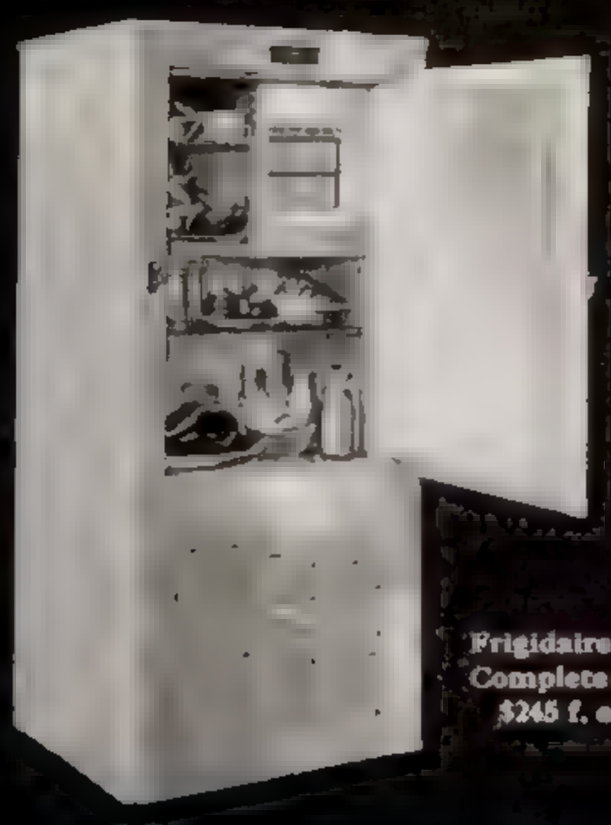
An organization of over 3,500 trained sales and service representatives covers the entire country. The nearest one will gladly tell you all about Frigidaire.



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DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation*, Dept. B-111, Dayton, Ohio

(Continued from Page 110)

fewer than seventeen bands playing the march.

At this time some little-known English brass-band journal had an article declaring that America was entitled to the palm for the best military marches, and cited among the composers who were doing good work in that line, in America, Graffula, Downing, Reeves, Missud, Brooks and Sousa; and, continued the article, "The last named, who we understand is conductor of the government band at Washington, is entitled to the name of March King as much so as Strauss is to that of Waltz King."

My publisher showed me the article and also a little advertisement he issued, which said, "You can hear his music from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf Stream. The March King reigns supreme!"

And that title has remained with me ever since.

The time was approaching for celebrating the centennial of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. This declaration antedated the Philadelphia one by more than a year. Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, called on President Harrison asking him to come and deliver a speech, but the President's engagements were such he could not accept. The Marine Band was asked for and President Harrison sent us to take part in the ceremonies, which lasted upward of a week and were held in Fayetteville.

When the band arrived we were met at the station by a committee of citizens and taken to our quarters, a large hall fitted up in barracks shape with beds, washbasins, and so on. The chairman of the committee said after we had had supper he would call and discuss the programs with me. This was only twenty-five years after the war, and just what a government band under a Republican President would play was problematic. I felt by the action of the chairman that that was uppermost in his mind. He asked what I had intended for music for the ceremonies the next day.

"Well," I said, "we'll open with The Star-Spangled Banner."

"O. K.," he said.

"Then we'll play the Coronation March from the opera of The Prophet, by Giacomo Meyerbeer. We will follow with the Overture to William Tell, On the Blue Danube, excerpts from Aida, and then My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

A Tune Called Dixie

"I think that's very fine," he said soberly, "but I'd like to say there's a tune down here that we love like mother's milk. I don't know whether your band plays it, but I'm sure our people would love to hear it."

"What's the name of the tune?" I asked in an almost unconcerned and discouraging manner.

"It is called Dixie," he said.

"Dixie?" I said. "I know the tune. I'll think it over whether we make use of it. You know we are a very artistic institution and must always consider our programs."

"Yes, yes," he reflected, "but if you can get it in I know the people would like it. Some of them haven't heard it since the surrender."

He left. Of course I was only torturing the poor fellow. A musician who went South in those days and didn't have Dixie in his repertoire was mentally, morally and physically damned by everybody—and should have been!

Next morning the ceremonies began. The town was crowded. They had come from the mountains and from the plains, from the forests and from the fields. They lived in covered wagons, and I even saw boys asleep in dry-goods boxes, under stoops and on benches. Governor Fowle made the first speech. As he finished his address I brought my band to its feet and played the national anthem, which was very quietly received. Then I passed the word to the bandsmen Dixie would be the next number.

The next speaker was the chairman, who made a short speech introducing Senator Vance, the idol of the state. As the chairman sat down, and before Senator Vance rose to deliver his speech, I signaled to the band and we launched into Dixie.

It was like an electric shock. A rebel yell, starting on the grand stand, went booming down the street back and forward through the surging crowds. There never was such a yell before. The very air seemed to quiver with excitement. Myriads of hats were tossed up; grim old warriors hugged their young, women hugged women, girls hugged girls, and for fifteen minutes this continued. After that, and during the entire time we were in Fayetteville, our programs ran something like this:

Overture, William Tell.
Song, Dixie.
Waltz, Blue Danube.
Song, Dixie.
Scenes from Faust.
Song, Dixie.
Medley of Favorite Tunes.
Song, Dixie.

And the encore to every one of those numbers was Dixie!

One of the odd things about the conflict between the states was the love of certain tunes. The favorite of the South was of course Dixie, written by Dan Emmet, a Northern man, and first sung in New York at a minstrel show in 1859.

The Professor and His Professors

One of the favorite tunes of the North was The Battle Hymn of the Republic, the music by Steffe, a Southern man.

Dixie was written as a minstrel walk-around, The Battle Hymn of the Republic as a sacred song, but when the populace want a thing they take it wherever they find it.

Albert Pike gave Dixie new words that awakened the Southerner to enthusiasm and defiance.

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! To arms! To arms in Dixie.

Lo! All the beacon fires are lighted,
Let all hearts be now united,
To arms! To arms! To arms in Dixie.

Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixieland we'll take our stand
And live and die for Dixie.
To arms! To Arms! To arms for Dixie.

We gave a concert in the lobby of the hotel the next night. The crowd was so great that the musicians scarcely had room to move, much less play their instruments. I called the chairman of the occasion to my side and told him that unless he could get the crowd to keep from interfering with us, I'd be obliged to abandon the concert. He mounted a chair, and after rapping for attention, spoke:

"The professor informs me that the professor's professors are unable to play owing to the great crowd and their interference. And the professor said unless you keep back from his stand, the professor and the professor's professors will be compelled to withdraw, thus making it impossible for the professor and the professor's professors to continue."

After that the "professor and the professor's professors" were given ample room to continue the concert to its conclusion.

We returned to Washington after a very pleasant week in the South, for we had enjoyed Southern hospitality during the entire time we had been there.

I found in my concerts in Washington during that season that the piece that was most called for was the Washington Post. Everybody seemed to be Washington Post mad. I had written the piece for General Frank Hatton and Beriah Wilkins, owners of The Washington Post newspaper, who had gotten up a prize essay contest among the school children of the capital, and it had grown to such proportions they had secured the National Museum grounds in which to deliver the prizes, and the Marine Band was to furnish the music. General Hatton had asked me if I wouldn't write a march for the occasion. The fee was $35. That was the birth of the Washington Post, a lucky composition, for almost immediately the dancing masters in their yearly convention had selected it for their new dance, the two-step, and it swept from one end of the world to the other. In fact, when I went to Europe I found that the two-step itself in England and in Germany was called a Washington Post, and no concert in Europe that I gave was complete without the performance of that march. I remember a dance leader telling me in a New England town that he had played at a ball where there were twenty-two dance numbers, and the only reason he didn't play the Washington Post twenty-three times was because there were only twenty-two numbers on the program.

On my return to Washington, David Blakely wrote me asking if I could get permission to make a tour to the Pacific Coast. I secured permission of General Haywood, the commandant, then of the Secretary, and finally of the President, for a seven weeks' tour from ocean to ocean. We left Washington in March, arriving in San Francisco, April 9, 1892.

We played across the continent in all the leading cities and reached the great city of San Francisco. I quote an article from the San Francisco Argonaut, of those days, which was no doubt written by an Englishman:

"The United States Marine Band closed, on last Saturday, a season in this city which must have been profitable, if the proportion of paper in the Grand Opera audiences was not excessive. The management was distinctly bad; but the music was so good that people overlooked inconveniences arising from carelessness or inexperience for the sake of artistic merit. As a rule, military bands have not been always successful here, and if, as Mr. Haweis says, the connection between morals and orchestral music can be detected at a glance, we must be in pretty bad case. The Hungarian Band, Cappa's Seventh Regiment Band, the Mexican Military Band, all discoursed most excellent music, but they are none of them believed to have carried away many bushels of shekels."

Bands and Bankruptcy

"It seems that the taste for orchestral music is a tardy plant, and flourishes chiefly in communities which have reached a high stage of development. Forty-four years ago, one of the most perfect bands that ever played in this country—the Germania Band, under Carl Bergman, which had been recruited in Berlin—made a tour through New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and other Eastern cities. They played to empty houses. In Philadelphia, they played to nine dollars and a half, the rent of the hall being ten dollars; in the middle of the performance, the proprietor appeared on the stage and threatened to turn off the gas if the other half-dollar was not forthcoming; whereupon the bandsmen, with one voice, bade him 'Turn her off!' They kept on playing, at intervals, for six years; but when they finally disbanded, there was no money in the treasury. The members found work separately. Bergman became conductor of the New York Philharmonic—a post which he retained to his death.

"Jullien, who came to New York in 1853, may be said to have created the taste for orchestral music in the United States. He was a man of genius, and knew a little of everything except the science of music. But he was an admirable conductor, and possessed the gift of imbuing his players

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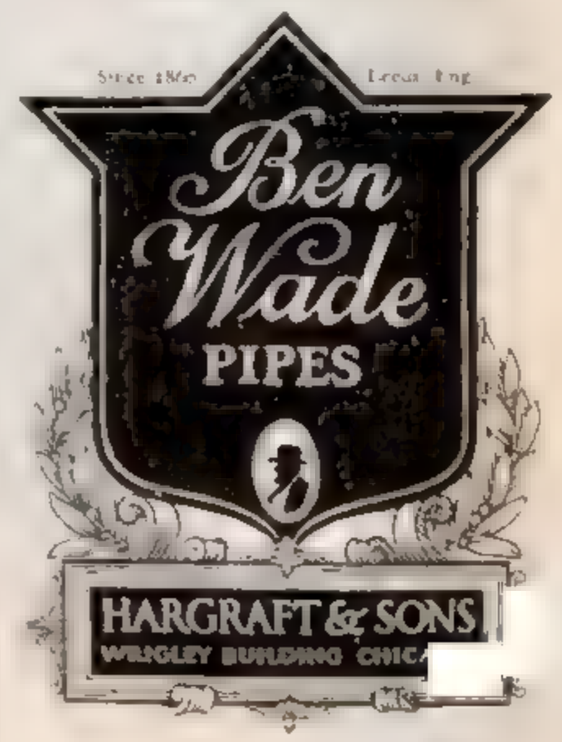

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with the feeling that they must deny themselves the luxury of expressing their own feelings, in order to render the conductor's conception of the composer's idea. He was, also, an absolutely perfect judge of public taste.

"He used to say of himself that his vocation in life was to popularize music. He was a Frenchman, and, like many Frenchmen, was nothing if not theatrical. Those whose memories go back forty years will remember him as he used to appear, graciously smiling, in an enormous white waistcoat, with huge wristbands folded back over his coat sleeves, bowing his thanks for plaudits. As he stood before the footlights, a valet in full dress brought him a pair of white gloves on a silver salver. Having donned these and seized his jeweled baton, he gave the signal, and very capital music, indeed, ensued.

"Gilmore, Cappa, Godfrey, and Mr. Sousa—who has just left us—conducted their bands less turbulently; Mr. Sousa's legs were as motionless as if he were a sentinel on duty; Jullien writhed and flung himself from side to side as if the violence of his emotions electrified his muscles. When the piece ended, he flung himself, breathless and panting, into a velvet armchair, and fanned himself with a lace handkerchief.

"As he still figures as the prince of bandmasters, it is sad to recall the harshness with which he was treated by fortune throughout his life. He made money by his concerts, but invested it in a lease of Drury Lane, which landed him in bankruptcy. He wrote an opera and brought it out at his own expense at Covent Garden; it was a total failure. His entire stock in trade was destroyed by a fire. He started a company to give garden concerts; it went to smash, taking Jullien with it.

"Driven out of England by poverty, he went to Paris, ran into debt, and was imprisoned at Clichy. His friends in London were raising money to clear him, when the news reached them that he had died suddenly."

The notices in all the papers were most gratifying. On our way back, we gave concerts again in Chicago.

A Tempting Offer

Mr. Blakely came to me and said, "How much does the Government pay you a year?"

"Oh, about fifteen hundred."

"Well," he answered, "I have been talking the matter over with a party of business men. They are willing to organize a syndicate, pay you six thousand a year and 20 per cent of the profits, if you will resign from the Marine Band and organize a private concert band."

"I'll think it over," I replied.

The next morning, before any reply had been given to the offer, the Associated Press carried a story that I was going to leave Washington and organize a concert band to be located in Chicago. Within the week I received hundreds of letters, some congratulating me, others hoping I would not leave Washington. The Washington Post of April 9, 1892, published the following:

WANT TO KEEP SOUSA

WASHINGTONIANS AMAZED AT THE PRESUMPTION OF CHICAGO

FEAR HE WILL ACCEPT THE BID

"WASHINGTON, April 18—'Chicago will want the White House next.' The remark was made this noon in the Senate Restaurant by one of a group of senators and newspaper correspondents who were discussing pie, milk and Chicago's attempt to capture Sousa, the leader of the Marine Band. The news that Chicago was negotiating with the leader caused not so much surprise as regret. The people of Washington would receive with equanimity the news that Chicago had determined to introduce a bill to remove the Capitol of the nation to her capacious limits or to annex the present capital. But they are not prepared to witness the attempt to deprive them of the able and popular leader of the Marine Band and are very much exercised over the prospect of losing him. They don't blame Chicago, nor in fact do they blame Sousa for considering the offer, and they would not blame him if he accepted it. But they do blame the Government, and, moreover, they are bringing to bear upon the devoted heads of the congressmen a great deal of pressure to induce them to vote for a bill that shall give to the leader of the Marine Band a salary commensurate with his worth."

Playing to Five Presidents

"Even Frank Hatton, who is used from long practice to view with imperturbed soul the march of empire toward the West, has devoted considerable time and space in his newspaper this week to sounding the alarm by declaring that the loss of Sousa means the loss of the Marine Band, it being naturally expected that if Sousa leaves he will take with him such of the players whose terms of enlistment have expired and others will follow in due course."

When I reached Washington on May sixth, I had fully made up my mind to secure my release from the Government. My release was granted in the latter part of July, and with a number of graceful letters of appreciation from those in authority, I left Washington on the first of August for New York to begin the organization of a concert band.

After twelve years of service under five presidents of the United States, it was natural for me to draw some estimate of the various presidents in my mind. The office is such a great one—undoubtedly in the minds of true Americans the greatest one on earth, and it must be to many thinking aliens. Therefore it is not hard to see that every President is a hero to his musical director. And he should be. Whatever partisanism or acrimonious discussion may ensue during a campaign, the moment a man becomes President the office glorifies him and he would be very ordinary clay if he did not live up to the glory of his exalted position.

I recall once in crossing the ocean I spent many hours on deck with a United States senator who was particularly severe in his comments on Mr. Harrison, whom I defended as best I could against his violent onslaught. He said, among other things, that he'd called on the President a month after he had been inducted into office and requested him to withdraw his objections to a man he desired appointed to a certain office. The President said he would not change his decision.

The senator angrily retorted, "You seem to forget, Mr. President, that during your campaign, when the Republican Party needed money badly, I went out and got it and thereby assured your election."

The President said, "I appreciate your efforts, senator, but you forget I am not the President of the Republican Party, but the President of the United States, and I know the people at large are not in favor of your man occupying the office you want me to appoint him to."

"Darn the little runt!" the senator added to me. "His posterior is too near the ground to make him great, in my estimation."

"But," I protested, "size is no gauge of bravery or brains."

"Maybe not, but I don't like him!"

Mr. Harrison often showed in his administration that he was the President of the United States and not the President of a party.

A Return to American Ideals

We know the greatness of Mr. Hayes. He was a gallant soldier and a splendid statesman whom the Electoral Commission put in the White House by the close vote of 8 to 7. And we know that he was such a great President that he calmed the country into a tranquil peace and withdrew the Federal troops from the South, the very troops which, it was believed, were the cause of his election. He diligently served his country, many times in opposition to his party.

Mr. Garfield's tenure of office was too short to form any idea of him as President or man. I had the pleasant duty of composing and playing his inaugural march, and the melancholy duty of composing and playing his funeral dirge when he was laid away to rest in Cleveland.

The coming of Mr. Arthur placed the administration, as far as I could discover, poles away from the Americanization of the Hayes administration.

One snobbish official said to me, in great glee, "We at last have a gentleman for President."

If he meant a President different from what I had heard Grant was, and I knew that Hayes was, then I knew he was right; but as a President following the lines of pure Americanism I do not think his view was a correct one. Mr. Arthur was always a gentleman who would have fitted admirably in an absolute monarchy; but that he represented American traditional or constitutional cordiality, I do not believe. The studied austerity of President Arthur reminded one of a scion of an effete civilization of the Old World, while the genial activity and urbanity of Presidents Hayes, Cleveland and Harrison suggested the pioneer of America.

The coming of Mr. Cleveland was a coming back to American ideals. Up to the time he married, he was most democratic in his manner toward me. I remember once when he was escaping a Saturday afternoon reception held by his sister, Miss Rose Cleveland, he opened a door near where the band was stationed and found it necessary to thread his way through the band. In going through he probably passed twenty men, and with a smile and an apologetic word or two won the hearts of his musicians.

When he finally reached my stand he said, "I'm a terrible lot of trouble, Mr. Sousa, but I'll be out of the way in a minute." After he married he became much more serious and rather taciturn. But even then he never lost his American traits.

Ladies of the White House

When Mr. Cleveland was superseded by Mr. Harrison, American life, American tradition and American custom, it seems to me, came into their own to the fullest extent at the White House. He at times relaxed from the cares of office and entertaining and sat as the solitary auditor while we played our best. The most brilliant speech I have ever heard was one he delivered at a Gridiron Club dinner. His sense of humor was great and his speech could be scintillating and satirical.

The five Presidents all had facets of character that made them heroes in the eyes of their musical director.

Of the ladies of the White House during the time I was there—Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. McElroy, Miss Rose Cleveland, Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Harrison—as beautiful women I should place Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Hayes in the van. Mrs. Cleveland's youth and the romance of a White House wedding brought her and her beauty permanently into the minds and hearts of the populace. The only time I ever had any communication with Mrs. Cleveland was when she sent a request that I play the Tannhäuser Overture, showing that she had excellent taste in music.

Mrs. Hayes dressed in exquisite taste and had the charm of beauty of person in its full fruition. No gentler hostess could be found anywhere.

Mrs. McElroy, Mr. Arthur's sister, was a painstaking hostess and much more genial than her distinguished brother.

Miss Rose Cleveland was a rather plain little body, but her plainness you promptly forgot when you conversed with her five minutes.

Mrs Harrison was a very sweet-looking woman, kind-hearted, considerate, ever mindful of those about her and a splendid type of American womanhood—one never to be forgotten by those privileged to know her.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Sousa. The next will appear in an early issue.

"But Where are the Babies?"

THE TEMPTER

Fire always tempts us to be careless.

A thousand times we throw away a burning match—and it goes out. For years we live with defective flues—and nothing happens. We string illegal, unprotected wiring all over our houses. We harbor rubbish heaps. We grow contemptuous of gasoline. We disobey "No Smoking" signs.

And then—a devastating fire, appalling loss, swift punishment! Fire—the tempter—strikes.

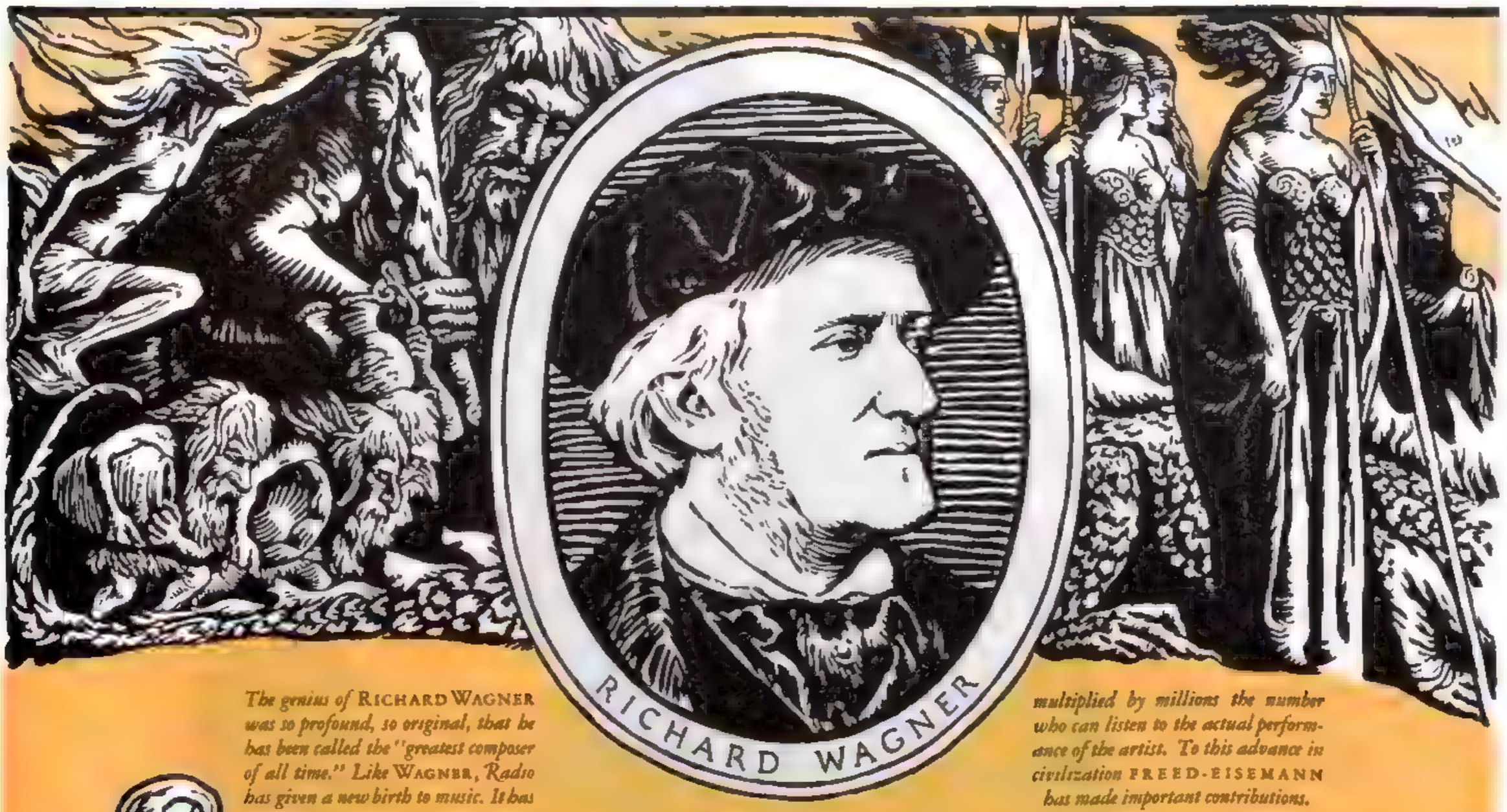
The Hartford Fire Insurance Company does something more than offer sound indemnity against loss. Its constant effort is directed to prevent fire. By means of this educational campaign, through the services of its corps of specially-trained fire prevention engineers, and by its selection of the ablest force of expert agents, it inculcates carefulness, and wages untiring war on our common enemy—Fire.

Join us in the fight. Listen to the sound counsel of your Hartford Agent.

INSURE IN THE

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.



The genius of RICHARD WAGNER *was so profound, so original, that he has been called the "greatest composer of all time." Like* WAGNER, *Radio has given a new birth to music. It has multiplied by millions the number who can listen to the actual performance of the artist. To this advance in civilization* FREED-EISEMANN *has made important contributions.*

Freed-Eisemann *leads*

A *conclusive fact* upon which you can base a *sound* decision on radio

THE American public is quick to recognize merit. It decided vigorously about Radio. The overwhelming public preference for FREED-EISEMANN is *conclusively proven* by the fact that, last year, although fourteen Neutrodyne makes competed for public favor, FREED-EISEMANN *alone* did more than half as much business as all of the other thirteen licensed manufacturers *combined!* The reason is simple. On the wings of praise, there spread from friend to friend messages of FREED-EISEMANN tonal purity; FREED-EISEMANN simplicity; with FREED-EISEMANN reliability. When a FREED-EISEMANN owner proudly demonstrates his set to his acquaintances, they will almost invariably determine on a FREED-EISEMANN for themselves. Literally—the FREED-EISEMANN sells itself!

A proud and eager staff of research engineers protects the reputation of this great Company by building into every set the latest important basically sound *improvements* in the Radio art. Working with them are more than a thousand craftsmen who are inspired, to the last man, with an ideal *personal responsibility* to you—an ideal reflected from the chief executives of this Company, Mr. Joseph D. R. Freed, Mr. Alexander Eisemann and Mr. Arthur Freed.

All FREED-EISEMANN sets are built for use with an *aerial* because it has been scientifically demonstrated that an aerial is the most dependable means of picking from the air the maximum amount of broadcast energy.

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FREED-EISEMANN RADIO CORPORATION
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WORLD'S LARGEST
MAKERS OF
Neutrodyne Radio

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by Public Choice—

This Week—Without cost or obligation
A trial in your own home
Telephone the FREED-EISEMANN *dealer today!*

Our dealers are so sure of the performance of the FREED-EISEMANN that they will gladly install a set in your home *without obligation*—so that you may learn at first hand the joys that it will give you.

Write for booklet "Some Friendly Advice on How to Buy a Radio" by Mr. Joseph D. R. Freed

FE-15† *A new five-tube receiver, built for use with storage battery* $75.00

NR-7 *Six-tube licensed Neutrodyne* receiver, embodying an improved method of audio frequency amplification* $110.00

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NR-45 *A six-tube licensed Neutrodyne* receiver, remarkably selective, in a handsome mahogany cabinet* $160.00
Mahogany Console table type C-45, with loud speaker built in, $75.00

* Licensed by Independent Radio Manufacturers, Inc., under Hazeltine patents, Nos. 1450080, 1489228, 1533858
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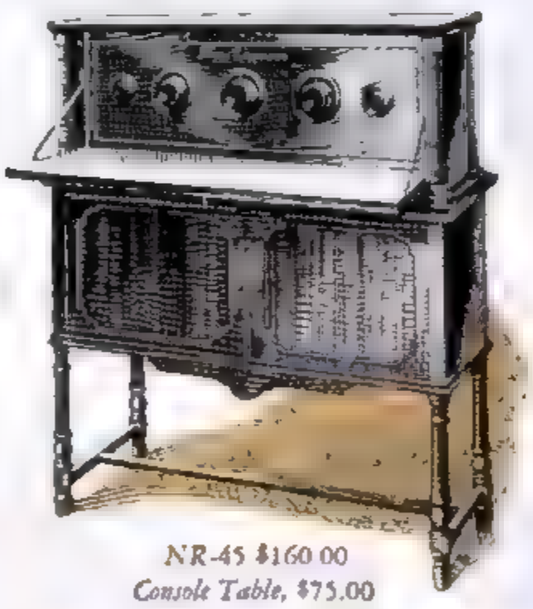
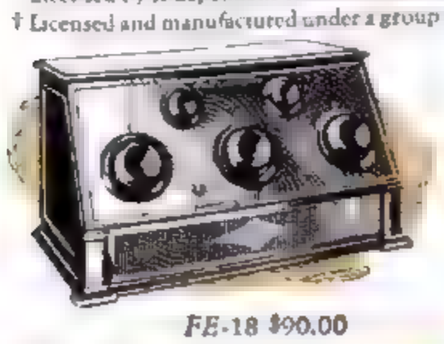


NR-45 $160.00
Console Table, $75.00



FE-18 $90.00

NR-7 $110.00

FE-15 $75.00

EISEMANN

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company
Philadelphia

Sirs: - A defective battery is sometimes very costly.

My wife and I were recently touring in central Indiana. We encountered a grade crossing curving upward to the tracks of a transcontinental railroad. I was negotiating the short approach slowly when I heard the whistle of a train. In an effort to spurt the car forward I stalled the engine and the car stopped on the tracks.

The train, several hundred feet away, was coming rapidly, shrieking violent warning, but I was not excited. I left the engine in high gear, and, with the utmost confidence, stepped on the starter, knowing from past experience that a good battery and starting motor were all that was required to take me from the danger zone.

It failed me. There was not juice enough to budge the starting motor.

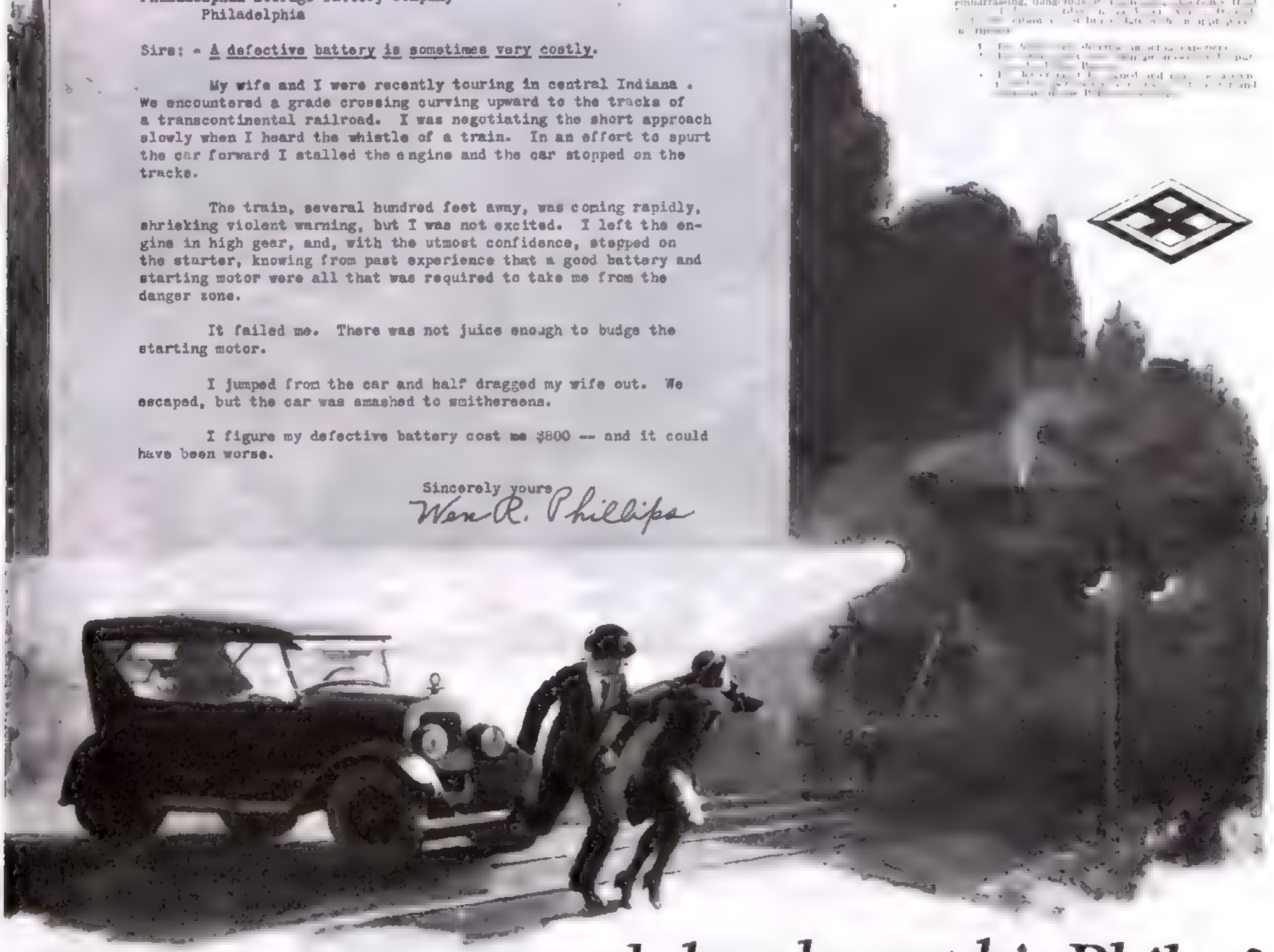
I jumped from the car and half dragged my wife out. We escaped, but the car was smashed to smithereens.

I figure my defective battery cost me $800 -- and it could have been worse.

Sincerely yours
Wm R. Phillips

$500 Oil Paintings FREE

getting a letter of sufficient ... the Philco advertising. ... embarrassing, dangerous ...



—and then he got his Philco!

Tremendous surplus power—over-size capacity—staunch shock-proof construction! These are your "margins of safety"—the exclusive built-in reserves of the new *Dynamic* Philco Battery that safeguard you against battery failure.

A touch of the starter—a quick, motor-whirling surge of Philco power—and you're off! Hot, fat sparks racing through your plugs—brilliant headlights flooding the road.

The new *Dynamic* Philco, for added comfort and safety in motoring, is as revolutionary as four-wheel brakes and balloon tires. Yet, even with the famous Diamond-Grid Plates, Philco Retainers and a two-year guarantee, it costs you no more than an ordinary battery.

Put a super-powered *Dynamic* Philco in your car NOW. Winter's coming, when you'll demand a battery that whirls the stiffest engine—gives you quick, sure-fire ignition—keeps your lights brilliant hour after hour.

PHILCO Farm Lighting Radio Electric Truck Industrial Tractors Passenger Cars Mine Locomotives Auxiliary Power Marine Isolated Plant BATTERIES

See the acid poured in!

Philco *Drynamic* Batteries are made DRY and shipped DRY—but CHARGED

Being dry they cannot deteriorate while in shipment or on the dealer's shelf. Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the acid—just before installing the battery in your car. You are certain to get the full life of the battery.

Ask for Philco Drynamic—see the acid poured in—and you can't get a stale battery

RADIO OWNERS—Use your house current for both "A" and "B" power Philco "A" and "B" Socket Powers do away with dry cell replacements and all thought about recharging. One single switch controls *everything*—"A" power—"B" power—even the radio itself. Ask your Philco Dealer to demonstrate.

PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES
PHILADELPHIA

FOR BUSINESS REASONS

(Continued from Page 27)

"Yes, I know." The other woman smiled as she thought of the huge profits which the speaker's husband had made in a business association with the rough diamond. "I'm sure we can come. I'll look at my engagement book when I get home and let you know what night."

When she told her husband, a successful corporation lawyer, that she had accepted the invitation, he was indignant.

"I will not go to dinner with the B——s. He's all right in his way, but he's infernally coarse, and his wife's the dullest woman in the world. Why did you say we'd go?" His wife laughed.

"Because I want our hosts to come here when we entertain your new client."

Of all the coöperative movements, none could be more amusing than this new tendency on the part of the socially eligible to grace the table of their friends on certain occasions in return for similar favors.

"The point is," said this same ambitious wife, "that when one entertains people for business reasons, one must do everything possible to conceal the fact. All the other guests must be asked for social reasons in order to produce the proper result."

Society's Second Table

This technic results sometimes in an absurd scramble on the part of hostesses to secure enough guests of social distinction to disguise the business flavor.

"Like burning incense in the drawing-room while cabbage is being cooked in the kitchen," someone declared.

The inexperienced wife of another ambitious young man failed to take account of this principle, with results that were almost disastrous. She was a girl of assured social position who, after her marriage, pictured herself playing an important part in her husband's success. After she had given several conventional dinners, the first winter in their new house, she told her husband that she was now going to entertain on behalf of his business career. A dozen people sat down at her delightfully appointed table; the dinner proved her discriminating taste. After coffee, a professional entertainer sang, but only twice. Tables had been prepared for those who cared to play bridge or poker. Yet the wife of the man who had the largest account with the host declared to her husband, as they rode home in their limousine, that she was torn between amusement and real annoyance.

"Every single person there was asked for some business reason!" she declared. "She didn't have one of her own set—I suppose she thought she was killing a good many birds with one stone."

The young hostess would have been astounded to have heard this exposure of her motives, particularly coming from this guest. For she had made the common mistake of assuming that, because the older woman was not skilled in the social matters in which she herself was proficient, she did not count.

"But it's in entertaining the wives that the most trouble comes," said this girl after she had learned wisdom.

It so happened that the woman who had been indignant had always been close to her husband in his affairs of business, beginning with the early days of their marriage, when these affairs were slight, and continuing as his transactions grew in volume and importance. He respected her judgment and frequently asked her advice, especially in regard to people.

In the course of twenty-five years many a man with whom her husband contemplated business relations was invited to dine or lunch at their house. Often they forgot afterward that she had been present on these occasions, so little did she say and so lacking was she in what is called personality. But nothing escaped her shrewd observation, and rarely did her husband fail to accept her judgment.

Yet she was usually dismissed as an old-fashioned housewife type by these very men whose ambitions she may have fostered or thwarted. She was stout, she dressed badly and she had no small talk.

"Of course these slim, smart, glib young women don't think I matter," she once said with a smile of understanding. "They only ask me to dinner for my husband's sake. Well," she added, "I oughtn't to complain. That's the only reason I accept."

But not all wives of prominent men share this view. On the contrary, many of them find in the invitations proffered for business reasons an easy means of satisfying their social ambitions.

A delightfully unaffected woman who belongs in this category once talked about it. Without sentimentality, she drew a picture of the difficult and sometimes lonely years during which her husband was working toward success. While her children were little, she stayed at home with them when her husband had to make trips to New York—which she had never seen—and even once to Europe. That was hardest to bear. During that time he used to say to her, "Never mind. After we've made our pile ——"

And she would fill in the rest with day dreams of beautiful houses and English butlers and sparkling jewelry, and, above all, of association with the socially prominent. For her husband took an Eastern newspaper, probably in order to follow the stock market, for at that time he was reinvesting all but a minimum of his increasing profits. And every day she read the society news.

"I had little time for reading novels," she said, "and upon these descriptions of balls and dinners and weddings I used to invent my own story. Of course my husband and I and the children—grown up and exquisitely dressed—would take part in them.

"And then one day it came true," she added simply.

She was sitting in her beautiful town house as she spoke; the English butler had just removed the tea tray with its handsome Queen Anne appointments. She looked down at the rings which sparkled upon her somewhat wrinkled hands.

"Tonight we're dining with the V——s," she declared, "and I confess that it gives me pleasure. Isn't it ridiculous? For I know they're just human beings like the rest of us; yet that is a name I used to read so much about that now I can't help feeling delighted at actually knowing them, even if they do only ask us for business reasons."

Errors in the Social Game

As a matter of fact, although her initiation into society was due, of course, to her husband's success, her spontaneity and simplicity have caused her to be genuinely liked for her own sake. In this regard she differs from many other women who feel the same sense of pleasure in their social activities, but attempt to disguise it. She is also unlike some unfortunate wives of self-made men who are so conscious of their lack of equipment for the social game that they try laboriously to make up, late in life, for deficiencies, many of which are really inconsequential.

A well-bred very nice girl who married the son of a woman of this sort discovered that her mother-in-law agonized over every party that she gave. To be sure, she employed a social secretary, and she left the details to this competent person and the housekeeper.

"But the only pleasure I can get out of it is in reading about it in the paper the next day!" she declared. "I'm so afraid I'll make some mistake that I'm perfectly wretched all the time."

"Everyone makes mistakes occasionally," said the girl. "I remember once when I was staying with the Duchess of —— and she had entirely forgotten two people whom she'd asked to dinner. We went in without them. But when they turned up the duchess admitted she'd forgotten them and did it so charmingly that everyone forgave her."

"It's all very well for a duchess to make a mistake," retorted the older woman shrewdly. "She can afford to. But I can't!"

Usually men are better able to steer a successful course upon a strange and uncharted social sea than their wives, assuming neither has been prepared in early life for it.

"Just think, for instance, how little chance in comparison with women men have to go wrong in their clothes," said a woman who made a profession of guiding the wives and daughters of the *nouveaux riches*. "I always begin with clothes, for I think a woman must be well dressed before she is in the proper frame of mind to do anything else. Of course some women have a natural instinct for clothes, but I'm not usually asked to help women of that kind. Then again I find that men usually have better taste, even in women's clothes. I often have to call them in consultation and I find that almost always their instinct is for simple lines and handsome materials. Men love to see their wives look distinguished. On the other hand, women are more apt to want to wear what everyone else is wearing without regard for their own particular type."

The Evolution of a Snob

"Then, of course, a man on the way up has had opportunity to meet many more people, and if he's had sufficient ability to get ahead in the business world, he's probably knocked off some of the rough edges in the process.

"Men also have the further advantage of acquaintance. One of the things that are so difficult for many women who are plunged into society is that in the beginning they literally don't know anyone."

She said that one of the devices which she had introduced into her own method of launching women helped greatly to offset this difficulty. For she managed to have her client meet various women in small groups—not more than three or four at luncheon or tea—before she went out extensively to larger things. In this way the woman gained confidence, and was often saved the desperate feeling of looking around a crowded room without seeing one familiar face.

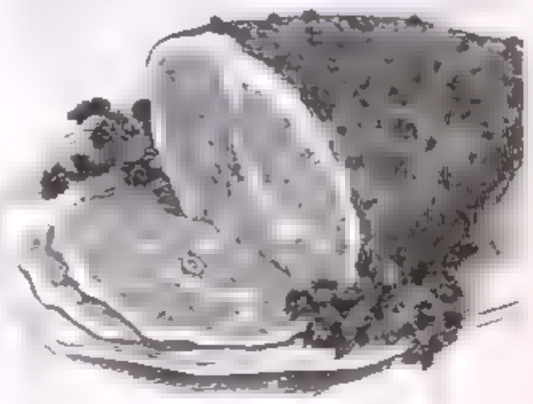
A woman whose husband's business connections make it often necessary for her to be hostess to the newly rich declares that the only wives she is bored by are the pretentious ones.

"I can get along with the simple motherly ones," she declared. "I can talk babies and schools and dancing classes with them without any effort. But a woman like Mrs. T, for instance, is too much for my patience."

Mrs. T is the wife of a man whose prominence has increased greatly during the past ten years. When he first began to attract public attention his wife was a fairly simple, attractive young woman who had always lived in the environs of a large city. The worst that could have been said of her was that she was slightly suburban. When she began to enjoy the advantages of her husband's wealth and position, the people who were nice to her for his sake assumed that she would become in time not a burden but an addition to their set.

Among his business associates were several men whose wives were from excellent families and who were moreover attractive and intelligent. The whole group had a chance to buy up a very large tract of land, which they decided to do, and later each family built a country place there. But as Mrs. T's tendencies to pretentiousness grew more and more pronounced. She developed, among other things, a passion for entertaining titled foreigners.

CRISPY BROWNED HAM



VIRGINIA BAKED HAM
à la Brer Rabbit

Prepare a boiled ham by sticking a liberal quantity of cloves into the entire surface. Spread with Brer Rabbit Molasses, sprinkle with bread crumbs and bake. Baste occasionally. Bake to a crisp golden brown.

THE tempting aroma of baked ham with the sweet nutty candied taste! Even to sniff the air makes the family feel hungry; and it's every bit as good as it smells, when you use Brer Rabbit Molasses in your baking.

Beans too, and candied sweet potatoes—Brer Rabbit makes them simply delicious.

Made from the finest selected sugar cane, rich in the mineral salts doctors say we need, pure fragrant Brer Rabbit brings you all the full-flavored tantalizing taste of the best old-time molasses.

You'll love the reliability of Brer Rabbit for your baking, because it is always specially tested to make sure of its uniform goodness. Whether you use the light delicate Gold Label, so perfect for the table and fancy cooking; or the darker, full-flavored Green Label, you can always trust Brer Rabbit's baking quality.

Brer Rabbit Molasses

Two Grades: *Gold Label*—highest quality light molasses for eating and fancy cooking. *Green Label*—darker, with a stronger flavor.

FREE *Recipe Book*

Penick & Ford, Dept. 19
New Orleans, La.

Please send me my copy of the New Brer Rabbit Recipe Book, with 50 new recipes.

Name

Address

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"The health of your foot and the life of your shoe depend on the foundation."

Foot-Joy

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"The Shoe that's Different"

AMONG the many ailments which incorrect shoes bring about is a new one, and it is quite prevalent. It is called "auto foot". If you are a sufferer, or if you would avoid being one, wear Foot-Joy shoes. When properly fitted, you will find that "auto foot" as well as other troubles will be eliminated.

Foot-Joy shoes are the result of over 50 years' study in our manufacturing of shoes. There is nothing experimental in their construction. The foundation placed beneath your feet is correct; because of several special features in the shoe, the foot cannot roll from side to side causing arch trouble.

Just as skyscrapers were made possible with the coming of a knowledge of how to make a correct foundation so this knowledge makes it possible to construct a shoe as nearly perfect as human hands can do it.

Foot-Joy shoes are built on a different last with right and left heels properly supported by a special shank which prevents foot strain and muscle strain in the legs.

Foot-Joy shoes have the style and good looks demanded by well dressed men.

If you are unable to obtain Foot-Joy shoes in your city you can be quickly and satisfactorily fitted direct from the factory.

Send for the Foot-Joy book showing new styles and telling how to make the proper measurement of your feet. We aim to give you greater foot comfort, regardless of what you have been wearing, than you ever had in your life after wearing Foot-Joy shoes for a week. They need no breaking in. Send for this booklet.

FIELD & FLINT CO
Brockton, Mass

Also makers of
THE BURT-PACKARD "Korrect Shape"
And Anatomic Shoes for Men
World-famous for correcting foot defects.

"That's all right in itself," one of her neighbors declared. "But she's become such a snob! It's really disgusting to hear her trying to impress these visitors. With each new million her husband's made, she's gone back one generation, and now she's descended from William the Conqueror—so she says. And we have to go to all her parties, because her husband is too important to risk offending."

Many men who are known as thick-skinned in regard to their own treatment will not countenance so much as a lifted eyebrow if raised in derision at their wives or daughters.

The story is current of an amiable middle-aged man of wealth who, while traveling in Europe with his wife, was entertained at a large embassy dinner. He took in a self-assured young woman who nevertheless exerted herself to be nice to him. Her husband, whom she had left in America, was in one of the multiple branches of business in which acquaintance among the very rich is supposed to be of great advantage, and she had heard him mention his hope of tying up in some way to one of this man's interests.

But in the course of her vivacious chatter, she suddenly said, "Look at the Christmas tree! The third down, at your left—the old lady dripping with emeralds. Where do you suppose they found her?"

It goes without saying that it was his wife. It is also unnecessary to add that the husband of his dinner partner lost this hoped-for business connection. Moreover, two or three others slipped away from him in a way which he found mysterious until his penitent wife confessed.

The close connection between business and society is sometimes clearly seen in the fields of architecture, interior decorating and portrait painting, just as in certain branches of law, banking, real estate, publicity and even medicine. Where there is anything to sell, whether antiques or hats or country estates or insurance, it is generally conceded that the wider a man's or a woman's social acquaintance, the more successful will be the results.

An extraordinary number of business concerns have employed women of social position during the last few years, in the belief that the large salaries they demand will be well repaid. Many other women have opened shops and started offices of their own, relying upon the *cachet* of their names to attract customers.

Country Club Crashers

"Do your friends patronize your shop?" someone asked a girl whose name, well known in society, now adorns a sign over a very expensive assortment of luxuries. She laughed.

"To some extent they do. But most of my best customers are people on the outside—that great fringe with heaps of money and nothing to do but spend it. They'll pay anything if they can be convinced they're getting something really smart."

For this same reason another young woman of social position has become the head of an interior-decorating firm. Few of her customers, who are recruited chiefly from the very rich, realize that she does almost none of the work herself. All the labor, and in fact most of the taste, is that of several talented but unfashionable figures who keep in the background. The ostensible head of the firm has a great deal of amusement at the whole thing.

"In the course of negotiations, I often lunch with my client," she says. "This usually appears in the newspapers the next morning. And sometimes when I go to see her on what is supposed to be a matter of business, I find myself at a party. One day when I was taken by surprise in this way, my client whispered to me before she introduced me to her friends, 'Don't tell anyone you're decorating my new apartment—please!'

"There are worse things than that though," she continued. "One woman told me she'd give me a contract to do two houses for her at any price I'd name if only I'd see that she got into the —— club. Of course I couldn't do that. I don't mind using my acquaintance to a certain extent, but one has to stop somewhere."

Sometime afterward, however, her client was admitted as a member of this smart women's club owing to the pressure brought by her husband upon certain business associates. Their wives put her up for membership and finally accomplished her admission.

An astonishing number of country clubs which are considered exclusive are forced to let in a handful of members whom they firmly consider undesirable. Various methods are used by those desiring entrance. Their first step is to find an important member to propose their names. For this purpose they will usually choose someone not only under obligation for past business but also hopeful of future benefits.

First Aid to Climbers

"Z asked me to put him up for the —— club," a young lawyer told his wife a few years ago. "What in thunder am I going to do? He's not only paid me a lot so far in fees but he's given me some splendid tips about investing my money. I owe a lot to him, but darn it all, I don't like the idea of paying him back in this coin. He just isn't the sort of man we want as a member. And yet ——"

"And yet," said his wife, "if we're going to buy a new house next year, and send Mary abroad to school, and go to Bermuda in the winter, I don't see how you can possibly afford to snub him."

Having decided to ignore his scruples, the lawyer began to devise a method by which he could be sure of foisting his client upon his friends. He knew the opposition would be keen and that no normal means would suffice.

He waited until the finance committee made their annual report. It was peculiarly discouraging. The club, in order to protect its grounds, had been forced to buy an expensive tract of land, and everyone felt depressed at the thought of being so heavily assessed to pay for it.

Suddenly the young lawyer said, as if the idea had just occurred to him, "I believe I can find a way out of it. I think I know a man who could be induced to join the club, and who could afford to pay a large enough initiation fee to cover it."

"If I'd said that he was crazy to join, I might not have been able to put it over," he said afterward. "But they finally agreed to take this way out, rather than to dig down into their own pockets. Z is the happiest man you ever saw, and the most appreciative."

So they took their trip to Bermuda the next winter, but when they got back to their new house they found that Z had a new request. This time he wanted the wife of the lawyer to get his fourteen-year-old daughter into the most select of the younger dancing classes. This she accomplished finally, although she was annoyed by both his desire and his manner.

"He acts as if he had some hold over us," she declared. "What do you suppose he'll ask next?"

She foresaw accurately that now that his social ambition had been aroused and he had found the first steps so easy, he would want to climb to the top.

His next move was to rent a country house in England one summer and invite the lawyer and his wife to visit him there. He based his invitation on the plea of having certain business plans to talk over.

"I hope your wife won't mind this combination of business and pleasure," he wrote.

But where one began and the other ended his guests were never able to discover. He had learned that the lawyer's wife had a cousin who had married an Englishman of rank and that their estate was near his rented place.

"We shall see them at the next meet," he declared.

When they were invited to dine with her cousin, the host was included. Before the summer was over he had gained a position of tolerance, if not absolute security, in their community. From this smart group he selected a titled European couple whose debts were mountainous, and without much effort he induced them to go home with him. When he returned to America with these hostages he found the way cleared for the kind of social success he wanted. With a great many of the people who entertained him and whom he entertained, he had, it is true, little in common, as the phrase used to run. At least they shared few of the ideas which would have made it possible for them to sit happily together in front of an open fire for a long evening.

"But who sits in front of an open fire and talks now anyhow?" one of the older generation demanded. "Of course men like that can break into exclusive clubs and go where they please today. Why not? In a high-pressure society based upon hectic amusements, anyone who can pay his way is welcome. Breeding used to be thought necessary for good society, but in those days society was supposed to consist of like-minded people. Now nobody knows or cares whether their associates are like-minded or in fact any kind of minded. In my day conversation was good and we sipped our wines. Now they gulp down cocktails and rush to the bridge table so they won't have to talk."

Yet even in the days of which he spoke—the end of the nineteenth century—an English observer commented after a tour of America: "To live in a whirl is not to live well."

One of the unfortunate results of the penetration of our social life by business in its many aspects lies in the increase of our natural inclination toward speeding up our entertainments.

Leaving the Hustle at Home

The dictum that business and society should be completely separated was based in part upon the wise belief that real recreation demands leisure. This belief is coming slowly to have a place in the minds of the very business men who are usually considered the apotheosis of activity and nervous energy.

"One of the most interesting phenomena occurs every time a big ship sails for Europe," said one who goes over at least once a year. "The first day or two out from New York the Americans are very American—very hustling and busy and with that characteristic what-shall-we-do-next attitude. But as they get farther and farther away from their own country, they grow less and less nervous. By the time they've arrived in England or France or Italy they are almost human."

It is true that often an American becomes almost transformed during even a brief sojourn in the more leisurely and picturesque atmosphere of Europe. Yet even though he appears to be—and for a few weeks may, indeed, be—a changed man, fond of the pursuits of leisure and sipping life as a connoisseur savors vintage Burgundy, it is significant that when the ship on which he returns home nears the United States, and the radio messages begin to come in from his office, back he goes into the fever of the conventional unimaginative man of affairs.

That he and his equally busy and impatient wife are able on any occasion, however, to relax—and even give their undivided attention to social pursuits—is a hopeful sign. For it signifies that our national lack of leisurely pleasures may be due less to an inherent temperamental inability to enjoy them than to our failure to provide an environment favorable to their cultivation.

A good many skillful fingers, chiefly feminine, might even pull out this stout thread of business before it is woven too conspicuously into our permanent social pattern. In its place they might substitute something of brighter color and softer texture.

A Notable Community

The modern conception of the "city plan" is shaping the growth in orderly beauty and civic purpose—of Kohler Village, where Kohler enameled plumbing ware and private electric plants are made

WHEN little children brush their teeth or scrub their faces shining pink, they are, unawares, living their lessons—those wordless lessons in the wholesome joy of cleanliness. A bathroom with beautiful fixtures of Kohler Ware is a *schoolroom*. . . . If you should need a more worthy bathroom, or an additional one, you will want to see those fine and graceful fixtures which bear the name "Kohler" faintly fused in immaculately white enamel. They cost no more. Write for Booklet E.

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Plumbing Fixtures

THE PEACH'S PROGRESS

(Continued from Page 4)

Little young Mrs. Crawford suddenly flopped into her chair at the table, and stretching her arms out upon the rompers, laid her head upon them.

"You wouldn't—not if you were married. You couldn't. Quarreling isn't any good. Only one person can quarrel safely. That's the man. You find it out. It's all different. And when you've had two babies you aren't like you were when you were a girl and didn't care for anybody or anything. You're all—all timid. You—you—in fact you're timid."

"Are you?" said Peach gloomily. "I always thought it. I've seen it. That's marriage."

"Yet a girl's got to get married," wailed young Mrs. Crawford.

"Has she?"

"You know it, Peach Robinwood."

"God help me!" said Peach in sublime despair. "I do!" She sat upon another chair and regarded Amy. "I go round this town and see all the chicken-hearted married women. I don't say much; but I think."

"You don't say much? You say more than anyone else I know. Well," said young Mrs. Crawford from her abyss, "say on, say on. Presently you'll have to keep it all corked up like the rest of us. Presently you'll be where we are now!"

Tears began to drip from her eyes. She dried them indiscriminately upon the rompers and the paper patterns.

"Don't cry, Amy. Don't cry!"

"When I think of the time you girls have!"

"Time! God help us!" said Peach, passing from despair to resignation. "There's no good time for a girl like me in this town."

"Oh, you don't know when you're lucky. No more did I."

"Amy, will he mind very much?"

"Of course he will. Only this morning he was reading a piece out of the paper about shingled hair, and—and going on about it. Th-that's why I l-l-let you c-c-cut it for me—j-j-just to r-r-revolt."

Peach put her arms around Amy and they rocked together.

"Have you told your people?"

Peach shook her head. "Not yet."

"What'll they say?"

"I don't like to think."

"Still, a father and mother are n-not so bad as a h-h-husband."

"Amy, don't worry. I have it!"

"Oh, what?"

"You will say I persuaded you. Put it all on me."

"Then you've got to bear it for both of us."

But Peach was thinking.

"No, I shan't."

"What then?"

Little young Mrs. Crawford dried her tears with a paper pattern and sat up.

"I shall say Harry persuaded me, and that I said I would if you would."

"Oh, Peach!"

"That would do it?"

"It w-w-would help. He'd just say I'd been weak, but that you were a strong, bad influence."

"That's what he'll say. And when they come for me, I'll put it on Harry. You and I, Amy," said Peach, "say too much against men. Men have their uses. Now be fair, Amy. Men'll do anything for you if you're not too particular about how you make them do it."

"Well, but - but will Harry? How will you persuade him to?"

"Everything has its price," said Peach with a worldly look. "You remember that line under the picture of the girl's surrender last week at the cinema, 'She realized that everything has its price'? It's true, Amy. Everyone can be bought."

The eyes of little young Mrs. Crawford grew round and big and a matronly look of responsibility crept into them.

"Peach Robinwood ——"

Five o'clock struck.

"Leave it to me, Amy. Follow me."

The garden gate clicked.

"I said to Georgina before I came out—my last words to her were, 'Before supper-time I'll have fixed it so that they don't mind.'"

When Harry came in, of course he might have seen that Amy Crawford had shingled her hair, but that he had eyes only for the prettiest girl in Lenville, who, in her shady hat, was waiting to go for an evening walk with him.

II

JUST out of Lenville, after you had passed the municipal buildings—very big and boastful for such a small town—and the waterworks and the power station, you would find the prettiest country imaginable. It was not big fine rolling country in which Lenville was set, but green, small-spaced, homely, domestic-looking country, rising up into little wooded hills and dropping down into little valleys. And away from the town, along quiet tree-shaded paths, toward the most fairylike of glades, where a small natural lake spread, Harry took Peach.

The lake had mossy banks to sit on, and the banks grew flowering bushes to afford cover, and few ever came that way, except for the simple purposes that Harry took Peach there.

They talked. First he asked her how her father was, then how her mother was, then how Georgina was. Then he told her how his father was, and then how his mother was. Then he talked about the town and his business and his prospects very earnestly, indeed. And then they were sitting in a little bower of flowering bushes, on the bank of the small lake. And silence fell upon Harry, for he was desperately wondering how he could achieve his desire, which was to kiss Peach, to pet and caress her. For so far he had never dared.

But Peach's instinct told her that this silence must be broken, and that she must help Harry, and a little regretfully she proceeded to do it.

"This is the sweetest place near Lenville; better than anything in Lenville," she said, and she turned her face up artlessly at trees and sky about her, and then she turned her eyes down to look upon the still lake; and for the thousandth time Harry knew that the line of Peach Robinwood's throat was beyond compare, and that her eyelashes were a fairy forest, so long and thick and dark, contrasted with the pale gold of her hair.

Her hair! He wished he dared to put one arm round her and with one hand hold her, while with the other he took off that obscuring hat.

"But, Peach," he said seriously, "you love Lenville, don't you? You'd never like to leave Lenville, would you?"

And he was waiting with consuming anxiety for her reply. For girls got such notions into their heads; and, of course, she was so pretty.

"Would I ever like to leave Lenville?" Peach appeared to muse. "Oh, how can one say? One doesn't want to go on living anywhere for always unless in the—the right circumstances."

"What would be the right circumstances, Peach?"

Appearing to muse—"Well, I don't know, Harry. I mean, of course, a girl wouldn't want to think of living in the same place forever and ever, just with her mother and father."

"But a girl like you hasn't got to live forever and ever with her mother and father. She—she marries." Peach sat looking at the lake. Oh, her eyelashes! "She marries," Harry repeated in a gasp, and he seemed to hear his heart beating louder than his voice had spoken.

She drooped a little.

"Does she? Perhaps —— I mean, does she?"

As she drooped a little, that soft relaxation brought her nearer Harry, left her shoulder against his shoulder.

"She marries," said Harry desperately, "and has a little home and everything of her own, like Amy Crawford's."

Peach sighed. His limitations were an eternal surprise to her.

"Yes," she admitted softly.

"Well then?" said Harry.

She did not reply, but leaned against him with her shady hat crumpled on his shoulder.

"Isn't that what a girl wants?" he begged.

"She wants ——" Peach began, but stopped. "You don't mention the husband," she murmured.

"Oh, he? That fellow?" Harry joked painfully, while his heart beat so that Peach could literally hear it. "Well, of course, she'd have to take him in with the rest, I suppose. He'd need feeding, for instance, just the same as the chickens."

"Chickens?" mused Peach dryly.

"Why, yes, chickens. And everything else she wanted."

"Poor Harry! Poor fish!" said Peach to herself.

She turned her head and smiled at him sweetly under the big hat. Her dark eyelashes flicked up, and he saw between them her great gray adorable eyes. He put his arms about her, at first shyly, and then tightened them until his embrace was violent.

"Let me kiss you, Peach. Let me, darling."

"Not unless ——"

"We're going to be engaged, honey, aren't we?"

"Not unless ——"

"Unless what? My father will build us a house and we shall start well, and your people like me. If you'd only love me—well, like me a little yourself ——"

"Not unless ——" Peach murmured inexorably.

"Anything! Anything, honey!"

Suddenly taking courage, Harry bent down beneath the big hat and his mouth found Peach's. She relaxed and let him kiss her. The hat brim brushed prickingly against his forehead. He became brave, and more brave; his heart calmed its dreadful tumult and beat the prelude to triumph. He seized the hat.

"I'm going to get this off."

He pulled it off and flung it down. She saw his eyes go to the cropped mop of pale gold. The evening sunlight spun through it and showed all its short ends already forming into new curls.

"Peach, you haven't ——"

"I have," said Peach softly.

"Peach! How could you?"

"I could."

"Does your mother know?"

"No; only Georgina"

"Who did it?"

"Amy. And I did hers—at two o'clock today."

Harry's face, red with terrible perturbation, bent above her.

"What'll your mother say?"

"Nothing, if "

"If?"

"Do you want me to be engaged to you, Harry?"

"Long hair or short, I want you more than any other girl in the world, and you know it."

"In a small world, Harry."

"Lenville's big enough for me; and for you too, I guess, if I'm in it," he returned, all confident.

For Peach had been in his arms for two whole minutes and showed no signs other than those of content.

"I'll be engaged to you, Harry, if you'll tell mother that you wanted me to do it."

"Oh, gee! I couldn't! Besides, I didn't."

"She won't say anything if you wanted it. A girl is supposed to please her future husband. And so, if you'll come home with me to supper and tell them you insisted I should cut my hair, and I said I wouldn't unless Amy cut hers, and I persuaded Amy, and then her husband can't blame her much—well, if you'll tell them that, and stand up to it, then I'll tell them you and I are engaged to be married."

Peach closed her eyes, put her face against Harry's neck and her arms went around that neck insidiously.

"No doubt one man's much the same as another," she thought.

"Peach, pet, if that's what you say," she heard Harry declaring unsteadily, "why, I'll do it. It's not much, to get you. I never thought—I'd hardly dared to hope—and now here's everything I want just for helping you with your mother. Why ——"

For a long while Harry kept Peach there, in the shelter of the flowering bushes, kissing her and telling her about the little house they'd have, the furniture they'd have, the income they'd have, and what kind of runabout and vacuum cleaner.

But Peach dragged him from these mundane things more than once to admire her hair. She brushed its soft short ends against his face.

"See, Harry, now get the right feeling. Try, Harry. You like my hair. You love my hair. You do—you do."

"I loved it better long."

"You didn't—you don't. Say it, Harry, or I shan't kiss you good night after supper."

"I do like it," he sighed. "It's wonderful. I'll love it, Peach. It's yours."

"Come home," Peach whispered, satisfied.

So, very slowly they went back into the town, up the tree-shaded principal street, past old Papa Lepscheim's basement window, where he still sat doing repairs, though he had closed his shop above. And this time Peach bent down and smiled at him, a mischievous smile, meant to show Harry to Papa Lepscheim. And the old man smiled for a long while after they passed by.

"Children must marry—must marry," said Papa Lepscheim sadly. "I'll give her for a wedding present, when the day comes, more beautiful little fancy shoes than she ever had at one time in her whole life before."

They came to the Robinwood house, which looked bright and tidy, if its paint was the worse for wear and its garden paths needed graveling.

"They'll be at supper," said Peach.

And she paused in the hall to take off her hat and comb her hair with the broken comb she and Georgina kept there, tucked behind the walnut-framed mirror. Looking at Harry, Peach saw his courage ebb visibly, and she darted her mouth to his and so brought it back.

"Now," said Peach, "follow me."

Harry followed her to a familiar scene—the living room, with the supper table set in the middle, with Mr. and Mrs. Robinwood at either end, and Georgina, in the freshly laundered blue frock, as clean and virtuous as could be, sitting at one side. They were all eating sweet corn, on the cob, with appetite. Peach's mother looked up from pouring out the coffee.

"Where have you been?" asked Peach's mother. "I should like to know."

"Why, Harry Goodman!" said Peach's father cordially.

"Why, Harry!" echoed Peach's mother, changing her note. But suddenly she saw Peach's head. She rose.

"Peach Robinwood!"

"Mother!"

"Father, do you see what this spoiled girl of yours has done?"

Georgina sat obviously enjoying herself. Father gazed at Peach. And slowly, very slowly, he seemed to see a change in her appearance. But he could not think what it was. Peach stood calmly by, with Harry at her shoulder.

(Continued on Page 127)

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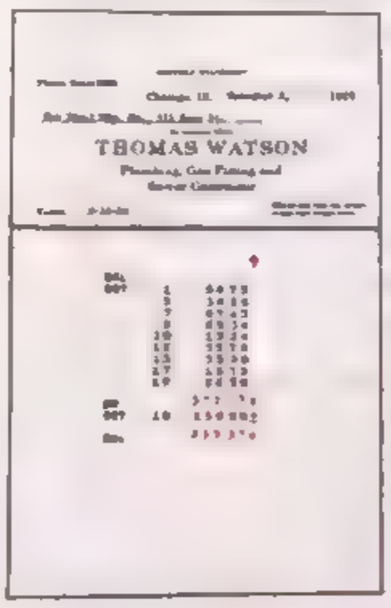

Remittance statements—commission statements—and many other kinds of statements are made with the same ease.

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Lists check numbers and adds amounts; lists voucher numbers and adds amounts; lists invoice numbers and adds amounts; figures payroll, lists employes' numbers and adds wages; makes out production reports, lists symbol numbers and adds amounts; lists Pro numbers and adds amounts; etc., etc.

The New Dalton Ace through its Semi-Shuttle carriage and Non-Add device, performs all these "double" tasks simply and quickly.

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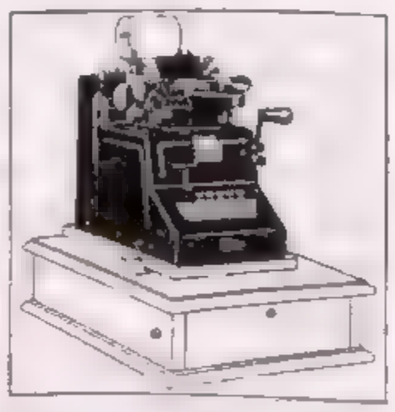

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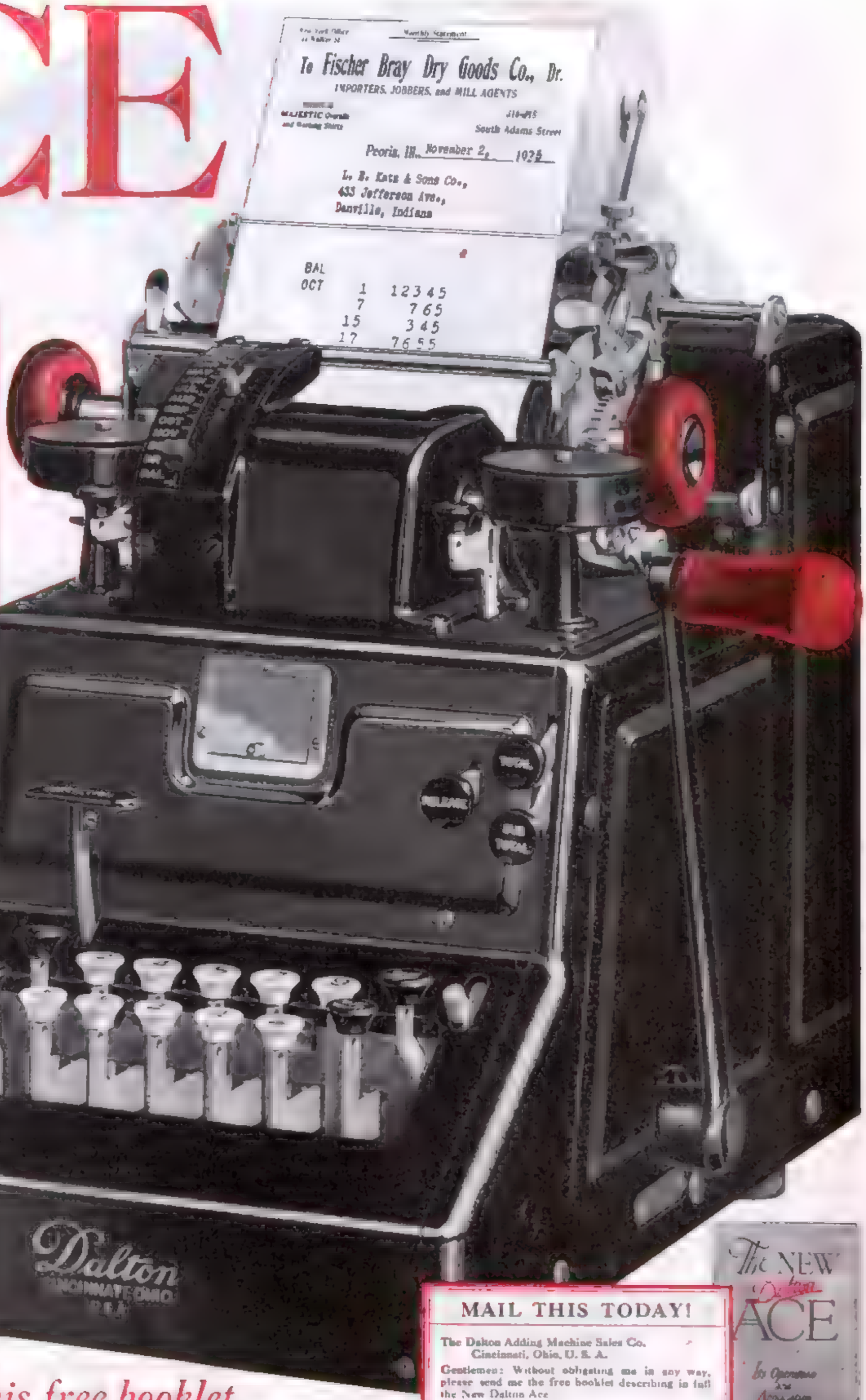

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Outstanding smartness results from a two-tone finish, accentuated by a broad belt below the windows.

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REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Lansing, Michigan

(Continued from Page 122)

"Your spoiled girl has cut her hair, father," said Peach's mother.

Father rose too.

"Peach Robinwood! That any girl of mine ——"

Peach gave Harry one short expectant glance. It said as plainly as looks could, "Come! Speak up! Make me proud of you!"

"Mrs. Robinwood—Mr. Robinwood," said Harry, clearing his throat and standing square beside his beloved, "I take all responsibility."

Georgina rose too.

"You, Harry?" said Peach's mother, not believing her ears.

"Mrs. Robinwood—Mr. Robinwood," said Harry, gaining ease under the soft prideful looks bestowed on him freely by his beloved, "this morning I asked Peach to please me by cutting off her hair. She won't be the only girl in this town to do it, for Mrs. Crawford, Jr., has cut hers off too."

"Amy Crawford! Never!" said Georgina.

"When I asked Peach to do it," Harry continued, "she said she wouldn't unless Amy did; so Amy cut hers and she cut Amy's. I think it looks beautiful. It's just the kind of hair I like."

Mrs. Robinwood looked at Mr. Robinwood.

"In spite of my friendship with your father, my boy ——" Mr. Robinwood began.

"You see," said Peach, interrupting him, "I want to please Harry. He and I are engaged and will soon be married, if you approve, father."

There was a long silence, during which someone sighed a sigh of pure pleasure. It was the mother-in-law-elect.

"My little daughter!" she said, and took Peach into her motherly embrace. Peach kissed her mother.

"Well, Harry," said her father, seizing the lover's hand in a hearty grip, "this is a shock, but a pleasant one. My great friendship with your father makes me delighted to think the families will unite." Harry shook hands.

The front doorbell rang.

"See who it is, Georgina," said Mrs. Robinwood, sighing again as she gazed at Peach.

Georgina brought in Mr. Crawford. Amy's husband entered portentously.

"Mr. Robinwood," he said, "if it wasn't for my friendship with you, if you weren't one of my uncle's best and oldest friends, if it wasn't for how I respected you—I'd say what I'm thinking. Where's Peach Robinwood? I don't wonder you're ashamed to face me, Peach. Mrs. Robinwood, do you know what this daughter of yours has made herself responsible for?"

"She ——" began Mrs. Robinwood.

"Responsible for upsetting a married home as happy as any in Lenville; responsible for making a wife disobey her husband and say he doesn't know what's right and what's wrong. Mrs. Robinwood, today your daughter Peach ——"

Mr. Robinwood took command. Linking his arm in his neighbor's, he indicated Harry. Mr. Crawford became aware for the first time of Harry's presence in the family gathering.

"There, Crawford, is the culprit," said Mr. Robinwood jocosely. "That boy, Sam, he asked my girl Peach to cut her hair"—he shook the forefinger of his disengaged hand paternally at Harry—"and it seems she wouldn't unless your wife would, and what does he do but go and persuade your Amy, who's got the sweetest, most obliging nature in the world, Sam ——"

"The sweetest and most obliging," Mrs. Robinwood cried.

Mr. Crawford shook himself free. He advanced toward Harry.

"Come outside with me, Harry," he ordered. "Your father's my closest and oldest friend and I respect him more'n anyone in Lenville, but I won't have you meddling with my family. Come outside."

"Crawford," said Mr. Robinwood, pushing his neighbor steadily but strongly doorward, "you and I'll go outside and I'll tell you a bit of news which will make you understand all."

Using all his authority and persuasion, Mr. Robinwood induced Sam Crawford onto the porch.

"Sam," said Mr. Robinwood, "didn't you feel something in the air inside there? It's a long time since I was young, Sam, but it still gives me a choke in the throat to see that kind of thing, more especially if it's so close home as in my own family. Well, Sam, it's not such a long time ago that you were young, you and Amy, doing just the same yourselves ——."

"Listen here!" Mr. Crawford interrupted him.

"You listen here!" said Mr. Robinwood. "That lad and my girl Peach fixed it all up today—to be married."

"You—you don't say so!"

"I do say so. And I'm a father and this is a very tender sort of night for me, and you must bear with me, Sam. Yes, the young people have fixed it all up, and her mother's pleased, and they're so happy it's lovely to see. As for this business of cutting their hair, why, what happened, I'm ready to wager, is that my girl goes to Amy and tells her what Harry wants and begs Amy's support; and Amy, being carried away, and thinking of how happy she was when she got engaged to you, just sacrificed anything to help."

"Put that way ——" said Crawford, deeply perturbed.

"Sam," said Mr. Robinwood very gravely, "what have you said to Amy about this?"

"What haven't I said!"

"Sam," said Mr. Robinwood with, if possible, still greater gravity, "go right home this minute, and down on your knees you get and ask Amy to forgive you if you've let your temper get the better of you. Remember your own engaged days, and how happy you and Amy were, and don't let that beautiful great happiness be spoiled now by any narrow prejudices about half a yard of hair more or less. Fashion's fashion, and as a civic authority here in Lenville I declare for it. I'm all against narrow prejudice."

"You are, Mr. Robinwood?"

"I am, Sam, my boy. Sam, we husbands have a big job to perform. We have the happiness of women in our hands, and a woman is a very sensitive creature. A breath of coldness, of anger, blasts her. Now don't hide it from me, Sam. Is your wife upset?"

"She was crying like a baby when I left," groaned Amy's husband.

Mr. Robinwood propelled his younger neighbor steadily but very strongly toward the garden gate and pushed him through it.

"On a night like this, with all that young love about, I can't bear to think of it, Sam. Run right home and get down on your knees and ask your wife's forgiveness, and take her a ride tomorrow and bring some candy home and hire more help for the house and give her a new dress."

Amy's husband sprinted away. Mr. Robinwood went indoors again. He felt very kind and tender, so that even his indignation against Sam Crawford was overlaid by his love for humanity. He found Harry and Peach hand in hand, and much incoherent talk going on.

"Shingled hair and all in one evening," cried Peach's mother. "I never can say I approve of the fashion and one of my girls doing this without asking father or me. But an engagement day is an engagement day and we mustn't have any trouble on it, and we won't say any more."

"We surely won't," said Mr. Robinwood, beaming all over Harry; "considering the second bit of news, we will excuse the first. Here's a boy who knows his own mind, and gives his orders, right or wrong, and my friendship with his father ——"

"She's made it all up!" cried Georgina. "And she's got him to help her on purpose to — —"

"Georgina," said her mother sternly, "don't show your temper on a happy occasion like this. You always were jealous of your sister, and jealous you always will be."

"Don't, please, make mother and me ashamed of you, Georgina," said Mr. Robinwood. "Sit down, Harry. Make yourself at home. This home is your home, and when you and Peach have got one of your own, then you'll have three homes. Well, well, it's a great surprise; and if it wasn't that your father was my dearest friend, I shouldn't have felt so happy as I do now. But he is my best friend and most respected neighbor, and that's that."

"Did you iron my heliotrope, dear?" said Peach to Georgina.

"I did," breathed Georgina.

"Thank you, dear," said Peach.

"Fetch Harry a plate and cup, Georgina," said Mrs. Robinwood; "fetch some more biscuit. Sit down, Peach. Don't you run about, my little girl. Rest after all this excitement. Mother knows what it is. Do you fancy an omelet, Harry? Just toss up an omelet for Harry, Georgina. And heat up the coffee, Georgina."

Peach sat down upon her chair graciously as upon a throne.

All this was how it was that Peach Robinwood came within slight danger—very slight, indeed—of becoming Mrs. Harry Goodman, Jr.

III

"WELL?" said Amy to Peach next day, as they sat in the darkened cinema and saw another girl make another surrender.

"Well?" Peach countered.

"What happened to you?" whispered Amy.

"I'm engaged to Harry Goodman."

"All Lenville knows that. Peach, did you really do it because ——"

"I did. Tell me what Sam said."

"He was perfectly terrible when he first came home and saw it, and out he went to find you and tell your people. But when he came back half an hour later he went down on his knees and asked me to forgive him for his wicked temper, and said did I want a little more help for the house, and he would send me some candy on his way to the office in the morning; and if I want a new frock I'm to have it—made at mademoiselle's; not a paper pattern at home or anything like that. And he said it was too long since we'd been out in the car together and henceforth he would keep all his evenings free to go riding."

"My people are very pleased about Harry and me."

"I've never seen Sam so worried. Something certainly softened his heart. He said your father talked to him like a minister and made him see where he was wrong."

"I always say," Peach whispered a little irrelevantly, "that any man can be managed if a woman isn't too particular about the way she does it."

"There are the candies he sent. Have one."

"This is a pretty poor picture, Amy. If I were that girl, nothing would make me do it if I didn't want to; and if I did, I should enjoy it."

"You don't understand these things; you're too young."

"I've never been too young and I shall never be too old; I'm what they call ageless. Some women are. Do you remember the vamp in last week's picture, and the caption, 'She was an ageless siren'?"

"Sam's terribly anxious for me to give a party for you and Harry. He says he owes you a great deal."

"That is very sweet of you and Sam, Amy. Everyone is giving us parties. It's too lovely," said Peach, sighing.

"Peach, you like parties; what's wrong?"

"They seem to make it all so irrev—— Amy, what's the word? I-r-r-e-v-o-c-a-b-l-e, Amy. Or something like that."

"Irrevocable is what you mean, I expect. Well, it is irrevocable, isn't it? Surely!"

"Amy, if you pretend to be so shocked at me, I'll get up and go straight out. We've

Continued on Page 129

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RICHARDSON ROOFING

(Continued from Page 127)

been through too much together to deceive each other, I should think."

"Ah," breathed young Mrs. Crawford, reminded thus of her favorite topic, "wait till you're married and then you'll know what it is to go through things that you don't dream of now."

"I dream of lots of things," said Peach, "and that's just it. All you married women frighten a girl till she can't tell what she'll do."

"Ah, just you wait and see if I've said too much!"

"I shall wait. Mother and dad want to get it over, but I'm not getting married yet."

"Oh, now, Peach dear, you wouldn't keep a good boy—a thorough, honest, manly boy—like Harry, waiting about for no reason at all!"

"You'd like to see me in it, too, wouldn't you, Amy? Pass the candy. Thanks. Father certainly did do Sam good."

Mrs. Robinwood used to say in those days to her friends and neighbors:

"Yes, it's always what her father and I hoped for, though of course he wouldn't have breathed it. She is very young, my little Peach; but still, father thinks they needn't wait long, and Lawyer Goodman doesn't think they need, either. He is getting an architect from Boston to plan them a house. Isn't that lovely for Peach? It is too sweet of all you people to give the young folks all these parties, and they're happy. Happy isn't the word for them! Of course, a mother can't exactly share that feeling, though for others' sakes she must pretend she does. But all the same, I've always been fond of Harry, and I've no misgivings. And you should see how devoted he is! Devoted? It's not the word! He's round at our house every minute he can spare, morning, noon and night."

Mrs. Robinwood painted a true picture of Harry in those engaged days. Harry was indefatigable. He could plan drains, chicken runs, kitchen sinks, bedrooms and pergolas almost as well as the architect from Boston; and so great was his fervor that he thought he did it better.

But Peach grew—even a proud lover could see it—snowier and snowier till being in her coveted society was much like being out on a wintry day.

Harry had a long talk with Mr. Robinwood about this.

"As a married man, Mr. Robinwood, I want to ask your advice. I haven't gone in much for girls, as you perhaps know. Don't believe in it. My father always said to me, 'My boy,' he said, 'don't start petting girls and wasting your time and my money on 'em. Save it all till you fix on a wife. Then let yourself go,' my father said. Now, Mr. Robinwood, I have a good father, and I respect what he says, and believe in it. I've obeyed him. But there are things about your daughter Peach I don't understand. If I'm making any errors in tact or annoying her in any way through my ignorance—why, say so. Though I don't know that ignorance in these matters is to a fellow's discredit, do you, Mr. Robinwood?"

"N-n-o-o-o, Harry," answered Mr. Robinwood dubiously.

Harry had a long talk with Mrs. Robinwood about it.

"As a married lady, Mrs. Robinwood, I want to ask your advice. I haven't gone in much for girls as you know, maybe. It's like this: My father always said to me '. . . Then let yourself go,' my father said. Now I have a good father, Mrs. Robinwood. . . . Things about Peach I don't perhaps properly understand. As a married lady and a mother, you can perhaps set me right. I don't know that ignorance in these matters is to a fellow's discredit. Should you say so?"

"Your innocence, Harry, is just the manliest thing about you," Mrs. Robinwood declared, "and I'll kiss you for it if Peach won't."

"It's not the same thing," said Harry quickly. Mrs. Robinwood kissed him nevertheless.

"Bless him!" she cried.

Harry had a long talk with Peach about it.

"As an engaged girl, Peach, I'm asking you to consider your responsibilities a bit more. Perhaps I haven't gone in much for girls; I haven't believed in that sort of thing. Well, my father always said to me, 'My boy. . . . Save it all for your wife, then let yourself go.' Now, Peach, I have a good father. . . . Well, Peach, I have let myself go; but have you? I ask you, do you?"

"No," said Peach. "But I am surprised that you guessed it."

"I've talked it over with your father."

"You dare talk me over with my father!"

"Also with your mother."

"You dare!"

"They both see my point of view. You don't seem to take an interest in it at all. When I ask you if you prefer the sink under the window or next the stove, and where you'd like the wall plugged for your electric iron and ——"

"Harry," said Peach modestly, "listen! I don't seem to be that sort of girl."

"What sort of girl?"

"The sort who cares about sinks and irons."

"Peach! All women care!"

"All women?" Peach mused. "You don't know all women, Harry."

"I know some very nice women."

"You know nothing, Harry."

"That's a gibe at me, Peach, for my ignorance of matters a fellow does well to be ignorant about till he's married."

"I think differently."

"Peach!"

"I hate innocent men."

"What do you know about it? As your fiancé, I ask."

"Me? I know everything. I was born knowing everything. Do you remember that caption under the picture of the vamp in bed, three weeks ago—'She was an ageless siren'? That's me."

"Your mother should stop your going to the pictures like you do. I'll ask her."

"You dare to ask her!"

"I do dare!"

"I just about believe you. Spoiling some poor young girl's innocent pleasures is about all the swashbuckling you can do."

"If that is your opinion of me, we are better apart."

"That is my opinion of you, Harry."

Harry paused, brought up against the terrible logic of the situation.

"The lot is bought," he said solemnly.

"The lot?"

"For the house. We can't go back now."

"We can do anything."

This was the sort of thing that turned Harry's bones to water.

"Peach, you wouldn't! I love you so!"

"Be nice then."

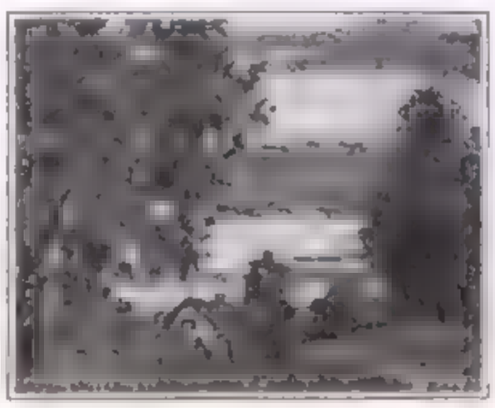
"I—I am nice."

"Be nicer."

"What shall I d-d-do?"

Peach could always think of a lot of things for him to do, and he always did them.

Harry knew himself to be cursed in that inevitably he strove to pass the tests set by Peach. But he could not help it. He would work himself into a seeming rage and then —— Ah, the shelter of the flowering banks by the still lake after he had hurried her past the power station and the waterworks, out of the watching town! Ah, the softness of her cheeks and the fairy forest of her eyelashes!



And the architect from Boston finished his plan, and Lawyer Goodman passed it; and the house began to grow up, showing already in its undeveloped features a sinister likeness to Amy Crawford's house, and to all little houses imprisoning young brides.

Then Lawyer Goodman spoke. He said, "Well, when is the wedding to be?"

Harry said, "Peach, when can the wedding be?"

Peach's father took her aside one summer evening on the porch and asked hesitatingly, "Your mother says I ought to be asking you for something definite about this wedding of yours. I don't want to hurry you, my little girl, but your mother won't let me alone till I get an answer out of you."

Mrs. Robinwood put in a word or two all day and any day.

"Don't get flustered about it, Peach. Mother knows what it is. But I've told mademoiselle to keep as free as she can for the wedding order that may come in any time now, directly you've made up your mind. Now just sit down with mother quietly—Georgina, finish this pastry for me; your sister wants me—and we'll talk it over. Mother doesn't want to hurry her little Peach; it's just that father is fretting and fretting to have you make up your mind and settle down. And father says it's my duty to talk to you or I shouldn't say a word. Father thinks to have it all over by Christmas, and you and Harry to go South for a month for the honeymoon, and come back to find the house all warm for you, would be very nice. Now that's what father says."

Georgina had, naturally, her viewpoint: "You're always selfish, Peach; never thinking of your sister. If this wedding could be hurried on, my bridesmaid frock would do for the winter dances."

Peach fell therefore into a shyness enchanting to behold, if devastating to the patience of her well-wishers. She hid herself behind a bulwark of maidenly terrors and indecisions, asking now and again of her reluctant parents to be told incalculable and impossible things about the married state; so that her father grew haggard thinking of the awfulness into which his little girl might be plunging; and her mother said Harry could see for himself how shy and sensitive and real Peach really was beneath her brave flippancies; and mademoiselle urged that it would take two months if the lingerie was to be all handmade.

And Harry repeated consistently that he was ignorant, no doubt; but that ignorance of women was hardly to a fellow's discredit.

But Georgina, who knew, said, "You ought to have been put on the stage, Peach. You'd make your fortune."

Peach answered Georgina.

"I wish I was. What a girl like me needs is a great career. Georgina," said Peach, as her sister brushed out her long strands of straight hair and she massaged her own scalp till her shingled mop stood up like an aureole of silk, "I'm not sure if I love Harry enough; I'm not sure if I'm worthy of him; I'm not sure if I like raw legs of mutton and lettuce and washing machines and ice boxes and hens. I feel so uncertain about myself, Georgina."

"You!" said Georgina from her bed, where she squatted, wielding her hairbrush. "You're as certain as certain can be, Peach Robinwood, that all you want is to shuffle out of it."

"You may be right," said Peach; "what I long for is some means of escape. I yearn for freedom; to try my wings in an azure sky above a greater world than this little town."

"That was the caption under the set of the girl leaving her home, last week in the moving picture," said Georgina.

"And a very good caption, too," Peach replied.

"Fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one," murmured Georgina, counting the strokes of her brush and proceeding up to a hundred.

"You'll never get it thick," said Peach; "you should cut it, like mine."

"I see myself!" answered Georgina.

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"When she dressed herself entirely in furs with all her dinky legs and arms coming out," said Peach, "I thought her very alluring, didn't you?"

"Peach Robinwood!"

IV

AUTUMN leaves whirling about Lenville, the green hills all reddening and browning in the distance, the brisk sparkling of the first cold in the air, the new house growing and growing like a mushroom—and still no date for the wedding.

True, Peach used to shut herself up in the spare room, sewing at lingerie, which, Mrs. Robinwood said, she might do herself if, after all, there was to be so much time; but beyond this, she manifested no bridal spirit.

It was explained by Mrs. Robinwood to Harry that the girl was full of dreams. She stitched them, said Mrs. Robinwood, dimly to Harry, into whatever it was she was stitching; and they left her alone. She was a strange shy child, was Peach, under her armor of gayety, and her beautiful soul was a sort of angel that Harry would have to woo prayerfully and carefully.

"For," said Mrs. Robinwood, after thinking of many ways to explain her child, "Peach has a very, very beautiful soul."

"Of course I don't pretend to know much about women," said Harry, who had stuck to the assertions of his innocence, "but ——"

"All the better," said Mrs. Robinwood. "You two babes in the wood together! It makes father and me cry—with joy, of course."

Mrs. Robinwood opinioned: "Everything will happen just right, and be so lovely in time—if you don't frighten her."

"I won't have my little girl hurried or frightened," said Peach's father stoutly.

But ——

"You go and speak to that daughter of yours," said Mrs. Robinwood sternly in private to Peach's father, "and tell her if she doesn't soon put that poor boy out of his suspense I won't answer for what'll happen."

And ——

"You go and just stand over that girl of yours, mother," Mr. Robinwood said almost daily to his wife, "and ask her when is this wedding going to take place. And see that you stand over her till you get the answer."

But Peach continued to shut herself into the spare room with what she herself admitted to be her trousseau lingerie, and with her virginal shyness.

"If you don't mean to marry for the next ten years," Georgina would put in, embittered by waiting for a frock that would do so well for the winter dances, "what are you doing all that sewing for?"

Peach answered Georgina: "A few extra clothes never come amiss to a girl."

Now it happened, on a certain October afternoon, to be Mrs. Robinwood's turn to stand over Peach and say "When is the wedding?" or words to that effect; and on this errand she went up to the spare room to do her duty, monotonous as it had become. And she opened the door, and she saw before the only full-length mirror in the house her daughter Peach dressed in furs furs only. She had her mother's boa wound about her body under the arms, and a little tie of her own spanned her waist, and those red fox skins of Georgina's formed a skirt of sorts. Out of this creation of fur Peach's dinky arms and legs emerged in their full length and loveliness. Peach swayed and undulated before the glass.

Mrs. Robinwood screamed. Peach turned. Mrs. Robinwood saw that her daughter had carmined her lips and penciled lines of deep blue around her eyes.

"Peach Robinwood! Of all the—if ever I—your father would die—of all the unheard of, outrageous—take off those furs, Peach Robinwood! What do you think you are?"

"I was only thinking of what I might be, mother," said Peach, beginning to unwind the boa.

"Don't you dare take that off in front of me, Peach Robinwood! Don't you dare! Upon my word! Your poor father ——"

And just then, for some entirely unusual and trivial cause, such as forgetting his money or his handkerchief or his afternoon cigar, Mr. Robinwood came into the house. They heard him in the hall below.

"Who screamed?" they heard him call. "What is it, mother?"

He came upstairs.

"Your poor father will die!" said Mrs. Robinwood.

However, Mr. Robinwood did not die.

The council that evening was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Robinwood, Harry and Georgina.

"She's young," said Mrs. Robinwood of Georgina, "but she ought to know."

Lawyer Goodman was also expected, but he had had an urgent call, Harry explained, although it was after business hours, from a client; as a matter of fact, from Papa Lepscheim, down the street. Lawyer Goodman, however, might be expected upon the tribunal at any moment.

"If she's thinking of marriage as she should be," said Mr. Robinwood, "what's she doing making up and dressing in a bit of fur and play-acting before a glass?"

"She is always thinking of being a film star," said Georgina.

"Don't interrupt your father," said Mrs. Robinwood. "What I want to ask is, what will Mr. Goodman think of all this, when he has bought the lot and is building the house and everything, and is giving his only son to her?"

"You say she was dressed in furs?" asked Harry, who had received the full description of Peach so attired twice already.

"Just in furs," breathed Mrs. Robinwood; "my boa, that everyone in Lenville knows as well as they know me; and her little tie—you know her little tie, Harry—and Georgina's fox skins that she is so proud of—aren't you, Georgina?"

"They'll never seem the same again," said Georgina.

"I didn't think I should live to be shocked by my own girl," said Mr. Robinwood. "It's a blow to mother and me, and we decided at once to swallow our pride, though it is not a thing we should wish to speak of to outsiders—which you and your father are not, my boy, and never will be, I hope and trust; and deciding that, we said, 'Let us ask Harry and his father to come in and use their influence.' Where's your influence, Harry? She ought to listen to you."

"How big are the fox skins?" said Harry dreamily. "I don't seem to remember."

"So big," answered Mrs. Robinwood, placing her hands half a yard apart.

"I wish I had seen her," mused Harry.

Mrs. Robinwood had coughed once in surprise and with severity, when Lawyer Goodman came in and took the best chair in the room, which had been left for him. Everyone began to speak. Lawyer Goodman held up a hand.

"Call Peach," he said.

"Very fair," said Mr. Robinwood; "perhaps she ought to answer for herself."

Lawyer Goodman sat in cryptic silence until Peach entered and stood before them.

"Begin, father," urged Mrs. Robinwood.

"Now, Peach," said her father, "here we all are, talking about what is to be done with you. Lawyer Goodman has a kind heart and Harry has a kind heart, but kindness can't be abused forever. And if you can't answer my simple, reasonable question, When is this wedding? do you know what will happen to you? Mother and I have decided to send you out to work!"

Mrs. Robinwood started, opened her mouth, gasped and closed it again.

"Yes," said Mr. Robinwood, warming up; "we won't keep you here in luxury just to make fools of us. But you won't be a film star, young lady Oh, no, the work will be more of a domestic nature than that, or in some good business house such as I know of. Perhaps mother and I have been wrong in indulging you so much, in letting our affection ruin you; but we see it now, and it must stop. You'll learn typewriting and you'll go to work, or ——"

Mr. Robinwood indicated Harry with a stern gesture.

Peach stood before them, appearing remarkably young and fair and slim, looking at everybody with marveling looks. In fact she expressed it in words.

"I marvel at you all," said Peach with heavenly patience.

"Marvel on," said Georgina.

"Would you really turn me out, daddy?" Peach continued.

"I would and will," replied Mr. Robinwood, swallowing his emotion.

Lawyer Goodman came out of the crypt of his silence and spoke.

"Allow me," he observed.

There were always a suavity and majesty about Lawyer Goodman that commanded attention.

It was hoped by all Lenville that Harry would develop on such lines as his more distinguished father's. Lawyer Goodman melted into a smile.

"I have just come from the deathbed of an old client of mine," said he—"Papa Lepscheim."

"Papa Lepscheim dead!" exclaimed Mrs. Robinwood, preparing for tears.

"Papa Lepscheim!" groaned Mr. Robinwood. "You don't say so! Well, well! He'll be missed. I don't suppose half a dozen folks in Lenville ever spoke to him, and certainly he kept himself to himself; I suppose it's years since I said good day to him; and yet that old fellow—somehow I always looked upon him as my best friend. There was no one I respected more. He'll be terribly missed."

"This evening, on his deathbed, he made his will," said Lawyer Goodman. "It is customary to divulge a will at the proper time and in the proper place; but under the circumstances, and finding myself here, as a friend of this family—in privacy, of course, and confidence—strict confidence ——"

Lawyer Goodman drew from his pocket a folded paper.

"It is correctly made," he observed; "I saw to that, of course. But it is a little informally put; the old fellow would dictate it himself in his own words. I'll read it so." Lawyer Goodman read:

"'I, Jacob Lepscheim, being in my right senses, do declare this my last will and testament. I have been a lonely old man, and no one in this blasted one-horse town cares for me or smiles at me, except just one, and she is a little girl, and I see her pretty legs and feet go by my basement window, and sometimes this little girl has bent down and smiled at me. I leave my premises and the goodwill of my business and all my stock and everything I have, and ten thousand dollars in the bank to them little toes. She is Miss Peach Robinwood, and I, dirty old Papa Lepscheim, as Lenville dames have called me, leave her everything—every nickel I have.'

"That is that," observed Lawyer Goodman, folding up the will; and he imbued even these three simple words with majesty.

The ensuing silence had a terrific quality about it; people tried to utter words and could not. At last ——

"Well?" said Mr. Robinwood feebly.

"Our little daughter!" faltered Mrs. Robinwood, shedding the tears she had prepared.

"It—it is always Peach!" choked Georgina. "Always—always, everything ——"

"Don't make father and me ashamed of you by exhibiting your jealousy before Lawyer Goodman, if you please, Georgina," Mrs. Robinwood begged.

"But why," sobbed Georgina, "should Papa Lepscheim ——"

"Who knows?" mourned Mr. Robinwood, shaking his head. "That old fellow I valued him He meant a lot to me, just knowing he was among us. Yet even I never guessed what was in his secret heart."

"I have never met a man who didn't somehow like me," said Peach.

Harry sighed.

V

LAWYER GOODMAN beamed upon the company.

"Well, Mr. Robinwood," he said, "I note your daughter is quite a little heiress. Congratulations to you, and to you, Mrs. Robinwood."

Peach's father shook the lawyer's hand.

"What do you think of this, Harry?" said Lawyer Goodman, turning jovially upon his son.

"Why, father, it—it's great!"

"It seems as if the whole expense of building this nest for you and Peach may not fall entirely upon your poor father's shoulders, eh, Harry?"

"It might seem like that to you, father; but all the same—I should have thought perhaps you'd rather Peach and I put it into the business, and that you made me a partner at once."

Mrs. Robinwood claimed attention.

"No one is more reluctant to put herself forward than am I," said she, "but I can't but think it right that as her mother I should be allowed my opinion ——"

"Me first, if you please, dear," Mr. Robinwood checked her. "I should have said, personally, that Peach might do well, at the present juncture, to assist her father. I could do with a little capital, on which I should pay her a fair six per cent; she won't get more from anything with safety; half these industrials on the market—I wouldn't touch 'em. Home first is what I say, and my little daughter is of her daddy's mind—always was."

"Surely, if the young people"— began Lawyer Goodman—"surely, this is the day of the young people; we old ones must go to the wall. The young people come first."

"That is how I feel, anyway; we young people come first," said Harry.

Mr. Robinwood bent a serious gaze upon the young man.

"This marriage ——" he said with a gesture. "I won't have my little girl hurried and flurried, and I've said so before."

"Our blessed little daughter!" cried Mrs. Robinwood.

The Goodmans, father and son, looked at them, surprised, not to say grieved. With a tinge of irascibility Lawyer Goodman struck out:

"Why, only five minutes ago, as I came in at that very door, you were threatening to turn this poor little girl out to work if she wouldn't fix the day for her marriage with my boy here!"

"Everything I said was purely disciplinary," Mr. Robinwood declared; "I spoke, instructed by her mother."

"I'm sure it was nothing of the sort," Mrs. Robinwood denied warmly. "My blood ran cold when you spoke of sending her from home."

"You should back me up, my dear," said Mr. Robinwood, more hurt than angry. "I always back you up."

"You do not," replied Mrs. Robinwood.

"Let us," said Lawyer Goodman in his most conciliatory manner, "see whether by amicable discussion we cannot settle what is best to do about the whole business."

"After I have spoken," said Mrs. Robinwood. "You gentlemen will kindly recall that I, her mother, have not been allowed to express my opinion yet. You will kindly remember what is due to me. . . . Thank you. The more and more I think of things, the more and more am I convinced that I will not hurry any girl of mine into so desperate a step as marriage."

"Marriage is not a desperate step," Mr. Robinwood denied quickly.

"A most desperate step, and often bitterly rued by women," said his wife. "What I suggest should be done is this: Let the engagement continue, and I will take the two girls a trip to Europe. We can afford it now. We will stay away five or six months. I shall have to start mademoiselle on the dresses at once. Young girls, of

(Continued on Page 134)

Can you drive your car all winter without giving its cooling system the slightest care, or even a single thought?

SPECIAL DEMONSTRATION WEEK, NOV. 19-28

To remind people that beneath the advanced style and beauty of the New Franklin lie advantages obtainable in no other car, Franklin dealers today initiate a special period for demonstration of the world's greatest cooling system. Franklin's new copper-radiation air-cooling not only removes all cooling care and bother, but makes possible a substantial increase in high power. How far it influences Franklin's easy-riding and ability to cover ground will surprise most owners of other cars. You are invited to take advantage of a demonstration in the New Sedan.

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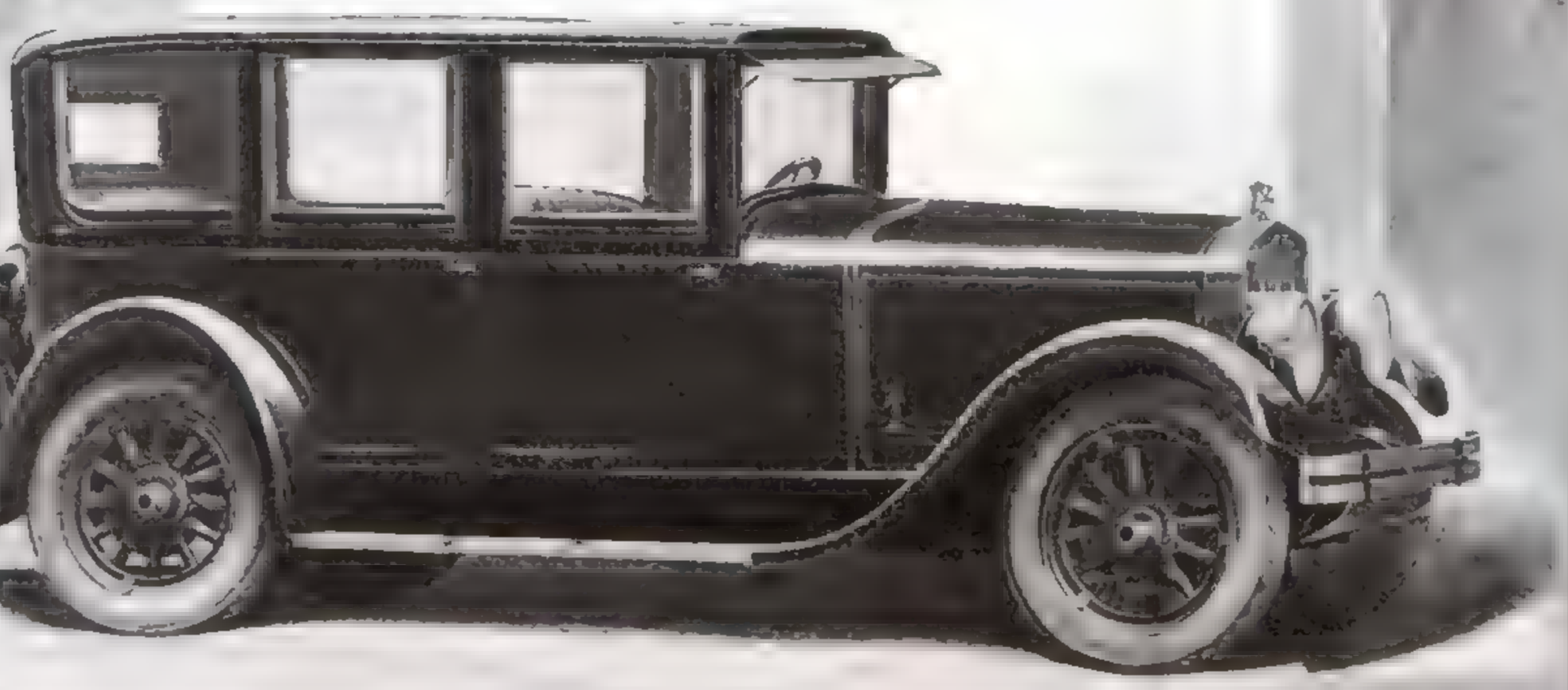
At the new lower prices Franklin Series 11 includes complete equipment, even spare tire, tube and cover. Only tax and freight are extra.



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Is Much More Than Single Control

"SINGLE CONTROL" popularity increases month by month. Almost every manufacturer now realizes that the public has a decided preference for the simplest form of radio operation and demands ease of set control.

But "Master Control" means *much more* than "single control"—and THERMIODYNE is the *only* Master Control Receiver in the world.

The principles of THERMIODYNE's Master Control are patented. The mechanical difference is fundamental—the explanation so full of technicalities that it might be burdensome.

The difference in performance, however, *does* interest you, vitally, and the only way to appreciate that difference is to get a comparative demonstration in your own home.

You don't have to "work" THERMIODYNE's Master Control—it operates automatically. Simply swing Master Control around

THERMIODYNE—Model TF5—FIVE TUBES

Master Control Radio built on same successful principles as TF6. Phenomenal selectivity, distance-getting ability and tone quality. Two stages of Thermionic Frequency, Detector, and Two Stages of Audio Frequency. Master Control Outdoor Antenna. Finished in duo-tone Walnut.

Price (without accessories) $100
Rocky Mountain and Coast States $110

THERMIODYNE—Model TF6 on Speaker Table.

Handsome, well-constructed Table, with built-in Loud Speaker concealed by open grille. Ample room for Batteries and Charger. Finished in Walnut to match Model TF6.

Price of Speaker Table $60
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Illustration shows how THERMIODYNE stages may be tuned collectively with the MASTER CONTROL, at the same time permitting individual adjustment on each stage when atmospheric conditions make it necessary.

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MASTER Control

THERMIODYNE's magic half-circle—stop it at the wavelength of whatever station you want—and that station comes in—instantly—clearly—naturally—in loud-speaker volume.

Let one of our dealers demonstrate THERMIODYNE for you against any other radio—regardless of its price—regardless of its number of controls—regardless of how unfavorable the conditions under which the test is made.

If THERMIODYNE performance—meaning *Simplicity of Operation, Selectivity, Distance-getting Ability, Clarity, and Tone Quality* isn't 100% better—don't buy it.

Should you have a set to exchange for THERMIODYNE, ask your nearest Thermiodyne dealer how much he will allow you for it, and arrange with him for convenient payments on the balance. Every THERMIODYNE is unconditionally guaranteed. Fill out the coupon below and the dealer will make it *easy* for you to own any Model you may select.

THERMIODYNE—Model TF6—SIX TUBES

Powerful smooth-working instrument, with Three Stages of Thermionic Frequency before detector, Detector, and two Stages of Audio Frequency. Master Control. Indoor or Outdoor Antenna. Finished in Walnut, with interior compartment for "B" Battery.

Price (without accessories) $150
Rocky Mountain and Coast States..... $160

THERMIODYNE RADIO CORPORATION
1819 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY
Main Plant: Plattsburg, New York

Canadian Sales Offices
DOMINION THERMIODYNE RADIO, Ltd.
425 Phillips Place, Montreal, Canada

DEALERS—If you are not a Thermiodyne dealer, don't wait. Speak up at once for the territory you would like to have. Get in touch with us *immediately*, and let us notify your distributor that you are interested. Make your application today!

THERMIODYNE—Model CTF6
CONSOLE DE LUXE

Model CTF6, enclosed in Console Cabinet finished in Walnut, with built-in Loud Speaker, and with space for Batteries and Charger. All equipment concealed. No wires required for local stations.

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Thermiodyne Radio Corporation
1819 Broadway
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If you own a radio set, fill in entire coupon. If you do not own a set fill in the first two lines, only

Dear Sirs:

Without obligation on my part to do anything more than give Thermiodyne a fair trial, you may install a set in my home for a free demonstration.

NAME

ADDRESS

NOTE: If demonstration is not desired, so state, and we will send descriptive folder on complete line, also details on partial-payment plan.

If you have a radio set and want an offer on it, fill in below as indicated.

x. Name of set and Model Number....

Cost to me, without accessories

How sold *Present condition*

NOTE—This coupon will be referred to your nearest dealer.

RADIO fans forget time completely as glowing warmth from the Perfection protects them from cold and damp. Every family should have one of these portable radiators. There is nothing to install, so Perfection can be easily carried to any part of the house, wherever you want heat most. At less than two cents an hour it radiates warmth to every corner of the room. Your dealer will gladly show you the new models.

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7609 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.

The Perfection is a radiant heater

PERFECTION
Oil Heaters

Continued from Page 130

course, don't want rich clothes; but you wouldn't believe how often I have wished I could have a new fur coat and some diamond earrings. As their mother, naturally, I'd have to look well on the trip. And there's no telling what might happen in Europe."

Harry groaned apprehensively. Georgina spoke:

"I'm always put aside, but perhaps at last Peach will think of me, now she's a wealthy woman. I ask anybody here, have I ever refused to iron that girl's frocks or mend her stockings or massage her scalp? I ask anybody here, have I?"

"Sh-h-h, Georgina," said her mother.

"I ought to be thought of," said Georgina, becoming passionate. "I don't know what's going to happen in Europe, and I don't care. I know what could easily happen right here if Peach has any sisterly feelings. I want to go in for a college course, and you all know it; and I should like some voice training. Ever since I've sung solo in the choir I've known I had a good little voice. I should like to go to Boston twice a week and get trained with a real professor."

"Sh-h-h, Georgina," said her mother.

"Robinwood," said Lawyer Goodman with quiet authority, leaning forward to tap his neighbor on the knee—and quite a gesture he made of it —"put your foot down on all this wanton expenditure of the poor girl's little capital. Remember, you are her father and her protector; and as your lawyer—though I'm charging no fee for friendly advice—why, I advise you. As a lawyer, I've seen a lot of family trouble over money; as a lawyer, I have vast experience; protect your little daughter Peach; see to it that when she unites with my Harry here—the best boy in Lenville she comes with all her money where it ought to be—in her pocket. And then, whether she pays back what I've spent on that little nest, or whether she puts Harry straight into partnership on handsome terms, it's her own business; and her own business it ought to be. Ah, Robinwood, as a lawyer, I see a great deal of women; and I do not despise them. There's no one who has a cleverer business head than a wise woman, such as is that little girl there. There's no one can look after her interests better than a clever girl. As a lawyer, I say it's her own business."

Peach spoke.

"Thank you, Mr. Goodman," she acknowledged.

"Not at all," said Lawyer Goodman, smiling.

Peach smiled too.

"Understand, people," said she, "there's just one person who's going to have the handling and spending of this money. That person's me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SICK PER CENT

(Continued from Page 21)

"Lady Luck ain't got nuthin to do wid it. De thing whut moves dem boys' feet is my brains. I rigged up de bait of de gran' prize. Heah come some mo' folks. You betteh git out an' circulate round an' keep de new prospecks comin' dis way. Once dey gits inside here an' gits dey eyes sot on dis cash surplus, nuthin cain't keep 'em f'm buyin' a bond. Ramble, shep'erd, an' herd yo' lambs."

By Saturday night, due to the influence of the Wildcat's rainbow painting and the cumulative effect of the propaganda spread by the pioneer bondholders, a thousand customers had nosed under the wire. Busy with the formalities of the forthcoming drawing of the first, second and third prizes, Honeytone took occasion to remind the Wildcat of the cause for their sudden prosperity.

"Lady Luck an' you would still be sniffin' de steam f'm last week's po'k chops widout my brains," he boasted. "I figgered dis scheme out, an' look whut I told you—a thousan' folks by Sat'day night, an' I hit widin six of de truth. Go out dere in de crowd an' bring me in a innocent child whut cain't be overcome wid money matters. Soon as you gits him I 'nounces de fust gran' premium distribution."

The Wildcat wedged his way into the throng which lined the sidewalk in both directions from the front door of the office, and returned presently escorting a six-year-old boy whose eyes, shining through a moist field of black, glistened with excitement. Honeytone spoke kindly to the little boy and stood him on a table near the back wall of the long room. He climbed to the table and stood beside the little boy. He addressed the crowd:

"Fellow brethren an' bondholders of de Gold Premium Dividend Bond Syndicate, I greets you wid de fraternal affloeence secondary on'y to my heartfelt regret dat one an' all kin not partic'pate in de Gold Premium Dividend Prize about to be drawed. Afteh dis innocent child reaches his hand into de sack an' pulls fo'th de fust numbeh, an' afteh de cold an' clammy realization dat you is lost de fust prize infiltrates th'ough yo' intelleck, take heart! Dey is yet mo' prizes; an' furthermo', when de second note f'm de bell of sorrow strikes th'ough to yo' quiverin' eardrums an' you wakes up to de fack dat yo' partic'pation in de second prize is pos'poned, an' when fo' de third an' last time it seems like de knell of hope has rung, take heart, fo' a new day cometh when de lucky numbeh will fall like de balm of Gilead on de open wounds of yo' achin' hearts.

"De odds is all in yo' favor, an' in seven mo' short days, an' ev'y week f'm den on, de Gold Premium Dividends, eveh growin' biggeh an' betteh, will be distributed to de profit-sharin' membehs of dat small circle of intellecktual humanity whut is bought bonds. My assistant, whut some of you knows as Wilecat, will now roll up his sleeves an' hold dis five-gallon oil can up where all kin see, whilst dis innocent child, blindfold' agin temptation, stretches fo'th his hand an' selecks de numbeh which will win de fust Gran' Gold Premium Dividend."

The innocent child drew a number. Honeytone snatched the cardboard coupon from the little boy's hand and read aloud its inscribed numerals.

"De fust prize, five hund'ed dollahs, goes to Numbeh seven-fo'-seven!"

"Hot dam! Boy th'owed two nach'rals!"

"Step up, Seven-fo'-seven!"

"Stan' back—leave him march on to vict'ry!"

The marcher to victory, speechless for the moment but grunting his delight, held out his hands, and into them Honeytone Boone, capitalizing the spectacular, dribbled twenty-five clinking gold pieces.

"Dere you is, an' I congramulates you fo' instigatin' de fust prize."

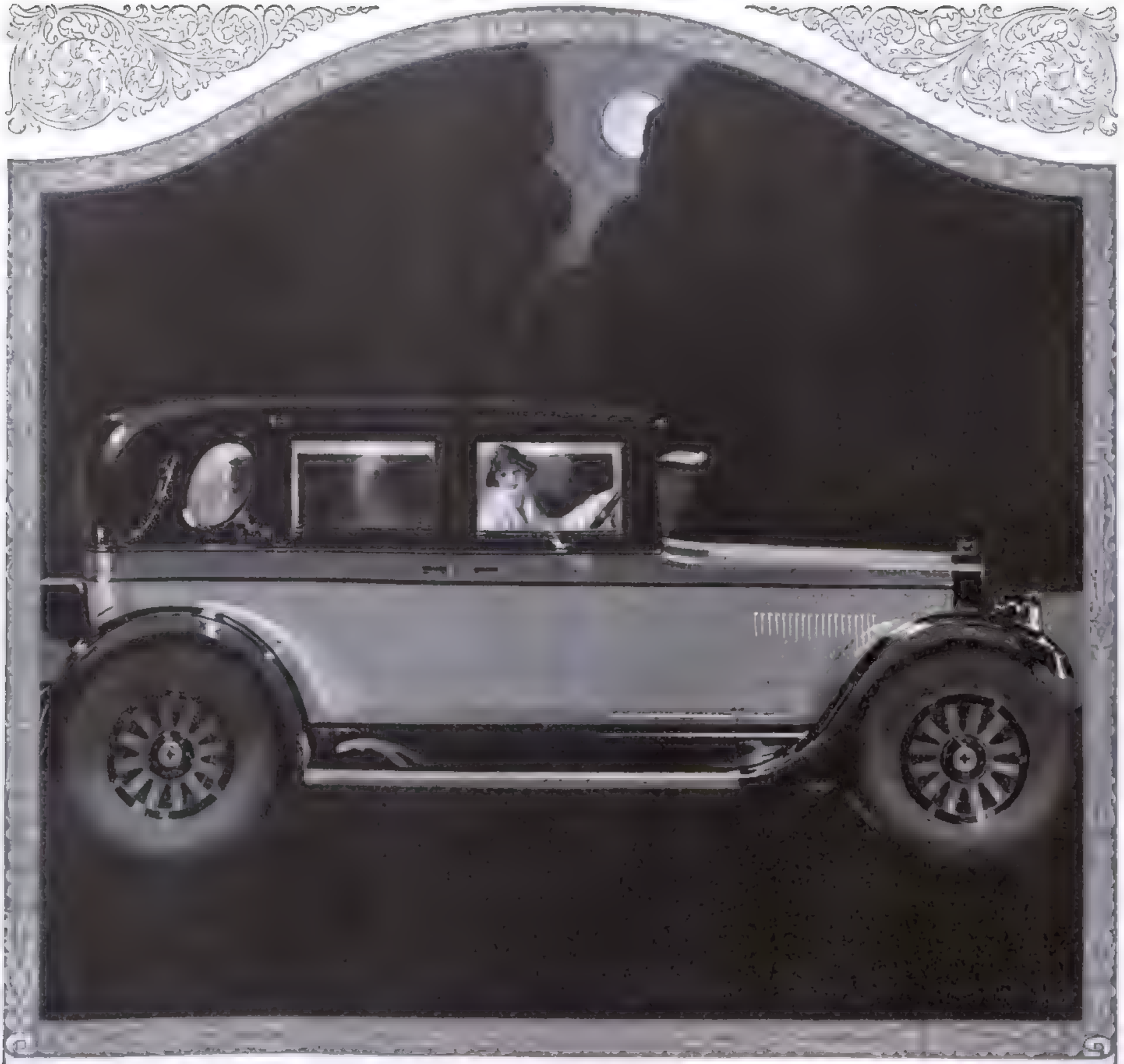
The second prize was drawn, and after it the third. Both of these winners were greeted with clamorous applause, during which the Wildcat, seeing an obvious opportunity, sold fifty or sixty more bonds to as many eager converts.

In his selling campaign the Wildcat's efforts were presently reënforced by the president and treasurer, and when the two had skimmed the clotted cream from the churning market, more than a hundred new victims had been added to the list of those who sought the smiles of Lady Luck.

Late that night, auditing the division of the spoils on its established basis, Honeytone again took occasion to taunt the Wildcat concerning the deity to whom the latter had pledged his faith.

"All I says, Wilecat, is scan de diffurunce in dem two piles of money. Dat one

(Continued on Page 137)



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Nor is this beauty confined to style alone, in which Rickenbacker is pre-eminent. As a performer this car is a dream to drive—due to many notable engineering advancements.

For lightning getaway—swift acceleration and cushioned de-celeration—for all around motor nimbility, this Rickenbacker gives you a transportation tranquillity that is soothingly smooth.

Drive this Rickenbacker yourself—it will be a revelation to you. $1595 f. o. b. factory.

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Famous "Six" Prices

Phaeton	$1495	Coupe-Roadster	$1695
Brougham	1795	Sedan	1795
Roadster	1595	De Luxe Coupe	1995

f. o. b. Detroit plus war tax

Vertical "Eight" Prices

Phaeton	$1995	Coupe-Roadster	$2095
Brougham	1995	Sedan	2195
Roadster	1995	De Luxe Coupe	2320

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If your car is upholstered in Collins & Aikman plush you have every reason to be "thankful". On the other hand if you are considering a new car let us send you a list of cars upholstered in this beautiful and durable material together with reasons why upholstery is important.
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COLLINS & AIKMAN
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(Continued from Page 134)

of mine runs mo' dan three thousan' dollahs. In dat li'l ol' pile whut you has, dey ain't mo' dan two hund'ed dollahs. Us went into dis bizness wid a solemn 'greedment. De big money was brung to me by brains, an' yo' li'l triflin' money is all dat yo' Lady Luck brung you. Dat shows you de diffurumce 'tween brains an' luck."

"Honeytone, Ise seed Lady Luck make a gran'-stand finish mo' dan once. Dis race ain't run yet. You is got de big money, an' Ise got dis li'l ol' measly pile of greenbacks an' I ain't got no kick comin', but mebbe you betteh not brag 'bout yo' brains fo' a while yet. Neveh kin tell about Lady Luck. Right when you is hongry an' friendless an' plumb nekkid in de storm of life, Lady Luck take you by de hand an' wrap a velvet robe around yo' fragile form an' set you down to a meal of de grandes' vittles you eveh et. Lady Luck don't neveh come till she's needed, an' she don't neveh answer nobody whut cain't speak her own talk."

Honeytone grunted and completed the division of the spoils.

"Dere's de last thutty-two dollahs fo' me, an' dere's yo' dollah. Nemmine 'bout dat Lady Luck talk. Nobody wid de money Ise got needs to pester hisself 'bout Lady Luck, an' when I runs out of money I is still got de brains whut makes it. You betteh git to sleep, Wilecat—mighty hard day comin' Monday."

"Don't crave me no sleep whilst I kin set into a ruckus. You do de sleepin' fo' us both, ol' presidump. I figger I takes me a prowl round where bright lights is gleamin' an' de boys an' girls is cuttin' up. Me an' Lady Luck bids you an' yo' brains good night."

In the dim light of the rooming-house hallway, the Wildcat stripped a dollar bill from his thin bank roll and fed it to his mascot goat as a votive offering to his deity.

"Here you is, goat, see kin you digestigate dis f'nancial lettuce. Dey's lots mo' where dat come f'm, an' when dis crop is gone Lady Luck gwine have some new land seeded wid money sprouts fo' de next harvest. When ol' Honeytone's brains is too dried up to make soup wid, Lady Luck gwine to spread a banquet fo' me an' you, beginnin' wid fried chicken an' endin' wid a double order of de same. Come along here—us gwine to eat an' drink an' git merry whilst de night is young."

Throughout the first half of the week following his celebration, the Wildcat circulated around in his rôle of bond salesman, prospecting for customers, while Honeytone, adorned with the raiment of prosperity, to which a yellow vest had been added, held down the office end of the project and collected dollar dabs of interest from his bondholding clientele.

Until Friday afternoon, Honeytone marched toward fame and fortune with the firm step of a conquering hero. Then came a white man wearing thick-soled shoes and a clipped mustache.

Beyond asking half a dozen questions, the white man kept his mouth shut, but before the mysterious visitor had departed, Honeytone's imagination had filled in all of the blank spaces in a complete description which could be summarized in one word—"detective."

Four of the five customers who were present during the white man's interview with Honeytone asked the president of the Gold Premium Dividend Bond Syndicate some embarrassing questions as soon as the white man had left.

"Misteh Presidump, is you pos'tive dat de distribution of de fust, second an' third premiums gwine to take place right here in dis office next Sat'day night?"

Pending discovery of a feasible escape from the shackles of pomp and power Honeytone was ready to promise anything.

"Accordin' to de constitution an' by-laws, sech is de case. On Sat'day night at dis place de Gold Premium gwine to be handed out to de folks whut draws de lucky numbehs."

Late that night, in a confidential conversation with the Wildcat, Honeytone permitted his benevolent instincts to get the better of him.

"Wilecat, no matteh whut you says, de odds of thutty-two to one fails to commogorate wid yo' nach'ral talents. Boy, I been watchin' you, an' by rights you oughta be presidump an' gin'ral liability manager of dis company. Bimeby when I goes to N'Yawk an' Chicago to originate dem new pastures fo' dis company, you got to set yo'self in de presidump chair an' run dis end of de bizness. You betteh begin tomorr' mawnin'."

"Who gwine to 'suade de new customers?"

"Dey don't need much 'suadin'. You knows how a snowball builds up when it gits rollin'. Dat's de way dis bizness is started."

Honeytone reached over for his plug hat and handed it to the Wildcat.

"Put dat hat on, boy, an' lemme see does you look like a presidump."

The Wildcat put on the high hat and looked at himself in the mirror. Satisfied as to his resemblance to a corporation official, he turned to Honeytone.

"Looks presidump enough fo' me, Honeytone."

"I say it does! Git into dat Prince Albert coat."

The Wildcat picked up the long black coat from where it lay on Honeytone's bed and put it on. He puffed out his chest and struck a pose. Realizing that time was the essence of success, the promoter redoubled his flattering criticism of the Wildcat's appearance.

"F'm rags to riches in two moves! You begins as a field hand, an' less dan a minnit lateh winds up twice as noble as any presidump I eveh seed. Keep dat coat on, Wilecat. Dat's de on'y regalia you gits in yo' new job. Betteh git broke in to it."

On a basis of whole hog or none, pressing his luck, the Wildcat inquired concerning the yellow vest and Honeytone's balloon-tired shoes.

"Honeytone, whut about dat solid gold vest an' dem presidump shoes?"

"Wilecat, de vest is too short up an' down, an' you neveh could git yo' feet in dem shoes. You betteh buy a pair tomorr'. You git whuteveh 'quipment you needs an' charge de bill to de concern. As de retirin' presidump, I approves yo' 'spenses. Deduck de money f'm whut you takes in next week."

"Sho' will." The Wildcat pointed to his discarded coat. "Han' me dat coat, Honeytone, till I recoöperates my property."

From the discarded coat the Wildcat retrieved the pair of ear muffs which he had bought from the pawn man.

"Cain't neveh tell when a good pair of lug mufflers might come in handy. Cain't tell but whut dey brung all dis luck. Long as de good luck holds, I aims to retain 'em."

He parked the ear muffs in the breast pocket of his Prince Albert coat. Honeytone put on the Wildcat's discarded coat and cast a quick glance at his companion.

"Dere you is, Wilecat. 'Ceptin' fo' you bein' some darker in de face dan whut I is, folks whut sees us on'y once cain't hardly tell us apart. Set yo'self down tomorr' in de presidump's chair an' negotiate de finances whilst I sagitates round wid de boys. Got to do me some confidential lookin' round fo' some branch managers. I aims to kinda keep secluded tomorr' wid all dat inflooential gang whut rallies at de Joviality Club." The speaker indulged in a broad smile. "You does all de work tomorr', Wilecat, whilst I does de heavy restin'. Dat shows you whut de boy meant when he said, 'Uneasy lies de haid whut wears de crown.' Betteh git to sleep now. Yo' presidump's job ain't half as easy as whut you is been doin'."

On the next morning the Wildcat discovered nothing very strenuous in the president's job. He busied himself in the office for two or three hours, alternately r'aring back at the presidump's desk and then, followed by his ever-faithful mascot, strutting the length of the establishment, trailed by a plume of cigar smoke.

At eleven o'clock a bondholder touched off a keg of dynamite under the new presidump by asking one simple question relative to that evening's cash prizes for the holders of the lucky numbers:

"Misteh Presidump, how big is de Fust Gran' Prize gwine to be t'night?"

The Wildcat batted his eyes. "Gwine to be mighty big." Here was a detail for which he needed advice and financial support from the absent Honeytone. "T'night's prizes gwine to be mammoth." Then, with a plan of action formed—"Folks, I hates to bust up dis here bizness conflooence, but I is called away to meditate wid de instigator of dis company a li'l while."

The speaker herded five or six innocent bystanders toward the door. Preparing to close the door on the empty room, he called back to his mascot goat, "Lily, behave yo'self till I gits back. See kin you figger out whut kind of banquet rations I aims to boon you wid t'night."

The anxious presidump walked rapidly toward the building whose basement housed the Joviality Club. As he progressed, the importance of the omitted detail grew upon him.

"Honeytone done fo'git to transmigrate de prize money," he soliloquized. "Cain't blame de boy much, wid sech pond'rous f'nancial matters clutterin' up his brain."

The presidump's greeting to Honeytone was followed by a quick statement of his necessity.

"Folks was askin' about t'night's prizes, Honeytone. All Ise got is mebbe five hund'ed dollahs, an' by rights de fust prize alone is mo' dan dat. How many boys is paid dey interest?"

"You mean how much is t'night's prizes?"

"Dat's de main thing."

"Deducking amortization an' nonassessable collateral, 'cordin' to de by-laws de presidump is got to decorate de same as las' time—five hund'ed dollahs fo' de fust prize, two hund'ed fo' de second an' a hund'ed fo' de third."

"Dat's eight hund'ed dollahs—Honeytone, lemme have eight hund'ed dollahs fo' dem prize-winnin' boys."

"Wilecat, you scandalizes me. You's de presidump, ain't you? Whut de by-laws say 'bout de amortization of de compound-refundin' int'rust? I 'members one section alone where it says, 'De presidump is hereby called upon to furnish de total amount fo' dividends as dey accrue.'"

"Cain't 'member nuthin like dat, Honeytone, an' besides you was de presidump when dem by-laws was invented. You got a mighty big bank roll. Lemme have dat measly li'l ol' eight hund'ed dollahs."

"Wilecat, does I bust de rules an' regulations, I is liable to git in trouble. Go 'long wid you an' don't pester me no mo'. De on'y thing to do is to 'naugurate a emergency campaign an' dispense wid a issue of eighty mo' ten-dollah bonds. Dat gives you eight hund'ed dollahs. You bettah git started—on'y got fo' or five hours to do it in."

Realizing the futility of attempting to persuade Honeytone to loosen up, the Wildcat made a quick survey of his predicament and with a brief prayer to Lady Luck he resolved to fight his way through. In his pocket at the moment was enough to take care of the first prize, and the matter of selling thirty more bonds to provide a three-hundred-dollar stake for the second and third prizes seemed within the limit of superhuman accomplishment.

He returned to the office of the Gold Premium Dividend Bond Syndicate with a firm tread. His step seemed to accent his determination to overcome the minor difficulty of the moment. Nearing the door of the office, he tilted his plug hat over his eyes, puffed out his chest and assumed a bearing calculated to adorn the person of a corporation presidump.

As he unlocked the office door, a white man stepped up beside him. The white man was equipped with thick-soled shoes and a closely cropped mustache. Something in the white man's manner served all at once to puncture the Wildcat's balloon. Without seeing the cards held in Old Man Trouble's threatening hand, the Wildcat sensed something better than four aces against him.

"Yessuh, cap'n," he answered to the white man's question, "dis is de place." He opened the door and motioned for his companion to enter.

"Nobody here but my triflin' mascot goat."

"Where are the company books?"

"Cap'n, suh, ain't no books in dis place dat I knows of."

The white man made a quick investigation of the table behind which stood the vacant presidential chair. His search for tangible evidence was a water haul.

"Where is that stack of lottery tickets I saw on this desk?"

"Cap'n, suh, I ain't seed no lottery tickets." The Wildcat's eyeballs twisted to where he could see the top of the table on which, at his departure, had rested a neat stack of coupon bonds. The top of the table was blank. He glanced quickly at the mascot goat and saw adhering to the goat's lower jaw a shred of evidence which revealed to him the manner in which Lady Luck had bestowed her latest blessing. Lily had eaten the evidence.

The white man made a quick summary of his problem and decided that, lacking tangible proof of his suspicions, this latest lottery game, at best an unimportant detail in his routine, could result in nothing of credit for himself. The hand of the law had once more swung at a phantom. He addressed the Wildcat, and his tone bore an announcement of his defeat:

"Where's that saddle-colored boy that was here yesterday?"

"Cap'n, suh, he left."

"He didn't go far. Looks to me like he tried to hang a double-cross on all of us. He telephoned headquarters less than an hour ago. Said that a crooked lottery was running in this joint."

"Cap'n, suh, dey ain't been no lottery here so fur as I knows. All I did was sweep out. Dis plug hat an' dis pallbearin' coat don't mean nuthin. Janitorizin' dis place is all I done."

The white man smiled.

"Save it. You better get out of here before I burn the place down."

"Cap'n, yes-suh! Come along here, Lily, like de cap'n says. White folks, good-by!"

Clear of disaster, the Wildcat began to realize the degree of treachery which had characterized Honeytone Boone's activities.

"Fust off he took all de money. Den he leave me holdin' de sack whilst he rigged a earthquake wid de police folks. Oveh an' above all dat, he goes A. W. O. L. an' leaves de prize-winnin' widders an' orphums whut holds de lucky numbehs t'night, prayin' fo' showehs of blessin', an' gittin' no mo' manna f'm heaven dan a snake has ear muffs." He jerked viciously at the mascot goat's leading string. "Come along here, Lily, whilst us 'vestigates dis tricky nigger." He reached his left hand up between his shoulder blades, and felt the reassuring bulge of his razor, which, in times of stress, had served to equalize the odds of battle. "Mebbe us cuts him into dividends wid dat foldin' sword an' rebates him in five-poun' lumps."

Encountering Honeytone, the Wildcat's scheme of revenge suffered a quick revision. Thirsting for physical combat, his ambition toward sanguinary conflict was discarded in favor of an engagement on a ready-made battlefield within the walls of the Joviality Club, a battlefield whereon agile twin cubes galloped to seven-spotted victory or stumbled on snake eyes.

Surrounded by half the leading spirits of the brunet gambling fraternity operating in that district, Honeytone, seeking to perfume the lily, to paint the rose, searched for further additions to the bulging bank roll which had been his share of the Gold Premium Dividend Bond Syndicate.

(Continued on Page 140)

58 MILES— 25 MILES— 5 to 25 MILES—

Only Chrysler Four Combines These Performance Abilities

The Chrysler Four's extraordinary performance—itself the direct and positive evidence of the highest quality in design, materials and craftsmanship—literally leaves no alternative in its field.

Today's market holds nothing of any type near the Chrysler Four price range which even closely approaches its supreme combination of performance abilities.

In speed, the Chrysler Four gives you a new standard—58 miles an hour, achieved quickly and easily, not for a momentary spurt, but for eager mile after mile, as long as you like.

When you would dash away ahead of the crowd in traffic, the Chrysler Four whisks you from 5 to 25 miles in eight seconds—with sure-footed reliability and purring smoothness.

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CHRYSLER FOUR—*Touring Car, $695; Club Coupe, $795; Coach, $1045; Sedan, $1095*

Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost

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All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

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* * * The Chrysler Four is built to manufacturing limits so close they have never previously been considered for a car of this price.

* * * In the Chrysler Four alloy steels are used with the same prodigality which gives Chrysler Six its marvelous stamina and durability.

* * * Abundant cooling and copious lubrication, provided by painstaking design, enable the Chrysler Four motor to maintain its speed of 58 miles per hour without loss of power and without overheating.

* * * All sense of vibration is eliminated by specially-designed Chrysler engine support—an exclusive platform spring, and rubber bushings which insulate the motor from the frame. Chrysler design also protects the motor from much of the shock and twisting set up by driving over rough roads.

* * * Low center of gravity, specially-designed spring suspension, and full balloon tires give roadability as outstanding in the Chrysler Four as in its companion car, the famous Chrysler Six.

* * * Ease of operation is facilitated by a clutch of unusual smoothness, large transmission gears, and the same pivotal steering as in the Chrysler Six.

* * * Greater safety is assured by Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes, furnished at slight extra cost, for the first time on any car of like price.

* * * The same smart Chrysler bodies, which gained Chrysler Six the reputation of being the most stylish car in America, give Chrysler Four a beauty no other car of its price possesses.

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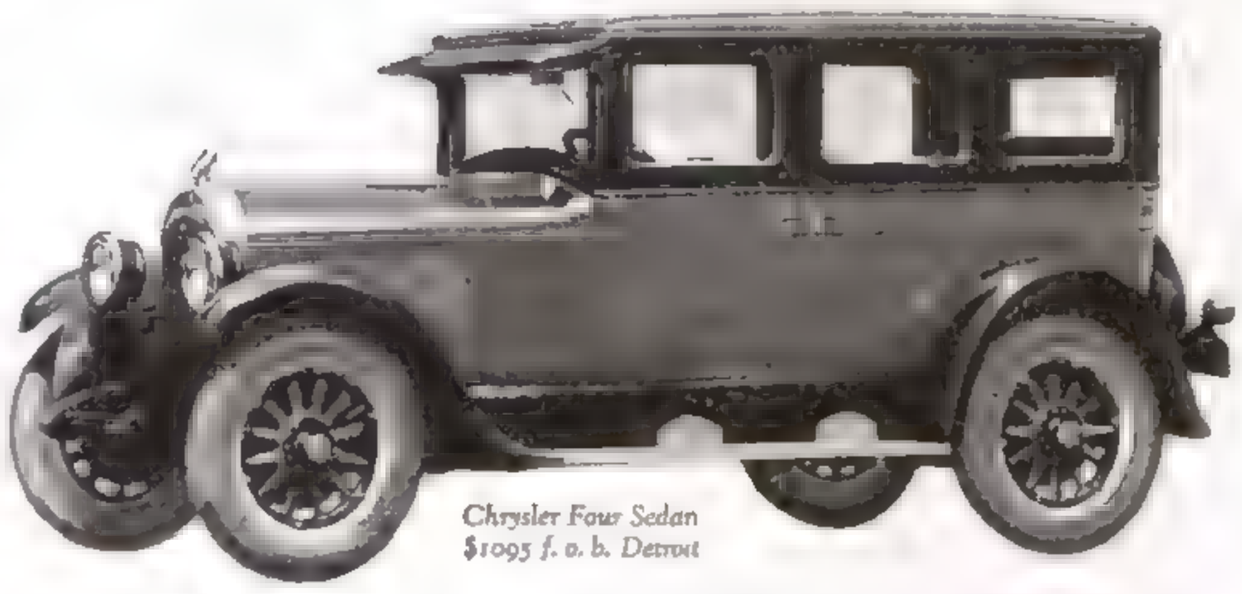

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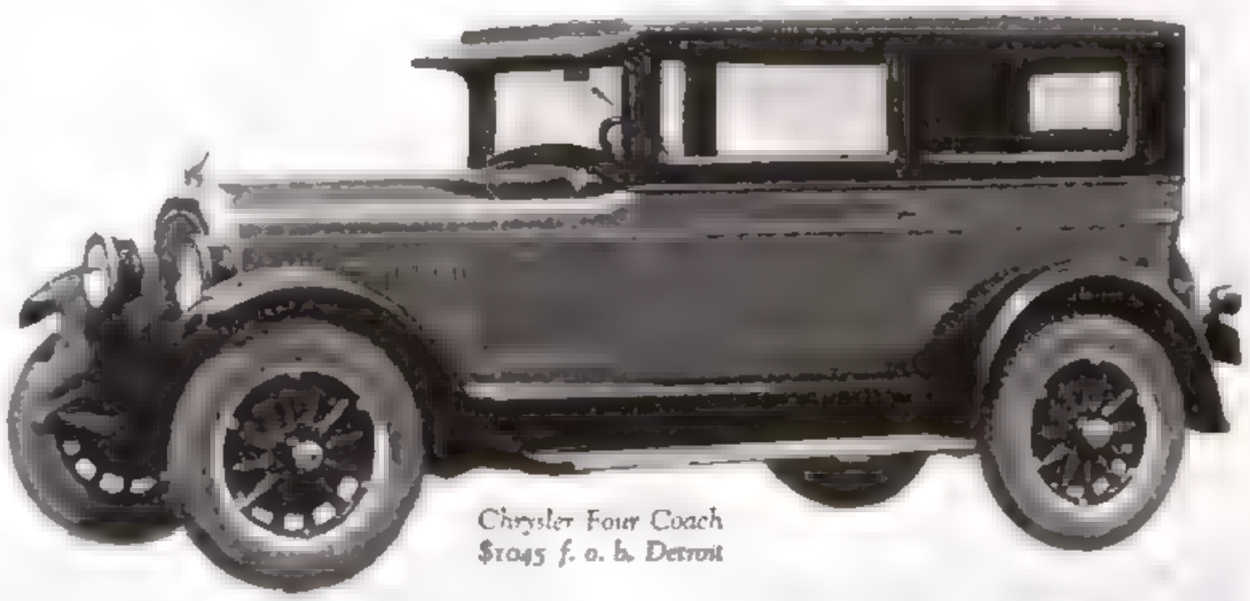

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(Continued from Page 137)

Greeting the first ex-president of the bond outfit, velvet accents of fraternal sympathy modulated the brazen voice with which the Wildcat had intended to summon the traitor to the slaughter.

"How dey rollin', Honeytone? Dat's right, boy, seven yo'self!"

Honeytone, shooting two hundred fifty dollars, found a natural, and as the Wildcat edged in beside him he let it lie in plain sight of the snake eyes which looked around after the next roll.

"An' Honeytone rebates. Whut's de matteh, ex-presidump? How come de li'l twin spots look you loose f'm yo' vulgah wealth?"

Honeytone grunted and shot another five hundred dollars in an effort to double on his loss.

"His point is six—an' one makes seven!"

"Gimme dem dice! Honeytone, I shoots five hund'ed."

The Wildcat, not unacquainted with Honeytone's weapons, picked up the dice and at the same time threw his entire stake upon the center of the table. "Fade me, financier, an' breathe deep! Dere's five hund'ed dollahs! Lady Luck, stan' by me! Rebate ramblers. Ise satisfied wid seven p'cent. Seven me! Wham! An' dey reads de legal seven! Honeytone, I lets it lay. Thousan' dollahs. Showeh down whilst de refundin' underwriters gallops fo' de collateral."

Thirty pairs of eyes clicked in Honeytone's direction and jarred him loose from money enough to meet the Wildcat's bet.

"Roll 'em, Wilecat! Roll 'em an' ketch Lady Luck when she falls."

"Lady Luck cain't fall whilst I holds her up. Use yo' brains, Honeytone, fo' heavy thinkin' in de cold gray dawn, an' watch dis holdup. Wham! Dere you is, li'l nonassessable eight spot! Eight, rebate! Wham! An' I reads six dooce.

"Shoots de two thousan', Honeytone. I lets it lay. Ain't no use collectin' jitney money f'm de ol' presidump. Ol' Presidump Honeytone Boone, he talks de thousan' dollah langwidge. Fade me two thousan', Honeytone, 'less yo' bank roll is on'y readin' matteh."

Honeytone, still in possession of most of the original contributions from the victims of the Premium Bond Syndicate, playing the Wildcat's luck to break under the stress of probability, counted out two thousand dollars and regaled himself with a false gesture that stopped abruptly when the Wildcat's rolling dice came to rest.

"Hot dam, Honeytone, de fust-prize seven stood by me! Fo' thousan' dollahs on de table, fo' thousan' indicakes de fo'th pass. Fade me, presidump! Stan' back, you boys—dis is pussonal 'twixt me an' Honeytone. Clatteh yo' collateral whilst de int'rust gits compound. Mebbe you gits it all back. Neveh kin tell about Lady Luck. Showeh down, Honeytone! You told me brains is boun' to win in de long run. Mind oveh money! Showeh down an' watch de tri-ump of yo' brains oveh my luck!"

Honeytone's voice had shrunk to a croak.

"Wilecat, dat's too big a bet."

"Ain't too big fo' me, bullfrog. Shoots fo' thousan', Misteh Presidump. You makes dat much ev'y day f'm dem Eastern branches whut you aims to start."

Under pressure, Honeytone scalped his roll down to where less than a fourth of his original stake remained in his hand

"Roll 'em, blackbird," he said huskily. "Roll 'em, an' preen yo'self fo' de hearse."

"Bond bones, rebate yo' gold premium! Collateral cubes, declare yo' dividend! Wham! An' dey reads de jury wid de vacant chair! E-o-'leven!"

The Wildcat raked in his winnings and cast a quick glance at Honeytone's remaining stake.

"How much you got left dere, li'l presidinky? I shoots two thousan' dollahs—fade me all you kin."

Honeytone, seeking an eleventh-hour recovery, bet his stake to the last greenback.

"Eighteen-sixty," he announced huskily.

The Wildcat turned toward the outside money.

"Hund'ed fo'ty open. Git aboard whilst us rides gentle. Shoots two thousan'!"

An optimist filled up the hole in Honeytone's bet.

The Wildcat, engaged for the moment in packing greenbacks into the inside pocket of his Prince Albert coat, picked up the dice and fixed his gaze on his principal adversary.

"Honeytone, git ready fo' de fust black frost. De fust frost comes in de fall of de year, an' it means hawg-killin' time. Git yo' carcass ready, boy! Grunt yo' last farewell! I aims to kill me a hawg." The speaker breathed a hot breath of encouragement upon the dice nestling in the palm of his clenched hand. "Frostbit luck eggs, incubate an' hatch! Wham! Seven! Lady Luck, at yo' feet!"

The Wildcat picked up his money and handed the dice to the man at his left.

"Take 'em, boy, whilst dey is infested wid luck. I still owns 'em, but fo' de presump I is done."

The speaker edged out of the crowd and sought the proprietor of the Joviality Club. Finding this individual, he indulged in thirty seconds' quiet conversation with him, and then, handing over a thin roll of currency—"Henry, I aims to leave every place I arrives at so I kin come back. Here's eight hund'ed dollahs to coveh de fust, second an' third Gold Premium Dividends drawed by de lucky numbehs at t'night's dividend meetin', whereveh dey holds it."

The Wildcat returned to Honeytone's side. He handed Honeytone the high hat.

"Here you is, presidump. Take back yo' regalia. Gimme dat cap!"

The favorite of Lady Luck occupied the next two minutes in transferring his cargo of bank notes from the side pocket of his coat to the sanctuary of his pants pocket. He took off the Prince Albert coat and handed it to Honeytone.

"An' here is yo' presidumptial coat. Put it on so de world kin see how many brains you is got. Gimme dat ol' ragged coat of mine." Now, dressed in a costume which seemed more in keeping with his manner, the Wildcat smiled at the nearer members of the assemblage. "Folks, I sees you all some time, some place, whenever Lady Luck leads me back to where you is." He jerked at Lily's leading string. "Come along here, mascot! My stummick craves rations."

Near the exit which led to the sidewalk from the Joviality Club, the Wildcat stopped a moment for a further word of instruction to the proprietor of the place.

"Wrassle out a few gallons of gin, an' when Ise gone give it to de boys an' tell 'em I says howdy." He passed over a hundred-dollar bill. "Some place along de line me an' Lady Luck will look back an' wish us was here wid you."

The departing one proceeded on his way, but his course was interrupted again just as he gained the door. Honeytone Boone confronted him.

"Wilecat," Honeytone began, "you stripped me clean. Cain't see where at I kin eat t'night, 'less you lets me have some of dem dividends back."

The Wildcat smiled slowly.

"Honeytone, reach yo' hand in de breast pocket of dat presidump's coat you got on an' hand me whut you finds."

Honeytone explored the pocket of his coat and his fingers discovered the ear muffs which the Wildcat had purchased from the pawn man. He pulled them out and the Wildcat took them from him.

"Gimme dem ear muffs, boy!" Lady Luck's protégé adjusted the ear muffs over his bulging ears. "Whut dat you say, Honeytone? Tell me ag'in."

"I says lemme have a hund'ed dollahs, Wilecat, till I gits a chance to recoöperate."

The smile left the Wildcat's face. He looked straight at his companion.

"Honeytone, somehow I cain't hear a word you says."

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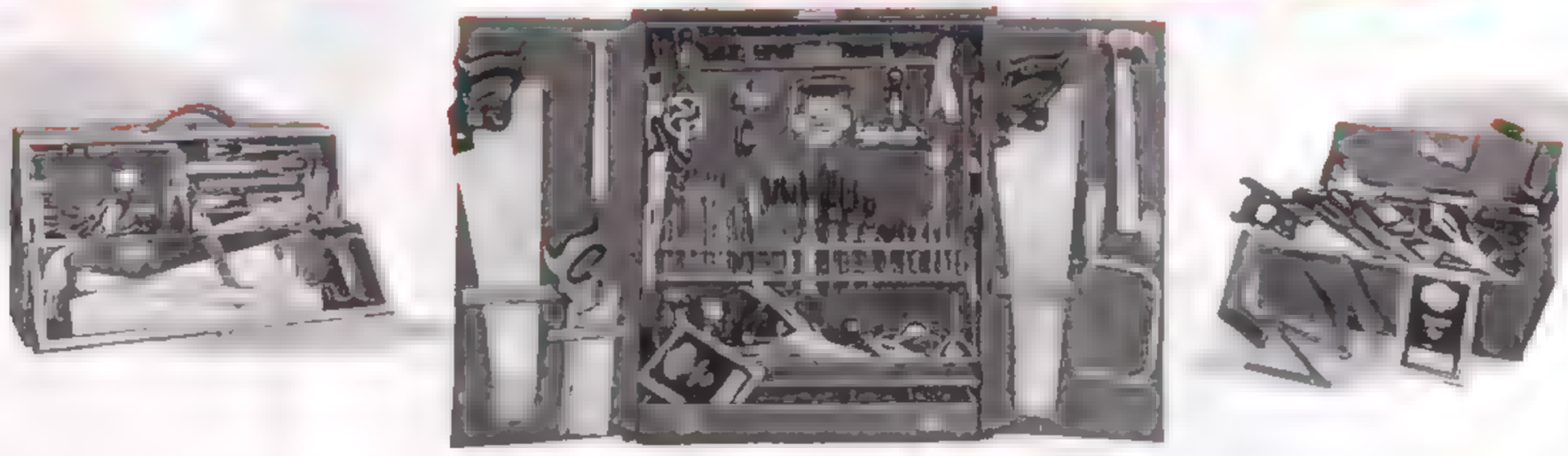

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STANLEY TOOLS

THE FIGHTING RABBIT

(Continued from Page 25)

the picture, I set to work hashing the result into scenes and subtitles, and difficulties immediately grew. Cleo stood over me, studying each move and stopping me with or without reason.

"That brawl scene will have to come out," she declared when the first batch of fifty was submitted to her and Felix.

The action was a spirited bit wherein an Italian count had his nose severely punched by a minor character. It seemed suitable to me, because the count was a dissolute wretch and needed a nose punching.

"What's wrong with it?" I asked.

"Vulgar and rough. It's uncouth. The theme of this book will certainly not be upheld by showing a low prize fight in the very beginning."

Cleo spoke decisively.

"You will have to feel the spirit of the tale better than that, Mr. Parkman, if you are going to transfer it successfully to the screen."

I rejected a sudden impulse to tell Cleo to take The Scarlet Petunia and curl her hair with it. I looked at Felix.

"If he can stand her twenty-one years I can stand her two months," I said to myself; and a moment later she strode out of the office, apparently overcome by the vulgarities of the movies.

"That wasn't the reason," Felix said pleasantly.

"No?"

"The real reason is that I happened to devise the fight stuff. I wrote the incident myself, without any help from Cleo. You have accidentally used my dialogue for your subtitles, and Cleo would rather that you use her scenes and her dialogue."

He giggled.

"Oh," I said, the light breaking, "that's it!"

"Yes, that's it. I've known Cleo a long time."

"And I suppose we have to make this picture, using nothing but incidents which she created and subtitles from her dialogue."

"No doubt about it."

"Felix," I suggested, "I have no desire to seem personal, but did it ever occur to you to do your hand up into a fist and ——"

"Henry," he returned, "you are not seeming personal, and it has often occurred to me to slay Cleo. I have been married to her for twenty-one years, and I began thinking of killing her twenty years ago; but no suitable method has ever suggested itself."

"I may do it for you," I said, "before this script is finished."

We dismissed any further notion of immediate work and Felix unburdened himself. He disliked literature, he said, in any form, and abominated writers of all kinds. He hated novels and he detested writing them. Above all else in life, he longed to own and operate a bee farm in the quiet of his native Connecticut hills, and to spend his days introducing stranger bees to the queen and garnering honey. He had even gone so far as to set up a battery of hives in the yard behind the house at Warren's Mills, and had ordered a shipment of bees, including a stingless lady bee from Lahore, India. Cleo had sternly quashed the enterprise, and when the special queen bee came by mail from the Orient, it was Cleo who opened the box, sniffed and tossed the queen out of the window.

In those first days at the studio, Felix was one of the most amiable souls I have ever known. He was semibald and wore eyeglasses held by a thin gold chain. What hair he had was graying fast, and there was an air of perpetual anxiety in his manner.

We proceeded with the story and finished a tentative script, which was approved by Cleo because it contained largely the scenes she had thrust into the novel. I felt certain it would make a dull motion picture, unless Jim Hawkes could manage to lift it with flashes of pure genius. Cleo had her way and I hacked at the task as best I could, feeling that, after all, it was their funeral and not mine.

Hawkes began shooting long before we finished the final script, a thing that happens frequently in movie studios, and we spent a half hour each afternoon looking at his takes of the previous day—looking at them without visible enthusiasm. President Reynolds grumbled from the start.

"This truck doesn't seem any too good to me," he remarked to John Fleming, the studio manager.

"Probably pick up later on," John replied.

"If it doesn't we've got another sour one," said the boss.

I said nothing. Felix remained silent. Cleo expressed herself as being rather pleased with the way the story was shaping up, and Jim Hawkes hoped for the best, but stated in private that if this wasn't a messy piece of junk, then he didn't know junk.

Prominent in the cast that struggled with the job in hand was Nina Gregory, the official company vampire, who had the feminine lead and who is a sympathetic soul, eager to aid persons in distress. She is tall, willowy, and the trade magazines print her photograph six times a year, with flip captions warning male readers against her wiles. She had contemplated Felix Wattsover from the first in profound amazement, which turned later on to pity. Nina has been playing wicked women for years and is a striking brunette who will never need any of the books on what a young girl should know.

"Normally," she said, staring at Felix, who was prowling aimlessly to and fro outside his department, "you couldn't get me to believe it if you swore on a stack of Bibles."

"What?" I asked.

"That little runt," she replied. "There isn't any such man as that."

"What's the matter with him? He's a grand citizen."

"I know he is. I've been talking to him and they don't make 'em any better. But look at his wife! They tell me he does all the work on these books and she gets the dough. Is that right?"

"I think he has all the money he needs. At least, he never complains."

"Certainly not. That's it. He wouldn't complain if his old lady took off his leg and gave it to charity. He's just a trained seal, and it's sickening. I'm going to give him a run and see what happens, in the interest of justice. He may be alive and not know it."

She paused in triumph.

"What kind of a run would you be thinking of giving him?" I asked uneasily, because Nina has occasional flashes and some of them require editing.

"Do you think a beautiful girl has made love to him lately?"

"No," I said.

"Well, I'm what you would call, roughly speaking, a beautiful girl. At least, I'm beautiful enough for this business, and it might make Felix take a tumble to himself. I won't have any fun out of it, but I'm going to make love to him if it kills me."

She looked determined.

"You'll start a scandal," I said mildly.

"I want to," she said. "If you start anything with that poor little feller, you've got a gold medal coming. And not only that, but I'm going to sick Ruth Henderson onto him, and Ruth can certainly talk aimless when she wants to. If the two of us can't light a fire under one ninety-pound novelist, then Felix is dead and somebody better get an undertaker."

"It sounds disgraceful to me," I rejoined. "Go to it."

The result of this friendly plotting was apparent almost immediately, and the entire studio smiled. Nina Gregory has been dealing with males, actors, directors and sentimental producers for many years and she knows all the detours. Felix showed the first sign by discarding his Connecticut derby, which should have been discarded the previous year. He appeared in a panama with a striped band.

On the set, where Hawkes was shooting, Miss Gregory leaned over Felix's shoulder and discussed casual affairs. They began laughing together, especially when Nina told him the story of the director and the girl from Niagara Falls, and that was interesting because prior to it Felix had found little to laugh at.

When Nina was engaged before the camera Ruth Henderson drew her chair beside Felix and drank in his comments with every sign of reverence and admiration.

"What kind of guff are you giving the man?" I asked.

"Listen," said Nina, "we're doing a good job. He asked me today was I a married woman, and there's a sure sign."

"And," added the smiling Ruth, "hear this one: He wants to slip out with me tomorrow and have lunch at the Spotted Walrus."

"This little blue jay is most certainly alive," Nina asserted. "In another week we'll have him breathing."

Studio hired hands noticed the gradual transformation of Felix and everyone chuckled—that is, everyone except Cleo Wattsover. It never occurred to her that persons would find her husband interesting. She paid not the slightest heed to Nina and Ruth, and those amiable schemers proceeded apace. They snapped at each other mildly, taking care Felix should overhear, and said unkind things about each other to him; so that gradually and in complete astonishment he was forced to conclude the ladies were jealous.

He purchased a new suit of clothes, bought a red belt with a gold buckle, put his pipe aside and smoked cigarettes with a long holder. He had his shoes shined daily by the studio Ethiope, lounging beside famous actors and chatting with stars and starlets. He roamed about the stages, forming acquaintances, talking with directors, property men, electricians, wardrobe mistresses, hairdressers, truck drivers, script girls, carpenters, set designers, painters and miniature experts.

And everyone called him Felix. Everyone told him he was a big man in his business, a man who had made his mark and whose opinion was valuable, and for him not to take any back talk from these movie people. Felix glowed and expanded. Nothing like this had ever happened to him in Warren's Mills, and all the things he had meant to say to Cleo for twenty years now rolled out of him. For the first time he talked freely, jovially, confidently and practically continuously. When he walked across an open stage it was seen that he moved with a slight swagger. Many of his speeches began, "I'll tell you people what's the matter with the movies."

"Didn't I say he was alive?" remarked Nina, with the proud tone of a good workman. "Something's going to bust one of these days, you mark my words. That old she snapdragon is in for a ride that'll loosen her bolts."

"He asked me to go ice-skating with him," Ruth laughed, "and if he wasn't holding my hand yesterday on the set, then it certainly was the longest handshake on record."

Meanwhile, if Mrs. Cleo Wattsover noted any changes in her coadjutor, she said nothing, being engrossed in her job of what she thought was helping Jim Hawkes shoot The Scarlet Petunia. She hovered about his set for hours at a time, owl-eyed and rapt, got in Jim's way, made him nervous, worried the electricians, stopped the action to

(Continued on Page 145)

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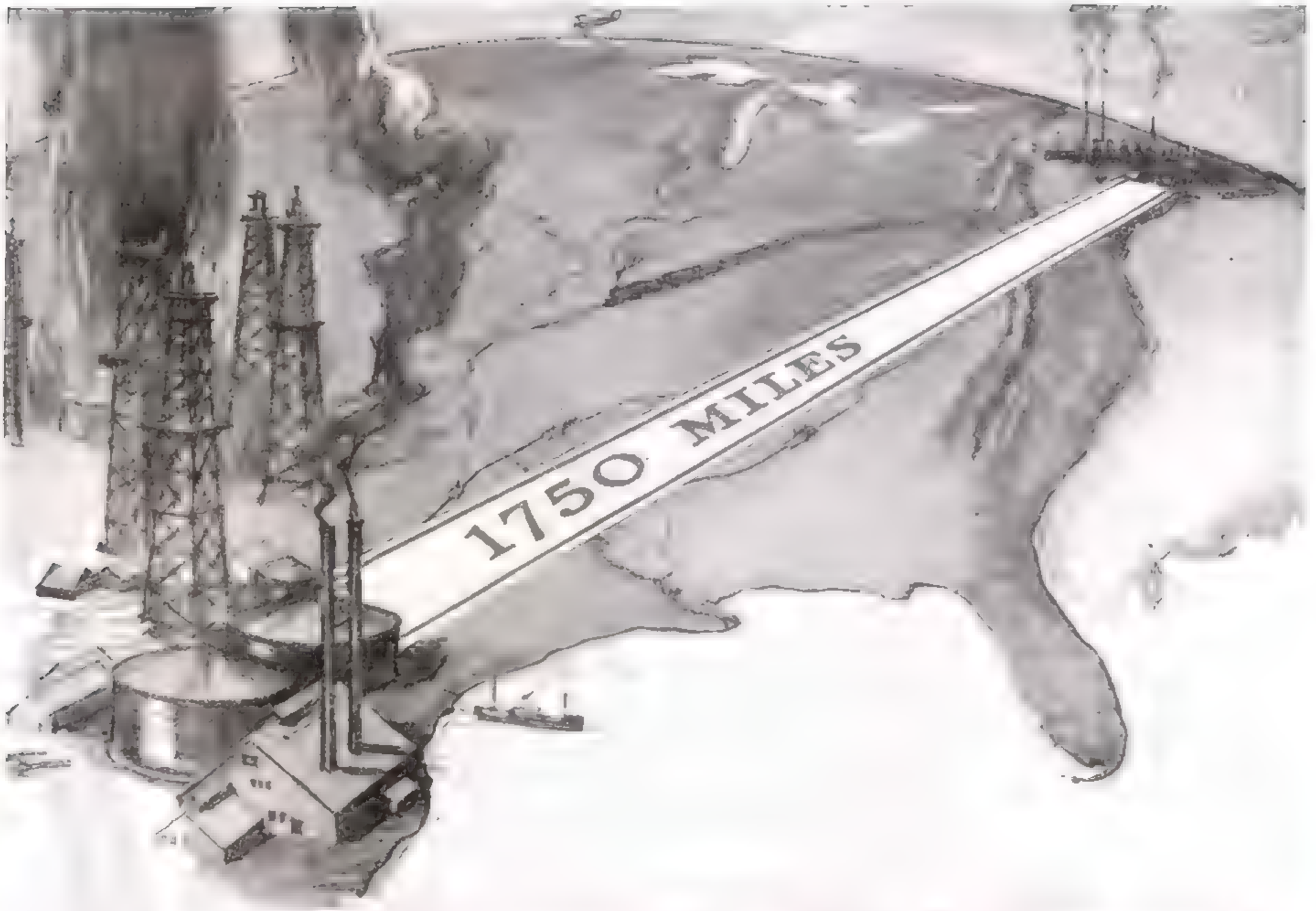

The longest pipe line in the world pumps oil from Texas to New Jersey

A LITTLE MORE than a generation ago petroleum oil was only a bad-smelling substance peddled in bottles as a cure-all for every ailment from rheumatism to cancer.

Today, as a source of power and means of lubrication, it all but makes the world go round. Refined into benzine, gasoline, kerosene and fuel oil it "smooths every wheel that turns," drives twenty million motor vehicles, and lights half the homes in the United States.

Pipe and piping equipment have given man the mastery of this gigantic force. Thousands of miles of pipe and uncounted millions of valves and fittings—the kind of material that Walworth makes—are now at work in the drilling, refining and transportation of oil for the necessities and comforts of civilization.

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IT'S *ALL* WORTH – IF WALWORTH

(Continued from Page 143)

argue or ask fool questions, found fault with the costumes, demanded that the company rebuild sets, and made herself generally popular and longed for—the same as old age and Chinese measles.

One casual scene with a handsome sheik caused an afternoon's lay-off, disrupted the cast and brought a war conference in the office of President Reynolds. It happened that Mr. Hawkes was wearily pegging away at a bit of business with his ornamental sheik, and at one point he had the bronzed gentleman stretched upon a divan with the usual leopard-skin covering, patting the head of a large Russian wolfhound. Mrs. Wattsover came in, looked, and almost fainted.

"What's that?" she demanded.

"That's the sheik and his dog," Jim replied, glancing at the lady with anything but a friendly smile. "I trust it is all right with you."

"It certainly is not all right. You'll have to stop that scene."

"Why?"

"Don't you know," Cleo said in pitying scorn, "that sheiks are Mohammedans, and that Mohammedans loathe and despise dogs, and shrink from them as we shrink from reptiles?"

"Then," said Jim with bitter firmness, "this sheik is no Mohammedan. This is probably a Democrat."

"Good heavens!" said Cleo, with a hopeless gesture. "They pay us money to come here and help you photograph sheiks caressing dogs! I'll see Mr. Reynolds about this."

She did so, and there was plenty of trouble. The dog came out, making necessary the rewriting of twenty scenes.

"If they don't keep that woman off my set," grieved Jim, "something awful is going to happen to her."

There was no need formally to order Mrs. Wattsover away from the Hawkes set, because circumstances intervened. It was our daily custom to drop into the projection room whenever Hawkes stopped shooting and look at the garnerings of the day before. The script was virtually completed and Felix, during an interlude in the morning, had been talking, visibly, with Director Hawkes. I saw him waving his arms and wondered what it was that could so stir the little man. After four I found out.

A dozen of us gloomed in the projection room, including Hawkes, his staff, the studio manager, the Wattsovers, myself and a stray script girl; and as we watched, bits of what would eventually be The Scarlet Petunia fled by before our eyes.

One scene in particular was repeated a dozen times. It showed us a neatly dressed and youngish man, apparently a college gentleman, riding a handsome saddle horse and tapping himself gently with a small whip. It was a beautiful horse and a stylish rider, and for shooting reasons Hawkes had taken the scene from a dozen angles.

The repetition seemed to drive Felix mad, for he suddenly rose in the darkness and gave off a queer, howling sound.

"What is the matter, Felix?" his wife inquired.

"Turn the lights on!" shouted Felix, using for the first time in his California career an authorized swear word. "Turn 'em on, I say!"

There was a momentary hush and people smiled at one another in surprise. The electrician shut off his machine, raised the wall lights and we stared at the aroused novelist.

"This is all wrong," he said in a loud un-Felixlike tone. "The whole ruddy thing is disgusting. It won't make a good motion picture at all, and I know it. You take the nonsensical scene we just saw. In the book that ninny of a Harvard graduate is a Balkan cowboy, or what would be a cowboy if they had 'em. And the carefully manicured horse was a wild animal—not a tame horse—a wild horse, seeking to destroy."

He paused and gathered breath.

"Felix," said Cleo, looking at her incredible husband, "hush up! I changed the horse."

"I know you did," he howled, facing his better half. "And they let you change it! Well, it won't do and it won't go in the picture, for there isn't going to be any such picture. We shouldn't be making the Petunia, as I said when they asked me. We should now be making the Ibex, and we will make the Ibex, only we will call it The Mountain Boy, its correct name."

"Felix," said Cleo, slowly rising, "will you be good enough to ——"

"Sit down!" Felix blared. "Sit down before I lose my temper!"

Mrs. Wattsover sank without a sound, startled and somewhat stunned. He looked about at the interested faces and continued in a slightly quieter tone:

"It is a mistake to go any further with this photo play, and we all know it will make a silly picture. We are going to make the other book which Mrs. Wattsover called The Sacred Ibex, but which I called The Mountain Boy. Let us now adjourn to Mr. Reynolds' office and go into this thoroughly."

It was a stupefied group of picture makers that followed the bellicose Felix from the projection room, down the alley and into the executive offices. He led the way, talking rapidly. His wife, firmly convinced that something had slipped in his mind, brought up the rear and waddled along with her arms full of manuscripts, wholly unable to cope with the situation.

Reynolds received the delegation, and Felix, with his panama on the back of his head, strode vigorously to and fro, explaining that he had suddenly decided against making the Petunia.

"The Mountain Boy," he continued, "is a hustling Western tale, and Jim Hawkes likes it. Henry Parkman likes it. I like it. What I can't understand is how the heaven"—opposite—"we ever started in on this other one."

"Um," replied Reynolds, looking interested.

"Am I right?" Felix demanded.

"There is something in what you say," admitted the boss. "I personally have always preferred The Sacred Ibex, and ——"

"The Mountain Boy," corrected Felix.

"The Mountain Boy," said Reynolds, "and I naturally favor doing it first. For business reasons, we wish to avoid sex pictures at this time."

"Certainly," said Felix, turning to look at his wife, who said not a word. "You hear him, Cleo?"

Mrs. Wattsover stared and nodded faintly. In ring parlance, her state would be referred to as punch-drunk.

When the meeting was adjourned, Felix walked out first, with his chest ahead of him.

He took his wife firmly but pleasantly by the arm, led her down the lane toward the scenario department, and as they proceeded he shook his fist and talked into Cleo's left ear.

"Call your staff together tomorrow morning," he commanded Jim Hawkes. "We'll talk over the new story and I'll tell Parkman what I want done with it."

Hawkes nodded and grinned. All grinned. We watched them disappear, Felix leading, like a tugboat towing a liner.

I knocked out the script for The Mountain Boy, aided by Mr. Felix Wattsover. The once-active Cleo sat behind her desk and in theory participated, but it was the renewed man who ran the show. Twenty years with the circus, she had now lost all her spangles.

His subtitles went into the new scenario. We took the scenes he had written for the novel and transferred them bodily into the continuity, and whenever Cleo protested, whenever Cleo voiced a plea or offered a suggestion, Felix glared across the room like an enraged cassowary and asked her was she doing this or was he. It was, as we saw it, the most complete reversal of form since the morning David socked Goliath.

Secretly the studio gang was tickled a light pink, for everyone admitted the second book would make a brisk picture and was free of the curse of sex.

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THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY
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AERO B
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The next move was the complete elimination of Cleo Wattsover. She was ordered East.

"I'll take care of this motion-picture business," Felix informed her. "Maybe I'll sell Reynolds another book or two. Anyhow, we're getting behind with our regular work and the publishers are howling for the new novel."

He glanced at Cleo, who smiled back at him and waited. She was still traveling in the plush sedan provided by the company; but Felix now rode alone, and in fact drove alone. He had a tan roadster with balloon tires and a two-tone horn, and people on the boulevards had begun to ask one another who was the smart-looking gentleman.

His personal appearance was what local tailoring circles would describe as snappy and refined, and he lunched with anyone he pleased, regardless of sex.

"You go back to Warren's Mills," he commanded, looking at his wife, "and start in on the new story."

"The Silver Siren?" Cleo asked.

"The Silver hell!" said Felix coldly. "This new book is going to be called Leather and Nails."

"Yes, dear," replied Cleo. "Are you coming?"

"I am not. When you go, I'll move into some good hotel and hang around here till I get tired of making movies. Then maybe I'll come home. Meantime you get the stuff out and send it to me as fast as you do it. If it's all right, I'll let you know."

"Very well, Felix," said Cleo. "When shall I start?"

"Tomorrow," said Felix, lighting a twenty-cent Hollywood cigar, with a gold band.

That was the wind-up of one wife in sunny California. A famous female novelist sat, next morning, in a Pullman seat, looking dazedly at the fleeing orange groves and coming to the conclusion that a change of climate often produces strange permutations in a quiet man's character.

We worked amiably together in the studio after that, Felix, Jim Hawkes and I, producing in time a Western drama, with a good dash of society life thrown in, and President Reynolds contemplated the screen result and declared it a workmanlike job. On the main title, an inquiring movie fan might have noticed that it was "from the novel of Felix and Cleo Wattsover."

"Certainly put my name first," he had ordered, when the title makers asked for direction. "I did it, didn't I?"

Later on, Felix sold the corporation the movie rights to a third book, spent some of the money on presents for actresses, bought more clothes and found life apparently gay and interesting in Hollywood. He then decided, all of a sudden, and following the example of many another novelist, to shake off the balmy shackles of California and return to the virile East, where a man can do an honest day's work and there is no *mañana*.

He boarded a through train with no ceremony, leaving the silent drama flat. All that the movies are and mean dropped astern and Felix sat in the smoking car, thinking of Connecticut and Cleo. He arose at Hutchinson, Kansas, looked at his panama hat in a mirror and scowled. The panama hat disappeared, replaced with a modest cap. As he rolled into Kansas City the returning novelist studied his golf togs, brand-new and purchased especially for the trip.

"Golf clothes are certainly out of place," he said, and he removed them, changing into the neat black suit he had worn for years. Little by little he corrected his exterior, the petty transformations keeping pace with the insidious change that was occurring within his mind. As the East pushed the West behind and crowded forward, so did F. D. Wattsover gently dethrone Felix. He began wondering.

On a pleasant afternoon a local rattled up to the weather-beaten station at Warren's Mills, Connecticut, and a smallish man with a wisp of mustache descended and stepped into the hard-faced flivver that takes people to and fro. The flivver burst into song and its ancient driver, Gene Bean, nodded.

"Been away, Mr. Wattsover?" he asked.

"Have I! I been away a year," replied Felix, exaggerating slightly.

"Is that so? Well, well. How's the missus?"

"How should I know?" Felix snapped. "She's home."

Twenty minutes later he was delivered at his own gate, carrying a bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other. On his head was a derby hat, and as he walked slowly and rather gingerly along the familiar gravel, a door opened and an imposing woman came out upon the porch. She looked at him intently. He smiled up.

"Hello, wife," he said genially. "Home again."

"Well," she replied, "it's about time." Felix forced his faint smile into a grin. "If you're all through gadding around with those disreputable studio people," Cleo continued in a cold, even tone, "maybe you're ready to settle down where you belong and go to work."

"Never felt better in my life, my dear," he said placatingly, sliding back without an effort from Felix to F. D.

"Come in—come in," Cleo said impatiently. "Throw that cigar away and wipe your feet."

"Yes, darling," said F. D., the famous collaborator.

He entered his home and looked about him with a grateful sigh. Everything was in its accustomed place, down to the goldfish with one gill missing. He had, for seven months, emancipated himself from the habits of a lifetime, shaken free of the thrall of a dominating mentality, flung his fling and sowed his oats. Yet there was something warming and pleasant about slipping back into the old groove and surrendering leadership. The harness galled him not at all as it settled down, and Connecticut seemed lovely in the spring, with the hollyhocks blooming and the blossoms starting in the orchard—good old Connecticut, where a worm can be a worm.

He looked up at the partner of his career, the sharer of his woes and triumphs, Simonetta Legree herself.

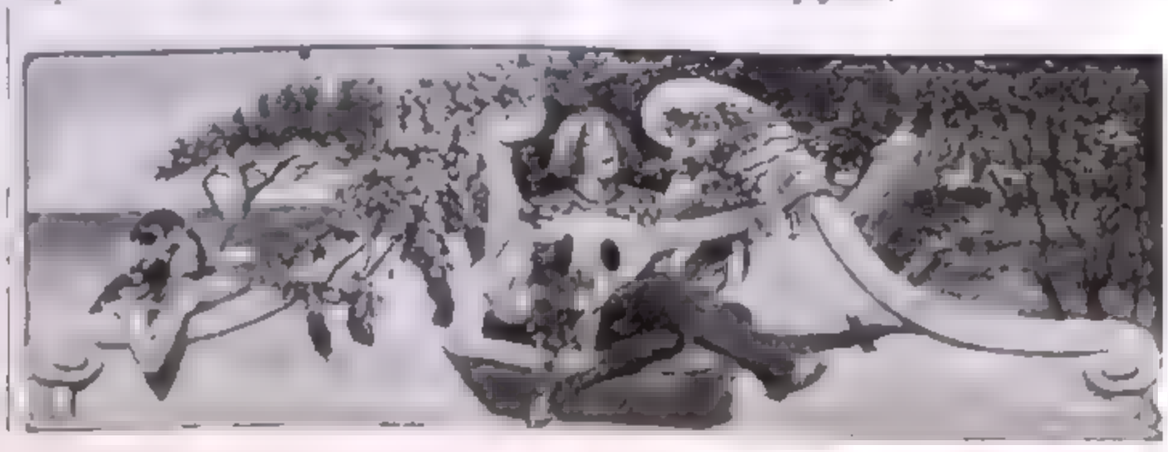
"Well," he began, simulating a breezy confidence, "how's the book getting along?"

"There is plenty of hard work to be done," replied Cleo, "and it's lucky you arrived. You can spend today resting. Tomorrow you start in, and your workroom is ready."

"I'll be ready too," exclaimed Felix eagerly. "Leather and Nails is a great story and will probably catch on immediately."

"I suppose you are referring to The Silver Siren," Cleo remarked.

"Yes, my dear," he answered, beginning another twenty years.



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When the young Maxwells were married, their wedding presents became a part of their most valued possessions. John did not neglect to protect them with an Ætna Burglary Insurance policy

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Burglars . . skilled professionals . . swift, sure, silent. . . The whole house ransacked . . in a few unguarded hours. . . Silver, jewelry, even wearing apparel. . . Gone—never to be recovered! . . What comfort their insurance gave this startled young couple!

Every year, millions of dollars in property become the loot of clever criminals A few families are able to stand their losses. To the great majority a single daring raid robs them of precious personal and household articles which can only be replaced over a long period of years. Instances are not lacking in which the entire contents of a house have been stolen while the occupants were away for only a brief time

If you have valuable articles which readily may be stolen, you are running constant and unnecessary risk of loss. Why should you assume the hazards of personal responsibility when, for only a few cents a day, you can be protected absolutely against any loss from theft?

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The Ætna-izer is a man worth knowing! He represents the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world. He can give you sound insurance advice and unsurpassed protection against virtually every form of risk—Life Insurance in all its branches, Accident and Health, Automobile, Liability, Compensation, Burglary, Fire and Marine, Fidelity and Surety Bonds

Ætna-ize! According to your needs! As you prosper, and as your obligations increase! Make our representative in your community your trusted adviser.

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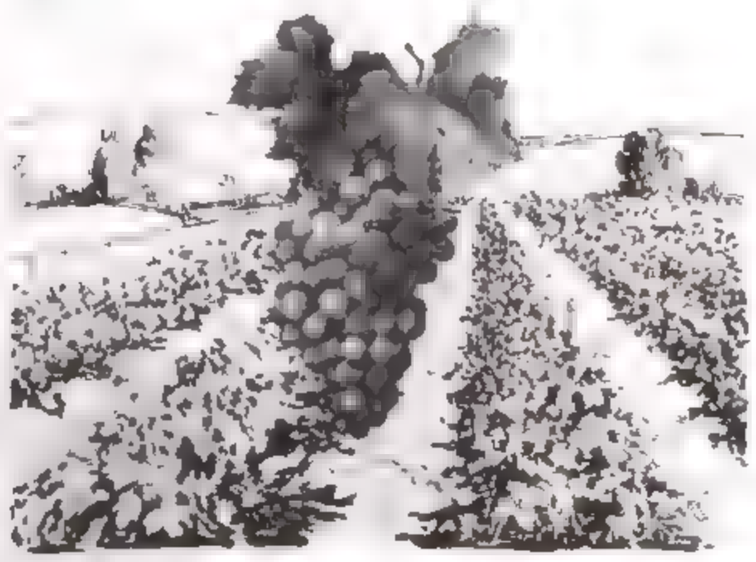


You like this flavor. Remember the Christmas bowl—how fast the raisins went? In the seeded raisins you have used in cooking there was *some* of it.

Now the better bakers everywhere get it in bread—*all* the flavor of California's big white Muscat grapes. And what a treat it makes!

Sun-Maid, always at work to produce still finer raisins, found a way to remove the seeds without crushing the fruit or causing the juice to run, as in ordinary seeded raisins. It saved every bit of the wonderful flavor; for the first time it made Muscat raisins practical for bakers' use in bread.

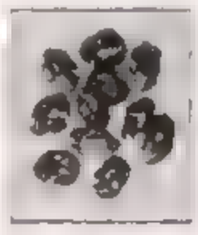
Hence this Raisin Bread, so distinctive, so tempting—a real surprise in foods. More and more bakers are making it every day, and *special* for Wednesdays. Do try it.

To be sure of having a loaf from next week's special baking—and an extra loaf for your Thanksgiving dinner—give your grocer or baker an order now. Mention, of course, that you want Raisin Bread that's baked with Puffed Sun-Maid Muscats.

The better bakers everywhere are using Sun-Maid raisins—either Seedless, the kind you buy in the red Sun-Maid cartons, or the new Puffed Sun-Maid Muscats (seeded). Why they choose Sun-Maid, when they could buy raisins for less money, is shown below

Raisins as they come from every vineyard, even from wet districts, yet the utmost care are [illegible]

By exclusive methods Sun-Maid removes all stems and stems [illegible] to by-products. Only Sun-Maid is equipped to do [illegible]



So the raisins that your baker gets from Sun-Maid [illegible] quality [illegible]

RAISIN BREAD *Special* on Wednesdays

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

My nephew was almost seasick with disapproval.

"We have left those fellows far behind," he said. "The real vanguard holds that the truest poetry is that of illiterates. The higher sophistication joins hands with the unconscious art of the feeble-minded. We love mammy songs, advertising car-card poems about sausages and cough drops and hair tonic and garters, the lyrics of Longfellow. Listen to this: this is the sort of thing I am writing, myself:

"There gathers in my throat a lump
Whene'er I chance to see
A sea gull on a city dump;
It seems to say to me:

'Far, far away the sea gulls cry
Over the well-salted sea,
But far from sea are you and I,
Too far for you and me.'

So on the city dump remote
The gull and I repine;
A lump of fish is in his throat,
A lump of tears in mine.

"What do you think of it?"

"Well, it's — "

"Stark," he supplied. "Stark, stark. Like the art of the comedy two-reeler, the art of the colored imitation of the white imitation of the colored minstrel and dancing show. Your fake intellectuals scorn the radio, Sunday funny papers, burlesque shows. Not the vanguard. Now do you understand our position?"

"Yes," said I. "I think I do. You seem to be just a little in the rear of all the rest of us."

My nephew beamed with delight. "Quite the most original place for the vanguard," said he.

—Morris Bishop.

Milk Maid in America

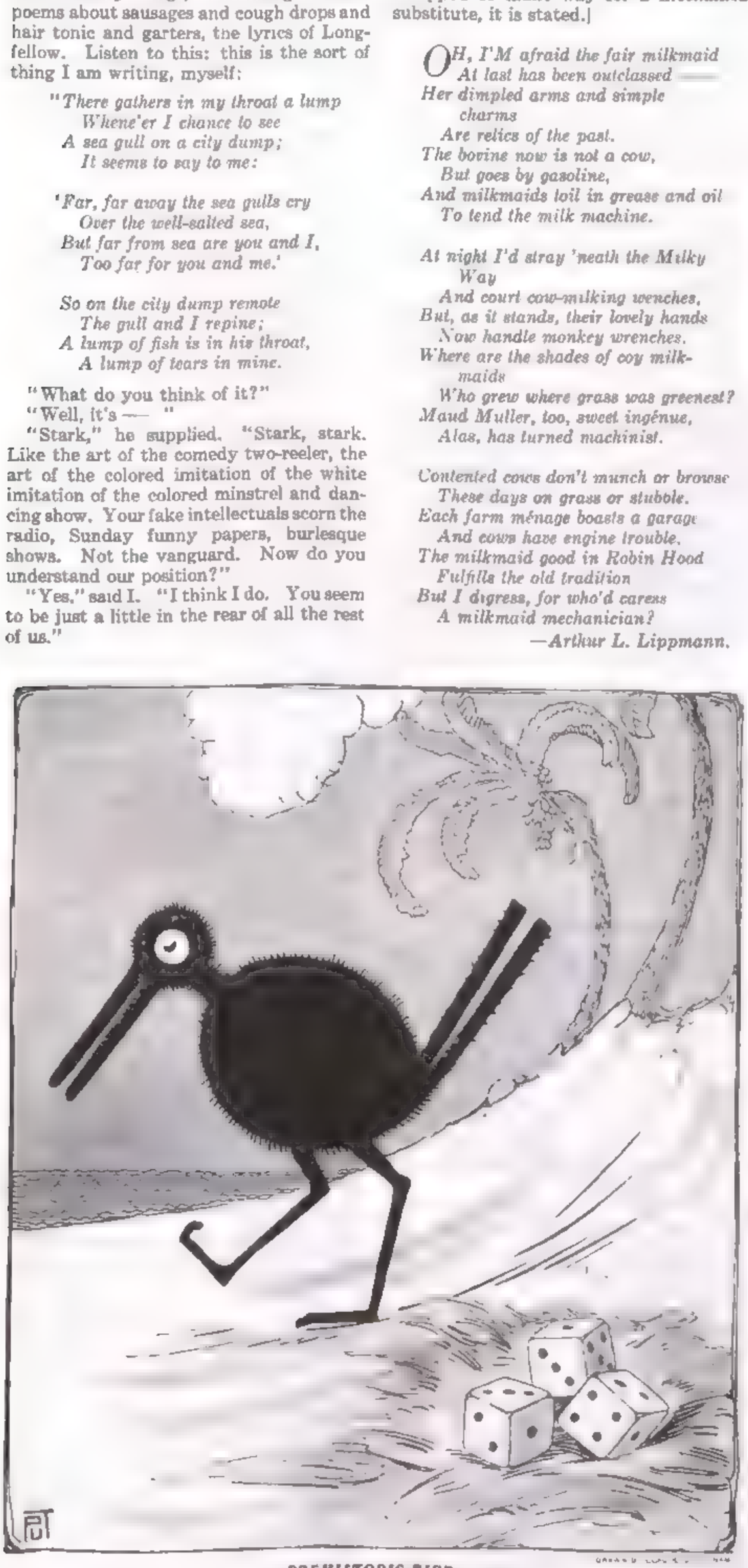
[The patient cow is doomed to be scrapped to make way for a mechanical substitute, it is stated.]

OH, I'M afraid the fair milkmaid
At last has been outclassed —
Her dimpled arms and simple
charms
Are relics of the past.
The bovine now is not a cow,
But goes by gasoline,
And milkmaids toil in grease and oil
To tend the milk machine.

At night I'd stray 'neath the Milky
Way
And court cow-milking wenches,
But, as it stands, their lovely hands
Now handle monkey wrenches.
Where are the shades of coy milk-
maids
Who grew where grass was greenest?
Maud Muller, too, sweet ingénue,
Alas, has turned machinist.

Contented cows don't munch or browse
These days on grass or stubble.
Each farm ménage boasts a garage
And cows have engine trouble.
The milkmaid good in Robin Hood
Fulfills the old tradition
But I digress, for who'd caress
A milkmaid mechanician?

—Arthur L. Lippmann.



PREHISTORIC BIRD

Here's the famous WOOFEL BIRD, shaped somewhat like a Waffle and equally good to eat. He is known to inhabit the coast of Africa, the shore of San Clemente Island, California, and exists almost entirely on Ivory Nuts which he gathers from the luxurious ivory tree that grows near the water's edge. His body is covered with short, black hair and when he gets mad he makes two sharp notes in front similar to a boat that wishes to pass you to port. He lays three square, ivory eggs in the middle of the night once a year and they never hatch. The eggs have round black spots on them, from one to six. Some of our scientists claim he is the father of the world-known pastime, AFRICAN DOMINOES.

A

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PEABODY HOTEL
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Walter W. Ahlschlager, Inc.
Architects

(left)
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN HOTEL
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HERE WE ARE AGAIN

(Continued from Page 11)

He left no successor more worthy of his place than Adams, whose talent obtained him the recognition of Adam Forepaugh.

Adams was the only pantomimist who could lay claim to the mantle of Fox. He is the eldest son of Charles H. Adams, one of the best Pantaloons of his day. He came from a family of circus people, being a descendant of the famous Cookes, riders and clowns, and is a cousin of the late W. W. Cole, the circus manager. He was apprenticed to the manager of Astley's, in London, when he was six years of age, and remained there eight years. After appearing as clown with a circus in Denmark, he came to America, and for several years traveled with different circuses. His first appearance as clown in a pantomime was in Brooklyn, New York, in 1872, under the management of Tim Donnelly, who gave a pantomime every year during the Christmas holidays.

His father was the stage manager for Donnelly, and suggested to George the idea of playing clown. George refused at first, but finally at his father's earnest solicitation decided to go on. He made an unmistakable hit and from that time deserted the sawdust arena and adopted the stage. After several successful seasons with Nick Roberts and Tony Denier, he accepted an offer of a partnership with Adam Forepaugh to run a show under his own name.

Mr. Adams is still hale and hearty at the ripe old age of seventy-five. He is comfortably fixed, having been left a competency by the will of W. W. Cole, the first millionaire circus proprietor. I often call on him and we spend many pleasant hours in going over the old days of the one-ring circus.

Pete Conklin, another of the old-timers, lived until eighty-one. For the last few years of his life he acted as a barker for the incubator-baby show in Luna Park, Coney Island. He never went on or off duty without taking a peek at the little mites of humanity which were struggling for life under adverse circumstances. He was as solicitous of their welfare as if he had been their real father.

The Pete Jenkins Act

He was perhaps not the greatest clown that ever donned the dots, but in his day he was a laugh maker, and in his serious moments he was a sage. The professional fool must, indeed, be a wise man. He was known and loved as the Shaksperean clown and no man was better entitled to bear that appellation. Unschooled, scarcely able to read and write, yet by contact with the world he acquired an education and polish that any college graduate would have been pleased to possess.

When differences arose between members of the company, Pete Conklin was always chosen to settle the dispute. His decision was invariably accepted as final, and he never betrayed their trust in him. He died happy, because he had spread happiness throughout life.

Pantomime was not the only necessary requisite in the olden days of the circus. Clowns had to possess also the art of repartee. They were obliged for the most part to create, there being no very good source from which to draw their comedy dialogue.

One highly important thing necessary to the success of the dialogue was the choice of a subject which appealed to both masses and classes. What might please city audiences would not appeal to those of small towns. There were no radios, moving pictures or illustrated newspapers to educate the people in contemporary comedy and wise cracks; audiences were best reached and controlled by the language they best understood. These handicaps reduced the choice of repartee to a minimum, the most used topic being the maiden ladies. The old maids were target for at least 75 per cent of all the humorous dialogue between ringmaster and clown.

No circus performance of forty to fifty years ago was considered complete without a Pete Jenkins act, generally performed by a riding clown. Dressed in rags, and feigning intoxication, he would stumble over the ring bank while a riding act was on. He would be unceremoniously ejected, but would persistently return, vociferously protesting that one ticket admitted to the whole show and that he was going right through. His persistence would finally culminate in a demand to "Ride the hoss."

"Now see here," the master of ceremonies would say, "that's a wild hoss, and the proprietors of this circus don't care to pay for breaking your neck. I don't believe that you ever rode a hoss in your life—unless it was a sawhoss."

Loudly protesting, he would insist on mounting, and attempt to clamber up over the horse's tail. After a number of ludicrous attempts, in which he would mount facing the tail of the horse, he would start off around the ring, his body rolling from side to side like a ship in a storm.

A Pavlowa on Horseback

Seizing the tail of the horse, he would succeed in turning around to face in the right direction. Lying on his stomach, he would grasp the horse's ears and hold on for dear life. Frequently he would release one hand and beckon to the ring attendants to stop the horse. By easy stages he would rise to his feet and begin to discard his old clothing, throwing each piece separately among the audience, continuing until he stood erect in full riding costume, the most daring bareback rider of the world.

The Pete Jenkins never failed to thrill young and old alike. It was built up by William Sholes, a bareback equestrian who descended from a long line of riders. His father was Alexander Showles, who, with his wife, rode principals for many years with Astley in London. For professional reasons, Showles changed the spelling of his name to Sholes.

How Billy Sholes could ride! With what ease and grace he stood erect on a flying horse, facing the opposite direction to which he was going! Arms folded, he made no movement whatsoever to keep his balance. When it came to backward somersaults, he was a Pavlowa on horseback. I saw him ride for many years; only once did I see him miss his footing, and that was because his horse stumbled and fell.

For several years after my retirement I regularly saw his name in the rosters of big shows, and then he dropped out of sight. I tried to trace him, but could learn nothing of him except that he got too fat to ride and had sold his ring stock for money to live on.

In 1911 I opened a motion-picture theater in Fulton Street, New York. One night I got into conversation with a policeman whom I knew, and in the course of our talk I happened to say I used to be a clown with Barnum.

"That's a queer coincidence," said the officer. "I have just been talking to a short, stocky fellow who said he used to be a bareback rider with the same show. He is working as a night watchman on a sewer that is being dug down in the Wall Street district. On the next round of my beat I'll bring him up; you may know each other."

In about an hour he walked into the theater, followed by no less a person than Billy Sholes, one-time champion bareback rider of the world. The years had been kind to him. Except for a sprinkling of gray in his hair and a superabundance of flesh, he was the same Billy Sholes of old, happy-go-lucky and cheerful.

I asked him why he did not stick with the circus in some other position than that

(Continued on Page 153)

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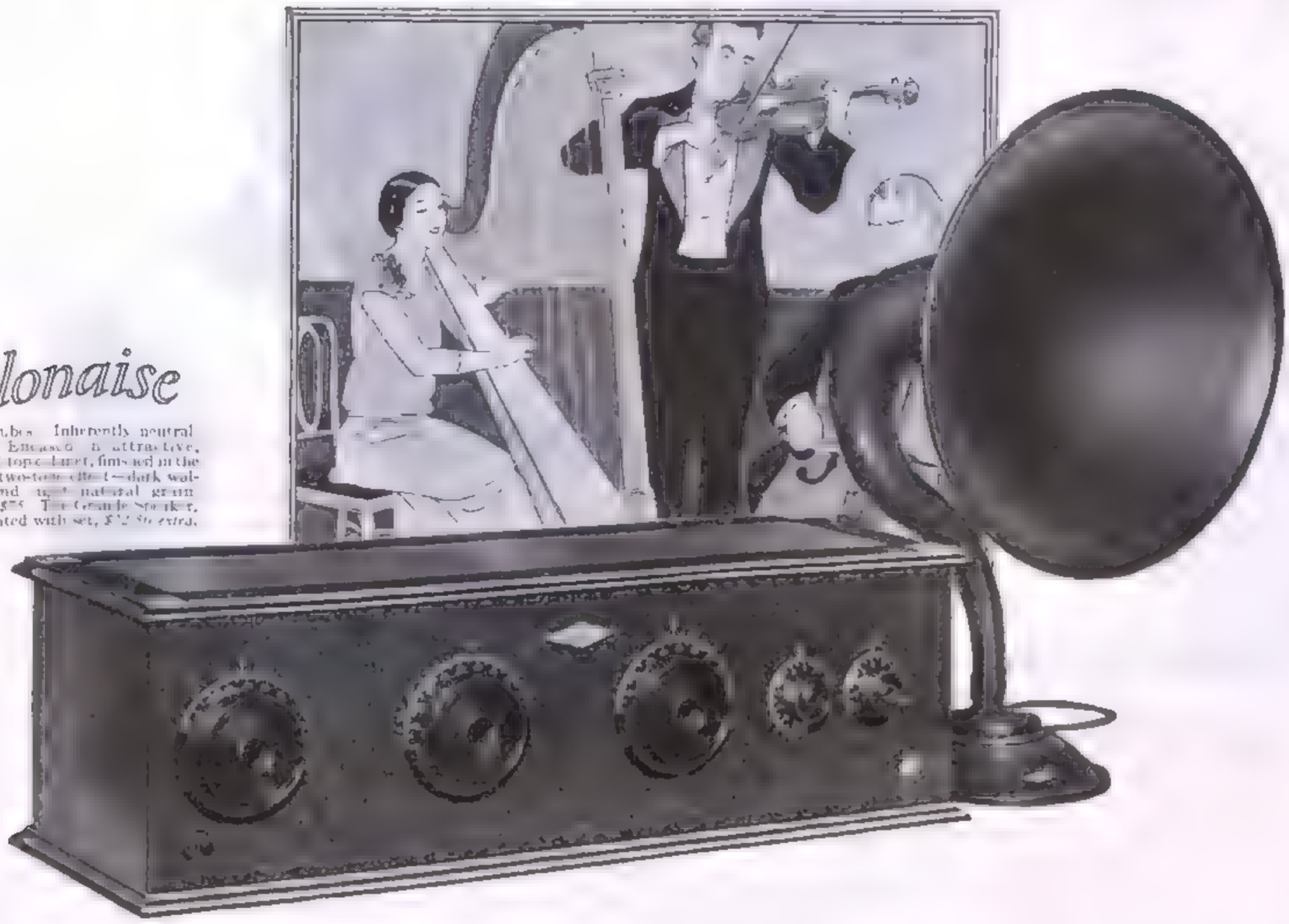

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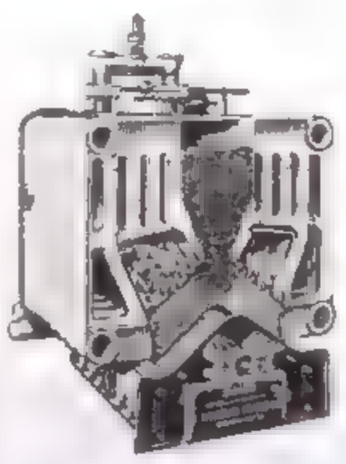

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(Continued from Page 150)

of rider, saying that surely with his knowledge and experience he could officiate in some other capacity, even though he was too fat to ride.

"Bob," he said, "I just couldn't do it. I just couldn't hang around. Why, some of the riders doing principals today can't make a running ground mount without grabbing hair."

I knew what he meant and could sympathize with him. "Grabbing hair" was not Billy Sholes' way of mounting a running horse from the ground. He never landed on the withers of a horse and held on to the mane until he got his balance, as they do today. Straight as an arrow from the bow, he landed erect on the rump of the horse going at breakneck speed, and never moved a muscle until he made his final backward somersault, landing on the ground and completing his act by turning wagon wheels to the ring entrance, where he made his final graceful bow.

He would accept no money from me, although I felt sure he was in need of it; so I took him round to a famous old beef-and-beans restaurant on Beekman Street that is never closed day or night.

Calling the proprietor and his manager to one side I said, "Do you think you would know this gentleman if you saw him again?"

"Yes," they said, "we think we would."

"Well, if he ever comes here," I replied, "give him whatever he wants in the way of food or money, and send the bill to me."

By the payment of small amounts from time to time, I know that he availed himself of the privilege, but he never abused it.

I did not see him again until he sent for me in 1924 to come to Bellevue Hospital, where he lay on his deathbed. He was a mere shadow of his former self, but the same old Billy Sholes, cheerful to the last. As I sat for a couple of hours, going over our early experiences under the white tops, I found myself deliberating over the queer ways of Providence and the scurvy tricks Fate sometimes plays us. Here was a man who had been neither profane nor profligate, who had lived a sober and moral life, forced by no act of his to end his days in a charitable institution. I confess I could not reconcile it.

Patterson, the Irish Clown

Poor Billy Sholes passed away the night after my visit to him. Some of his old associates and brother professionals, friends in days when he was prosperous, got together and saved him from being buried in Potter's Field, and I felt when I saw all that was mortal of poor Billy being lowered to its last resting place that I was seeing the last of what was once the greatest bareback rider of all time.

Johnny Patterson, the Irish clown, was the greatest singing artist of his time. Perched high up on the top of the trampoline runway, his head almost touching the peak of the canvas, with the sloping middle piece for a sounding board, his comical little hat held aloft, Johnny would sing his own compositions in a clear tenor enhanced by a rich Irish brogue. A chord from the band, the first verse sung, then the chorus:

Is this Mr. Riley, can anyone tell?
Is this Mr. Riley who keeps the hotel?
Is this Mr. Riley, we speak of so highly?
Upon my word, Riley, you're doin' damn well.

He never failed to win applause from his hearers. For an encore he usually sang another of his own compositions, also Irish:

Oh, Bridget Donohue, I really do love you.
Altho' I'm in America, to you I will be true.
Oh, Bridget Donohue, I really do love you,
You take the name of Patterson, and I'll take Donohue.

Patterson was born in Ireland. He never went to school and could neither read nor write. He came to the United States in 1879, joining the Cooper and Bailey show. After several seasons here, he returned to Ireland, where he formed a partnership with Jimmie Kelly, with whom he played in a variety sketch. Shortly after Kelly died, Patterson married the widow. He was a good singer, an excellent jester and full of original wit. He improvised all his material. He died in 1889 under the circus tent, having refused to go to a hospital.

With a desire to cheer him up, the physician who attended him said, "Well, good-by, Johnny, I'll see you in the morning."

"Perhaps you will," said Johnny. "But, doctor, will I see you?"

When the doctor came in the morning, Johnny was dead.

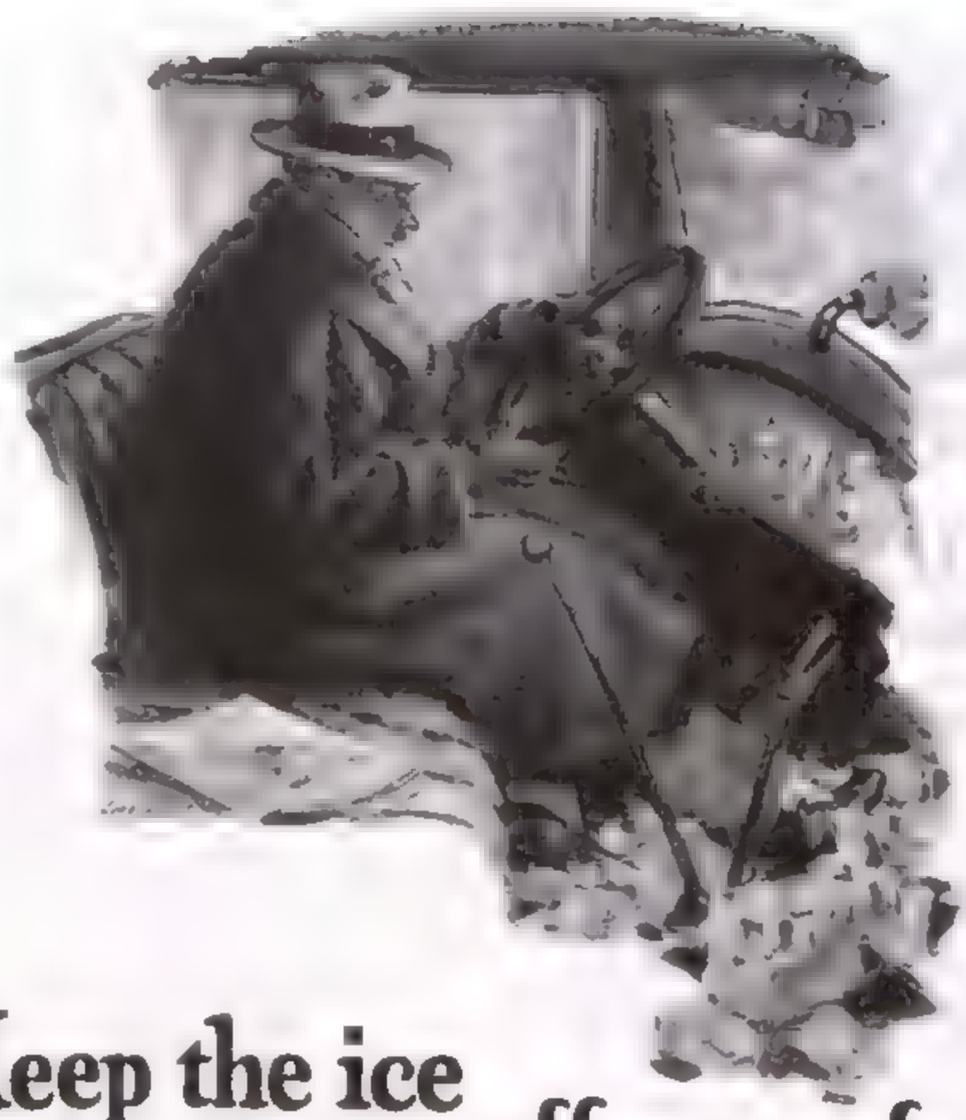
Dan Rice's Trick Horse

Contemporary with Patterson was Al Miaco. I always admired his work. In pantomime, make-up and costume, I considered him unsurpassed. He never overplayed his act and never failed to get over his point. He was also an excellent burlesquer. I recall that a star equestrienne we had with us one season absolutely refused to go on while he was in the ring, claiming that his comical burlesque of her act distracted the attention of the audience. I never knew Mr. Miaco to use any properties except a tin whistle about a foot in length. The funny stunts he did with that whistle would make a wooden Indian laugh.

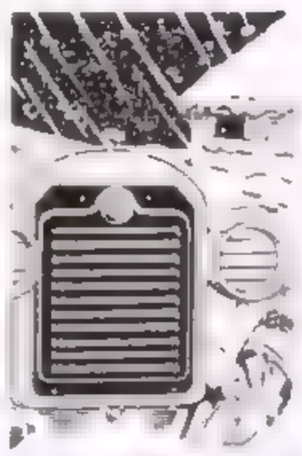
Dan Rice is, in all probability, the best remembered clown in the history of the circus. He first appeared as a clown in Galena, Illinois, in 1844, and became popular immediately. His real name was Daniel McLaren. His father nicknamed him Dan Rice, after a famous Irish clown of that name. He died comparatively poor in Long Branch, New Jersey, on February 22, 1892. I do not recall him so much for his clown work, as he was too old for acrobatic stunts when he began to teach me. I remember him best for his ability to teach horses to perform tricks. He trained a number of horses, the best being a white horse with small bay spots in his coat resembling flea bites. This animal was very highly educated, and would compare favorably with the so-called high-school horses on exhibition today. His best trick was performed as follows:

Old Dan would mount him and say, "Be very careful now, sir; remember, General Grant is riding you," at which the old horse would canter easily around the ring. Suddenly Dan would call out, "Now Jeff Davis is riding you," when the horse would begin to plunge and kick, and keep it up until told that General Grant was again riding him. When we were showing south of the Mason and Dixon Line, the names were always reversed. "Jeff Davis" was the signal for an easy canter and "General Grant" for bucking. As a matter of fact, any names would have sufficed, as the horse was taught to kick when the rider's heel was pressed gently against his flank and to canter when his mane was secretly grasped just in front of the saddle.

On one occasion the old gray horse cost Dan Rice the severest licking, at the hands of an eighteen-year-old boy, I ever saw a man get. It was the custom in those days to stable the performing horses and led stock at the local livery stable, as they rested better when away from the annoyance of the crowds on the lot. A number of young farmer boys one day dropped into the local stable where the stock was quartered to look at the old trick horse while he was enjoying a well-earned rest between performances. They got him up on his feet



Keep the ice off your feet



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No wonder your feet are cold.

Worse yet, the motor is kept so cold that it is working at low efficiency. Excess of carbon and crank case dilution are the natural result. These spell worn cylinders and bearings.

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just as Old Dan appeared in the doorway of the box stall. Uttering a howl of rage, he grabbed the coat collar of the nearest boy and shook him several times vigorously. Not being acquainted with the manners of circus men, and thinking his last hour had arrived, the lad resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, and the way in which he administered punishment to that old hero of many rough-and-tumble bouts would make a prize fighter turn green with envy. At the end of five minutes Rice's clothing hung in shreds and there was hardly a spot on his face that was not either bruised or bleeding. During the mêlée, Old Dan swallowed a big chew of tobacco and became so nauseated he couldn't work for several days.

It was Dan Rice who gave me my circus nickname of Petie, suggested no doubt, as he said, by the initials of Mr. Barnum P. T.—who placed me under his instruction, and I remained Petie to the audience throughout my professional career. My wife sometimes shoots it at me when I act a little kittenish, by reminding me that I am no longer Petie, but nearly seventy, and the head of a family. There is some difference between my present weight of 190 pounds and my weight of 125 while performing as Petie; in all other respects, I have changed but little.

There have been some big changes in circus performances in the past fifty years, made possible by better transportation facilities. The singing clown has been supplanted by the producing clowns, who are permitted to carry several carloads of properties for their acts.

In my day, a peacock feather, an inflated bladder tied by a string to a long whipstock, or a tin whistle, was deemed sufficient equipment for any competent clown. With these articles, coupled with pantomime well thought out, he could and did create uproarious laughter and applause. It is a moot question whether the clowns of the present could accomplish anything with the equipment we had in the olden days. I think not; they are very often handicapped by lack of talent in pantomime.

During Mr. Barnum's career, he continuously held to a belief that a circus should radiate a measure of mystical romance, and never failed to keep a good-looking clown just inside the main entrance to the menagerie top, where he was at once the center of a group of admiring youngsters on their entrance. It was my good fortune to fill that position for many seasons after I was incapacitated for acrobatic work from injuries; never once did a child in arms refuse to come to me, nor was there a boy or girl afraid to shake my hand; but I feel sure they would have, had my make-up been as hideous as that of many of the modern Joeys.

Old Clown Songs

Patrons of the old one-ring circus were easily pleased. It was not necessary to have a new clown song each season, particularly if the old song appealed. Dan Rice sang Root Hog or Die with success for five seasons. Without exception, this song had a stronger appeal to the farmer contingent than any clown song ever written or sung, and Old Dan invariably sang six to eight encores. My own song, Down in the Coal Mines, written by Jay Rial, the first man to introduce dogs in presenting Uncle Tom's Cabin, also went big, not only in America but in England. After every performance the audience went out whistling, singing or humming the chorus:

Down in the coal mine, underneath the ground,
Where a ray of sunshine never can be found;
Digging dusky diamonds, all the season round,
Down in the coal mine, underneath the ground.

For an encore I sang a little love song which never failed to make every bashful young farmer slyly seize his sweetheart's hand and give it a tender little squeeze, the chorus running:

Pull down the blind, pull down the blind,
Pull down the blind, love, come don't be unkind.
Though we're alone, bear this in mind:
Someone is looking, love, so pull down the blind.

Between 1878 and 1890 a number of songs, such as Up In a Balloon, Boys, Billy Barlow, Love on the Brain, were great hits when sung under a circus top. Billy Barlow, with its chorus in catchy time, never failed to bring round upon round of applause:

To the great fair in Philadelphia, I went the other day;
The man at the gate, he axed me to pay;
"What?" says I. "Pay?" and I looked at him so;
"Pass on, sir, I know you—you're Billy Barlow."

Recently I sang the chorus of one of these songs over the radio. Would you believe it, there came a deluge of requests for other old-time clown songs! It must be because a favorite old song stealing upon the air unexpectedly is as welcome as seeing an old friend come in at the door. The quality that makes a song immortal persists and radiates and warms the heart as nothing else can.

As evidence of the amount of labor to be performed in those days in order to receive a fair salary, a copy of one of the contracts for my services is reproduced:

"NEW YORK CITY, April 1, 1887.

"Articles of agreement made and entered into this day by and between P. T. Barnum, party of the first part, and Bob Sherwood, artist, party of the second part. Said P. T. Barnum engages said Bob Sherwood for a season of thirty weeks, commencing on or about May first next, at a salary of $200 per week, also board, washing and traveling expenses, the aforementioned sum to be paid said Bob Sherwood each and every week during the continuance of this agreement. Said Bob Sherwood promises to give his services as hereinafter specified, performing semi-daily, Sundays excepted, during the term of this agreement.

"Said Bob Sherwood hereby agrees to give his services as clown, pantomimist, tight rope and wire walker, trapeze tumbler and horizontal bar performer, principal and scenic rider, object holder, and to make himself generally useful during the time specified above.

"Said party of the first part further agreeing to furnish said party of the second part with one or two horses every morning if desired for rehearsals.

"Signed, sealed and delivered on the day and date above written.

"P. T. BARNUM.
"ROBERT E. SHERWOOD.

"In the presence of
"Witness for P. T. BARNUM.
"YANKEE ROBINSON.
"Witness for ROBERT E. SHERWOOD,
"DAN RICE."

(Continued on Page 157)

The Bridal Party at the Wedding of Miss Frances Magnley to Mr. Harry La Pearl at the Barnum and Bailey Show, April 8, 1910

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR

You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk

Milk that is ready for every need.

Milk that is constant in goodness and richness.

Milk that stays fresh and sweet on the pantry shelf.

Milk that is ever and everywhere safe.

Milk that improves the flavor and texture of foods.

Milk that enriches every dish.

Milk on which babies and children thrive.

Milk that saves two-thirds the cost of cream.

Milk that brings new satisfactions to the Thanksgiving feast and to the simple fare of every day.

* * *

Such is Carnation—just pure, rich, full-cream milk, made doubly rich by evaporating part of the natural water content. Nothing else is taken away; all the vital, nourishing elements remain. And nothing is added—no artificial sweetening or other preservative

Carnation is a wonderful milk for cooking and all other milk uses. Try it and you will find it "something to be thankful for."

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
1132 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin
1232 Stuart Building, Seattle, Washington New York Aylmer, Ontario

"From Contented Cows"

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BIRD'S *Neponset* Products

A ROOF for every building

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

BIRD'S
Neponset Products
Roofings ~ Floor Coverings

Made of wear- and water-resisting materials, Bird's roofings and floor coverings well withstand time and weather.

There are 130 years of manufacturing experience behind these thrift products.

BIRD & SON, inc.
Established 1795
EAST WALPOLE, MASSACHUSETTS
Manufacturers of
Asphalt Shingles ~ Roll Roofings
Rugs and Floor Coverings
Corrugated and Solid Fibre Cases
CHICAGO ~ NEW YORK
Warehouses in principal cities

A RUG for every room

Only
Bird's *Neponset* Rugs
have the genuine
waxed back!

Bird's *Neponset* Rugs
are quickly and easily cleaned
with a light mopping

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 154)

Please note the term "generally useful" mentioned in the contract. After covering by specification almost all the gymnastic acts to be done under a circus top, I was required to make myself generally useful, object holder and the like. In short, the clown is the buffer between performer and audience. "Object holder" is a term now obsolete which was used in old circus contracts, meaning the person who holds paper hoops which the rider jumps through and streamers over which he vaults.

Our professions in life sometimes lead us through strange byways. While appearing with Barnum's at Olympic Gardens in London, I made it a point to have some fairy lullaby which appealed to children in my repertoire of songs. I was taking off my dots and make-up one night when a fine-looking well-groomed man was ushered into the dressing-room top. After introducing himself, he diffidently asked if he could request a favor of me.

"Certainly," I said; "go ahead, and if it is possible to grant it, I will gladly do so."

A Lullaby That Saved a Life

Hesitatingly, he said, "My little girl, an only child, eight years of age, has been to the circus several times and was much impressed with your singing of that little lullaby. She has hummed it almost continuously since hearing it. Unfortunately, she was stricken with scarlet fever about ten days ago and her life is hanging in the balance. She has been unable to sleep for the past three nights, which has weakened her very much. The physicians object to giving her an opiate, fearing she will never react. Tonight she told her mother she felt sure she would sleep if she could hear you sing the little lullaby song. We wish to leave no stone unturned to save her life. Will you not please go with me in my carriage, which I have outside? I feel that it may bring the desired result. Money is no object. We will pay you any sum you may ask."

I told him I would go only upon condition—that he would never again mention money to me. While he was mildly protesting, I got into my spots and make-up, stepped into his carriage and was driven to his palatial home in Mayfair. It was a very beautiful place, the immense iron entrance gates reminding one of a feudal castle. On entering the dimly lighted sick chamber, the little girl turned her fever-flushed face to me and weakly clasped her little hand in mine. I sat down on the bed and told her stories about Goldilocks and the Three Bears in order to get acquainted, and then softly crooned the lullaby as I had never sung it before—or since. In less than ten minutes her hand slipped from mine and she dropped off in a sound and natural sleep. Feeling she would continue in that condition, I left, promising to return the next evening.

Next afternoon the footman came with a note telling me the little girl had slept soundly all night, and that her condition was much improved; also to say she was very sorry that I had left without waking her, so she could thank me and say good-by.

Isn't that just like a child?

That night's performance of Barnum's Circus at Olympic Gardens was given without the aid of its premier clown, for again I sang the little girl to sleep—and through the crisis of the fever.

She's married now and has a child of her own, a fine sturdy son who made an enviable record in the service of his country during the World War. I have their pictures before me as I write this.

During the London engagement of the Barnum Circus, the royal box was unoccupied until the last week of our engagement, despite the efforts and wire-pulling exerted by P. T. We had about given up hope that our desire would be satisfied, when an imposing-looking envelope bearing the royal seal was delivered to the box office by the royal equerry, resplendent in a gaudy uniform trimmed with gold and lace.

The Original Dan Rice of the One-Ring Circus

The inclosure notified us that Her Majesty Queen Victoria, accompanied by the Prince of Wales—afterward King Edward VII—the Duke and Duchess of York, and the ladies and gentlemen of the royal household "would do themselves the honor" of attending the performance on the following afternoon.

I remarked that the notice should have stated "In anticipation of much pleasure," but the irrepressible Tody Hamilton replied, "The phrase is unknown in the bright lexicon of royalty."

That was a very simple statement, coming as it did from Tody, whose language was usually so polysyllabic that an Oxford professor would have found it difficult to understand. As for the Prince of Wales, I am sure he would have preferred attending unannounced, as he was exceedingly democratic in speech, dress and manner. Our star bronco buster, Bucky Taylor, often met him while both were riding in Rotten Row, and the prince unfailingly halted to listen to Bucky's discourse on horses in general and broncos in particular.

Bucky had it all framed up to take a led bronco with him some morning, as the prince had expressed a desire to ride one; but our equestrian director got wind of it and put a stop to it; and so the Duke of York missed a chance to succeed to the throne, as Old Steamboat, the meanest piece of horseflesh ever foaled, was the bronco chosen for the event.

When the notice was read to the entire company much excitement prevailed. Everybody got out his other shirt and put an extra polish on his celluloid collar. Men who had never been known to take a bath since joining out showed up that afternoon smelling as sweet as new-mown hay, which led the loquacious Hamilton to remark that they looked as though they had suffered a landslide.

For an hour before the distinguished guests arrived there was almost a fight for peeping places of advantage. Prior to the grand entry, the performers were called together and duly admonished as to their behavior while doing his or her act.

"Remember, do not approach closer than twenty feet to the royal box. Be sure to salute the royal party before and after you enter the ring." And so on.

Everything proceeded as per instructions until it came my turn. I had read that court jesters of old were accorded a license not given to others of the royal attendants. I was suddenly struck with an idea. Glancing over to where Mr. Barnum was standing at the music stand, I saw that my every movement was being watched; but I remembered the old adage that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Walking over to within less than ten feet of the box, I grotesquely pantomimed the cleaning of my hands by vigorously rubbing them on my costume. Putting on my most engaging grin, I walked right up to the box and suddenly proffered my hand to the queen.

Queen Victoria's Handshake

It was a tense moment. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Mr. Barnum jumping around like a chicken on a hot griddle; for about two seconds my heart was in my mouth. The queen, however, fell into the humor of the situation and most graciously extended her hand, which I took lightly in mine, bringing thunderous applause from a packed house. Turning quickly, I ran to the ring bank, airily kissed my finger tips first to the royal party, then to the audience, and jumped into the ring for my act. Mr. Barnum was so upset that he would not allow me to go on again that afternoon. He was pleased at the outcome, but said, "If you go on again, how do I know you won't invite her out to dinner?"

From Edinburgh we went to Dublin and Belfast, in Ireland. Poverty and Pat seemed synonymous, yet they patronized the show to a man. The money received for many a pig and potato sold on market day went to pay for a ticket to the show. Young and old were more interested in the animals than in the circus. They made the rounds of the menagerie top several times, and as but few were able to read the names of the animals which were hung on the cages, they asked many questions. Lions, tigers and elephants they knew, but when they came to a cage of hyenas they were stumped.

Peter Conklin, the Celebrated Shakespearean Clown, on His 80th Birthday, With His Grandson

"Nothing Like Fresh Air for Restful Sleep!"

DRESS warmly—open the windows wide—let sleep work its magic upon you! You'll feel "like a fighting cock!" Glover's Sleepingwear will give you snug warmth through the coldest nights. With its generous roominess, its fine tailoring, its special "comfort-kinks," you'll enjoy a comfort you've never known before. You'll like, too, its good looks and its long, economical life. Ask your favorite store for Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad!

If you don't find just the style you want, write us. Take a minute and a post card to say, "Send me Eight Magic Hours." It will prove a great investment in comfort and satisfaction

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FREE Write for our great book catalog. This catalog is a short course in literature and is used by students of America's leading universities; 500,000 book lovers buy from it. Free if you write now.
DAVID B. CLARKSON THE BOOK BROKER
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You will
Use Less Fuel With
WIRFS PATENTED
HOME COMFORT
WEATHERSTRIP
Trade Mark Reg U S Pat Office

Shewing cross sec- ... equipped to door stop ... how it is pressed firmly against door, changing position of strip

When door or window warps or settles, leaving an open space, Home Comfort Weatherstrip automatically fills up this opening

Note ease of making corner turn. No mitering or sawing. Pat. Jan. 13, 1914.

Tests prove that homes equipped with Home Comfort Weatherstrip require from 20 to 40% less fuel to heat them comfortably. Think what a saving this is! There are many other advantages in having your doors and windows equipped with this easy to apply weatherstrip. It forms a dustproof contact, that keeps out soot, sand and dirt; a noiseless contact, that absorbs and prevents the noise of slammed doors and rattling windows. A most desirable exclusive feature of HOME COMFORT Weatherstrip is that it automatically assures a closed contact even if the door or window warps. See illustrations.

SUPERIOR FEATURES

Weathertight: Home Comfort Weatherstrip is a high grade insulating material covered with a special rubberized fabric. It forms a resilient caulk around windows and doors shutting out cold air, rain, snow, dust, soot, etc

Waterproof: The special rubberized fabric covering renders the strip impervious to moisture, vermin or decay. The materials used are given rigid tests before being used. The tacking lap is 4 ply, double sewed, giving added rigidity to the strip.

Noiseless: The cushion effect absorbs and prevents the noise of rattling windows or slammed doors.

Easy to apply: Simply tack on. The only tool needed is a tack hammer. No mitering or sawing, no taking down of windows or doors when installing. Anyone can apply Home Comfort Weatherstrip.

Dustproof: The tight contact prevents dust, sand and soot from sifting in around doors and windows, thus sparing hangings and assuring a cleaner home.

Non-Conductive: Reduced or minimum conduction of heat or cold. It contains no metal or wood. Lasts for years.

How to Order—*The average window or door requires about 20 feet of Home Comfort Weatherstrip. The cost is 10c per foot for the standard maroon, 13c for the white, including enameled (rustproof) tacks to match. Get it from your nearest hardware or lumber dealer. He will cut off the exact amount you need. No waste in left over ends. Complete simple instructions for installing accompany each order. "Only Wirfs can make Home Comfort." Demand the genuine.*

E. J. WIRFS ORGANIZATION
153 South 17th St. • • Sole Manufacturer and Patentee • • St. Louis, Mo.

WIRFS PATENTED
HOME COMFORT
WEATHERSTRIP
Trade Mark Reg U S Pat Office

Gazing in silence for some time, a big broth of an Irish boy said to the attendant, "I say, me lad, what sort of beast is that?"

"That," replied the man, "is the laughing hyena."

"The laughing what?"

"The laughing hyena," repeated the attendant.

"Well," said Pat, "phat the divil he's got to laugh about is more than I can tell, for he's the most sorrowful-looking spalpeen I iver saw."

When they came to the cage of the hippopotamus they were stumped again. The animal was ticketed The Behemoth of Holy Writ.

"B-e-h-e-m-o-t-h," one laboriously spelled aloud. "Well, begorra," said he, "be he a moth or not, I don't know. But if he be a moth, bejabers, I'd hate to be bit by a flea in the country he came from."

In about the year 1898 I was attached to the Barnum show at the Olympic Gardens in London. Mark Twain was also in London at the time, which was shortly after the failure of his publishing business in this country. He was just finishing the manuscript of Following the Equator. We met often for walks together through Hyde Park.

Mark Twain's Ambition

In 1901 I was conducting a bookstore in New York. Mark was at that time living at Tenth Street and Fifth Avenue, and used to come around and see me almost every day, and we would have lunch together at the old St. Denis Hotel, which was next door—that is, it was lunch for me, but breakfast for Mark, who rarely ever arose before noon.

We used to slip into the café for an appetizer. He was not a heavy drinker, but was accustomed to take an eye-opener occasionally. Several times the mixicologist set him out a chaser of water with his drink, which he regularly pushed aside with the remark, "What's the use of starting a fire and putting it right out again?"

My wife and I were for many years regular visitors at Stormfield, his country home in Connecticut, where we had an excellent chance to observe him at close range. To know him was to love him. Even tempered, kind and indulgent, I cannot now recall any occasion when he lost his mental equilibrium. For his younger daughter he showed a very remarkable affection, equivalent almost to devotion, made stronger perhaps by her affliction. Her sad ending was a shock from which he never fully recovered.

During her lifetime his wife usually passed on his manuscripts before they were sent to his publishers. Like many other good wives, she was anxious to have her husband do something in the way of classic nonfiction, unable to comprehend that Mr. Clemens was a humorist and never successfully could do anything else; to please her, he wrote Joan of Arc—very well done, but probably the least known and read of any of his books.

I asked him why he did not write a continuation of Huck and Tom. He replied that some of the public libraries had thrown Huck and Tom out because they were liars, and he refused to make them over to suit a lot of old maids who had never had a child in their lives. By way of apology for Huck and Tom's white lies, he stated that most all children were prevaricators in a mild way, and were made so by their superlative imagination, which was so strong that they believed the things they told had really happened.

I have ridden in Venetian gondolas to the music of tinkling mandolins; shaken the hands of Queen Victoria and John L. Sullivan, ridden through the Grand Cañon and the Valley of the Yosemite. I would willingly forgo the memory of it all could I once again sit outside a circus tent, with the stars twinkling overhead, and listen to Mark Twain tell of his experiences as a pilot on a Mississippi River steamboat.

Picture, if you can, a perfect night in June. Now and again the faint strains of the Blue Danube Waltz came to our ears, which told that the Hasselback Brothers were doing their double-trapeze act; then the music would change to a lively galop as Billy Sholes turned backward somersaults on a flying horse whose broad back was well rosined to prevent slipping. There I sat entranced, listening to Mark's stories, until the boom of a gun warned me that Mademoiselle Zazel, the human projectile, had been catapulted from a cannon into the outstretched arms of her assistant, hanging from a trapeze forty feet distant from her starting point. That was my cue for reappearance in the ring and I tore myself away, only to return at the first opportunity.

Mark Twain repeatedly confessed to me his ambition to become a clown. At first I thought he was joking; later I found he was really in earnest. I ridiculed the idea and inquired of him why a man who could write such books as he, wanted to become a common clown.

"Well, Bob," he replied, "I think it would be a very satisfying sensation when you come to a ripe old age to feel and know that you had made people happy—children especially."

At the time I thought him sentimental; but since I have arrived at a sedate age, I have come to know he had the true conception of life—making people happy. I would rather take a hundred hungry, ragged youngsters to the circus than attend a big banquet given to royalty.

Days of the Red-Wagon Show

In January of this year I spoke on the old-time circus at a big banquet in New York. At the close of my talk a big, well-groomed, prosperous-looking man came up and congratulated me, saying, "While you were with the circus, did you ever show in Blankville?"

"Why, yes," I replied, "I think I did; but I can't say positively without consulting my old date books, which, unfortunately, I did not bring with me."

"Well, do you recall playing in a town, in the early '80's, when a boy of twelve was caught creeping under the canvas and was being ignominiously led to the door by a burly canvas man? You called to the boy down by the center pole and let him see the show, and you saw to it that the boy was plentifully provided with gingerbread, lemonade and pop-corn balls."

I did faintly recall such an incident, and replied, "Yes, I believe I do."

"Well, I was that boy; my name is John —— and I've been looking for you ever since."

This man is now at the head of one of the biggest financial institutions in this country and his name is a power to conjure with in the money markets of the world.

The incident so upset me that I could not answer him for a moment. Unmanly as it may seem, a lump came in my throat and my eyes were moist; not on account of the incident, but its remembrance carried me back to the happiest days of my life—the days of the old one-ring red-wagon show.

The Saturday following he carried me off to spend the week-end at his palatial estate, where we lived over again our boyhood days, when neither had any troubles that sleep would not cure. I have had many incidents of this sort, and never yet have I known a man who was ashamed of his boyhood days, when he "carried water to the elephant."

There's something in the nomadic life of a circus man which makes him optimistic throughout his existence. I've been kicked off a freight train in a foreign country, where I couldn't speak the language, broke and hungry. I have driven a nighthawk cab when the thermometer was near the zero mark, with no overcoat and wearing summer underwear; I've been shot in the leg; had it broken and my ribs caved in. Yet here I am, living in the present, with no regrets for the past or fear of the future. When one is healthy and happy, "there's books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

To please a Woman's Heart to serve the entire family

THE love of beauty is feminine. Beautiful jewelry. Pretty clothes. Artistic furniture. Handsome china; rich silver—fine tableware of all kinds. Among this year's gifts include, above all things, a piece or two of Manning-Bowman tableware: An electric percolator, either of the graceful urn or the handsome percolator type. An electric toaster in the oven or the reversible-door style. An electric table stove. Or an electric waffle iron.

She'll prize any of them. Each is made with a beauty of design and richness of finish that challenge the charm of the finest silverware.

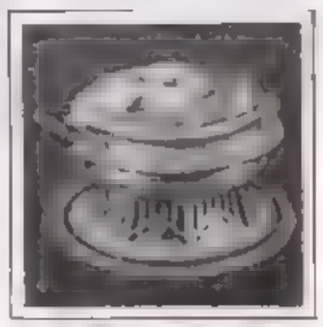
And not only will her heart be pleased. For Manning-Bowman appliances appeal as well to the practical side of home-making. They are designed from the viewpoint of the woman who puts them to use. They'll serve the entire family. They'll prove wonderful aids in the art of entertaining. Splendid servants for lightening the preparation of breakfasts and luncheons. And really extraordinary utensils for achieving fine cooking results.

The Manning-Bowman electric toaster is the reversible-door type. Easy to turn [illegible] and no crevice to keep clean of crumbs. No. [illegible] Price $8.00

For more than seventy years Manning-Bowman products have carried the note of intimate charm, quality and practical value. *She* probably already knows these things, and has set her heart on a Manning-Bowman. So take no chances of a satisfaction which might not be fully complete. Be sure . . . "*M-B Means Best.*"

See Manning-Bowman table appointments and other devices at most any of the stores selling electric appliances of the better kind. There is a variety of styles—each handsomely designed, superbly finished, highly efficient—and reasonably priced.

Manning-Bowman electric toaster No. [illegible] Rounded corners insure greater [illegible] efficiency. Price $6.00



Manning-Bowman electric waffle iron No. [illegible] Handsome and compact. Price $15.00

"Alluring Luncheons" and "Bright Breakfasts" are two little booklets which we are sure every home-loving woman will appreciate. A postal request brings either or both by return mail. Write—today—to Manning, Bowman & Co., Meriden, Conn.

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Quality Ware

Household and Table Appointments, in nickel and silver plate. Hotakold Vacuum Bottles, Jugs, Carafes. You'll see them in the stores.

Manning-Bowman
Electric Appliances

Why They Cost Less

NOBODY can tell what pipe fittings cost until the job is completed. Delays due to improper threading or tapping—costly backing out of lines made necessary by sandholes—must all be taken into account. So it's your installation cost-sheets that really show whether fittings are cheap or dear.

For several years Grinnell Cast Iron Fittings have steadily been building up a reputation for keeping installation costs down. It was for this very purpose, in connection with Grinnell Sprinkler Systems, that they were first manufactured. They've proved their worth to us and have also convinced thousands of users that accurate, uniform fittings save more in installation expense than can possibly be saved on the first cost of low-priced fittings. If your jobber hasn't Grinnell Fittings, write us for the name of the nearest distributor. Address Grinnell Co., Inc., 302 W. Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

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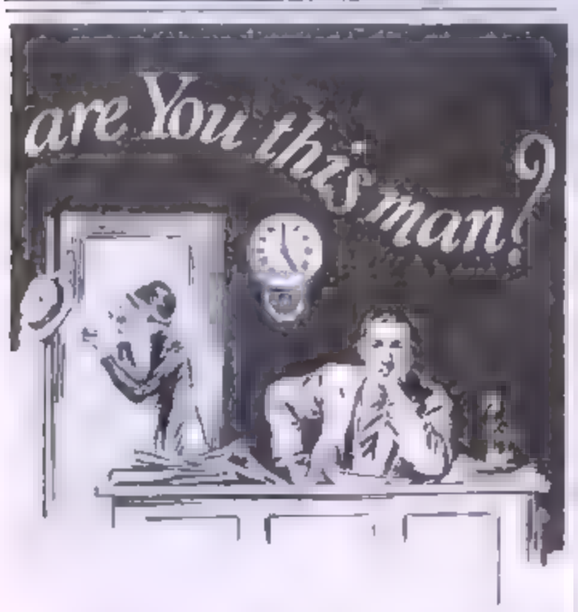
PIPE FITTINGS



Does "closing time" catch you with important letters unwritten, with necessary work undone?

Thousands in business and professional life have learned to schedule their tasks and time by *The Standard Half-Hourly Appointment Diary*. It assures doing the vital things first; remembers important appointments; enables your secretary to so schedule your time that you work most effectively.

Your stationer or department store sells *The Standard Half-Hourly Appointment Diary*. It will assure you for 1926 that most valuable business asset, "Memory Insurance." To your business friends, a most acceptable Holiday remembrance.

If not at your dealer's, write us direct and we will see that you are supplied. Ask for No. 900, cloth binding, or No. 901, leather binding. Moderately priced. An illustrated Diary circular sent on request.

The STANDARD DIARY COMPANY
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

The STANDARD DIARIES
Diaries for Every Need

A STATE OF WAR

Continued from Page 31

supplying the bandits with their motives instead of being mere instruments. There are already enough pistols in existence to arm all the bandits of the next five generations without another one ever being manufactured. Banditry flourished long before pistols were invented, and nowhere is the crime of highway robbery more common than in New York where the mere possession of these weapons constitutes a violation of the state law.

As the state legislatures convene numerous bills will be introduced, aimed at the crime wave. Unless the nature of legislators has changed radically they will offer relief in the form of laws increasing the punishment for the more popular forms of lawlessness. They never fail to do that. Already the suggestion has been made in New York State that the whipping post be revived. Such measures might be very effective if it were the custom of persons contemplating crime to weigh and consider penalties, but the fact is that no man undertakes the commission of crime expecting to be caught and convicted. What the criminal weighs is the probability of escape. To him being an uncaught murderer is vastly preferable to serving two years in the penitentiary for a minor theft. There is only one way to put down a crime wave and that is to catch the criminals. The chance of escape is a major factor in crime.

Recently there appeared in the New York Subways an unsigned advertisement addressed to prospective murderers. Think of that! This advertisement pictures a convict walking to the electric chair. Behind him walks a warden and in front of him the prison chaplain. It is not a pleasant picture. Under it appear these words: You can't win.

The obvious answer to it is that if it were wholly true there would be no need for it. One doesn't resort to saying "Boo!" to criminals if he can catch them. Rare is that day when a murder is not committed somewhere within easy walking distance of the Subway trains carrying this advertisement, but the electric chair at Sing Sing crackles far less frequently than the bandits' pistols. And the bandits know it. How could they avoid knowing it? News of executions is not suppressed.

Criminals' Chief Asset

We shall find a parallel for the present situation even as far back as those Colonial decades when piracy flourished on the high seas and many a stout ship put out from Long Island to enter the trade. On land these men would not have stolen a loaf of bread, much less robbed a bank, because of the high probability of capture and conviction. The seas, however, were inadequately patrolled, and one had a gambling chance for riches and safety even after the most blood-curdling outrages against life and property. The penalty, if caught, was death, but they took a chance because a chance existed. Piracy did not decline until the seas were again adequately patrolled, and there was no profit in the business.

Some new condition providing rich opportunity is usually the cause of an epidemic of lawlessness. Indeed, so far as my experience indicates, it is invariably the cause. Once accepted as an explanation it guides one toward remedies much more directly than hazy references to a moral breakdown resulting from the World War. There is in every population an element sufficient to cause trouble when opportunity invites without requiring a World War to precipitate their moral breakdown. In this connection recall the Boston police strike. When a new opportunity presents, human wits act quickly to seize it while the community lumbers slowly along through halting processes of adjustment.

The most valuable weapon in the hands of criminals today is not the pistol but the automobile. By use of it they gain unprecedented mobility, nor can their use of it be prevented, for they almost invariably ride in stolen cars. By this not very brilliant stroke they have become cavalry pursued by foot soldiers. Very few cities have as many policemen as they need and nearly every chief knows that his force lacks adequate mobility. On this subject the public is still tradition-bound. Considering the tight rein held on appropriations the wonder is that police departments have accomplished as much as they have. Revolutionary changes in personnel and methods have taken place during the past fifteen years, but new conditions have arisen with even greater rapidity. To summarize briefly what I am trying to say: Criminals use their wits and act quickly; police forces apparently have to go through revolutionary processes before they are able to cope with a new condition. That has always been true. Even in the campaign against piracy it required years for the directing heads of navies to discover that speed was the pirates' chief weapon and that small boats of light draft were more effective than ships of the line; buccaneers were not one bit braver than ordinary seamen. We are prone to forget the ludicrously humble status from which our police departments are evoluting.

Barring Out the Pickpockets

Twenty years ago, in the capacity of a newspaper reporter, I was well acquainted with a typical police force in a city of 75,000 population. About ten of the patrolmen could barely read and write. Very few of them understood what evidence was required to obtain convictions after they had made arrests. They were almost invariably poor witnesses when called to the stand by the prosecuting attorney. I remember the consternation among those policemen when a new city charter required them to be examined under civil service rules. One policeman who had been on the force twelve years was asked during his examination the name of the governor of the state. He named a governor who had been out of office three years. Nevertheless, his record as a patrolman was so good that the commissioners made a special exception in his case and retained him. Nor do I think they made a very serious blunder at the time, because his duties did not require a high average of knowledge. There was very little crime. He was faithful, honest, and remained awake at night. Merchants in those days often forgot to lock their front doors when closing for the night, and he had endeared himself to a dozen or more of them by discovering and reporting these unlocked doors. That was about all he had to do. As a defense against really clever and skillful criminals, however, he and most of the force were of no value at all.

I remember the first crime wave that city ever experienced; it came in the form of a visitation of pickpockets during the fair. Ten to twenty persons were robbed daily for more than a week and the police force was utterly baffled. This was a new condition and they had no idea how to grapple with it. Even when a few aroused citizens captured the thieves in the very act the district attorney was unable to get sufficient evidence to convict. Expert pickpockets, by the way, are just about as good at escaping the prosecutors as they are at removing pocketbooks and watches. The following year the board of directors of the fair imported two detectives who said they knew most of the pickpockets operating nationally and that they would tell them to go away. To me it sounded highly improbable. Nevertheless, the detectives were employed and that year no pockets were picked. These detectives had told the literal truth. They took up their positions in the principal railway station, met the prospective thieves and told them to go away or be shadowed throughout their stay. In other words, they knew how to deal with this form of lawlessness, and that was all that was necessary. One cannot, of course, suppress highway robbery by merely telling the highwaymen to go away, but we are coming to that subject later.

There are many special forms of lawlessness with which an ordinary police force has never been able to deal effectively. Forgery, for instance. Very few patrolmen are experts either in detecting forgery or running down the guilty parties. Banks employ experts at their own expense for this work, although in theory it is a part of law enforcement. Likewise, the railway companies have their own police forces trained to deal with their special problems. The list might be lengthened indefinitely by way of showing that scores and scores of new conditions arise more rapidly than the executive heads of police departments can mobilize and train their men—even if they had enough men - to meet the emergencies. Police forces, so far as I have observed, have always been behind the times, and it is not the fault of their personnel but of the community.

Today they confront another new condition and no special service squad privately employed is likely to come to their aid. They are expected to stamp out highway robbery with arms, safe-blowing, and the looting of buildings where large quantities of silks, furs, jewels and similar merchandise are stored. Many of these crimes are committed by novices, often boys under the age of twenty-one; it is approximately impossible for the police to take preventive measures such as may be used against men definitely identified in advance as associates of known criminals. The surest means available to the police is to make the business unprofitable because of the high probability of capture and conviction. Capture is sufficiently difficult, but conviction is even more so.

Disbarments Would Help

Let us examine in more detail the forces which each side brings to the firing line in this warfare. The highwayman begins with the tremendous advantage of complete surprise and amazing mobility by the use of automobiles. Scarcely a police force in this country is adequately equipped with automobiles. Next, the experienced lawbreaker often operates under the advice and protection of a type of lawyer who stands ready to become an accessory after the fact. In no ethical sense is he a legal adviser. A few thousands of successful disbarment proceedings would be more effective than the use of the entire United States Army to suppress crime. That provision of the Federal Constitution which guarantees to every defendant a speedy trial, must seem strange reading indeed to a prosecuting attorney. Nobody nowadays demands a speedy trial. Far from it. Under only one condition would they risk this maneuver—namely, in the event of certain knowledge that the overworked prosecutor had not yet prepared his case, after what might be presented to the court as a reasonable time. In that event the defense can usually force an early trial, but on the other hand it is very difficult for the state to force a defendant to trial if he has the aid of an able and unscrupulous lawyer.

In a criminal trial today not the defendant but the prosecutor is the under dog. Viewing the proceeding as a sporting event he doesn't get an even break. His opponent is

(Continued on Page 163)

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(Continued from Page 160)

allowed to commit a dozen fouls, but just one will throw his case out of court. The prosecutor is usually an elected official, also he is often a young man without great experience. As a rule the salaries allowed his assistants, if any, make it necessary for him to employ very young lawyers, also inexperienced. The idea in many parts of this country is that the prosecutor's office is a sort of postgraduate course in law, something like the interneship of a doctor. Having obtained adequate experience and some little prestige the assistant district attorney frequently resigns. Weighing his salary against the rewards for successful private practice it would be strange indeed if he did not resign at the first favorable opportunity. In office he has no motive for going beyond the bounds of ethical procedure to obtain convictions even though pitted against a known rascal. These, then, are the forces that array themselves for battle. The real wonder is not that so many known criminals escape, but that so much natural ability and energy are discovered among the youthful tyros just out of law school.

The Prosecutor's Key Position

What a brilliant prosecutor with an unusually capable and energetic staff of assistants can do to a crime wave is almost beyond belief. But in order to do this the prosecutors will bring to bear something more than mere legal ability. They will discover likely pupils among the detectives, policemen, sheriffs and constables and for all practical purposes make lawyers of them. This is absolutely necessary in order to obtain a high percentage of convictions. Inspiring and instructing these assistants as they work with them the prosecutors will hammer away at the docket until reasons for delay are reduced. Cases will be brought to trial while they are yet warm. It is astounding how quickly even a murder case grows cold. Witnesses scatter or die. Time works its magic and details are forgotten. Honest testimony grows hazy and uncertain. Shrewd cross-examination carries the field. And the defendant is acquitted because of reasonable doubt.

Such a condition is very depressing to the men who patrol the streets. They are the army. Back of them is their commander, the chief of police, who can do just so much and no more. Back of him is the prosecuting attorney's office, which occupies a position comparable to that of the general staff in war. Yet never have I known the public when aroused over a crime wave to turn for relief to the prosecuting attorney. As a rule, however, he is the one who finally plays the star part in suppressing rampant crime. No criminal is truly caught until he is also convicted. When the army of law enforcement is victorious you will invariably find the peace officers enthusiastic about the prosecuting attorney and proud to be considered his lieutenants. When soldiers fight well they expect the victory to have some meaning; when salesmen bring in orders they expect the goods to be shipped; when policemen make arrests they expect the prosecutor to obtain convictions. If, at first, they don't know how to help him he must teach them. No other instructor is provided.

And what a peculiarly thankless, unremunerative, futureless job the prosecutor has! It offers a future of course, but only after resignation. In this connection I recall a prosecuting attorney from whom I used to obtain news when I was a cub reporter. That state then paid almost all its officials by the fee system. There had been a revolting murder, committed by the black sheep of a numerous and wealthy family. The death penalty was plainly indicated under the law. First, political influence was brought to bear, then money, and eventually threats. By the time the case was tried all three influences were at work. Also the defendant had three lawyers none of whom would have taken the case for less than one thousand dollars. After a trial lasting three weeks the jury brought in a verdict assessing the death penalty. The case was then appealed, reversed, retried, another conviction obtained, another appeal sent up, and eventually the higher courts upheld the verdict. When news of this was received I happened to be in the prosecuting attorney's office. With a wry smile he said: "Well, son, I have just made forty dollars." That was the fee provided by law for a death penalty. He had an assistant who received a hundred and fifty dollars a month. If, on the prestige of this case, he had run for reëlection he would have been defeated, for he was serving a second term. Tradition dictated that he had had his share of schooling at the state's expense and should get out so that some other bright young man might have a chance. This is all very well in the piping times of peace, but not so good as a war measure.

Since he is necessarily a politician it is not good strategy for the district attorney to call for help during a crime wave, no matter how sorely he may be in need of experienced assistants, for the public rarely if ever visits any of the blame on him. That is reserved for the police department or the sheriff or the constable. All he has to do is keep still in order to weather the storm. Not one person out of a thousand realizes that he occupies a key position. And unless he happens to be a competent, aggressive man he may not realize it himself.

The heads of police departments usually know just about what they need, and ask for it in season and out; they need various squads of men who can be assigned to special duty without the ranks of the patrolmen. Men of keen wits, experience, and knowledge of the laws under which the cases will eventually be tried are required for these special service squads. They represent the mobility of the force. Such men are constantly lured out of the service by more inviting opportunities elsewhere.

By way of making this point more clear consider, for a moment, what an impossible task the Treasury Department of the United States would have on its hands if it attempted to suppress counterfeiting by the use of patrolmen. There are thousands of plants in this country capable of turning out excellent counterfeit currency; other thousands could turn out counterfeit coins. The men who protect the public against that form of lawlessness do not patrol these plants at all. They are a mobile force captained by trained, experienced men. They have a reputation for getting their man. Counterfeiting is, in consequence, a very unpromising field for profit. It is easy to begin counterfeiting, but the end is certain.

Money and Men Needed

The same is true of tampering with the mails. No patrolmen walk up and down the corridors. Almost anyone who handles mail has a daily opportunity to steal a handful of letters. But that is just the beginning. Presently the post-office inspectors will be on his trail. And they will hang on, and hang on, and hang on, until the thief is sick of life. They will trail him from city to city; they will wait and watch; they never give up. They can travel as far as he can, and as rapidly. Eventually he will go to jail. The prospect for profit from stealing mail isn't worth the risk. Consequently not a great deal is stolen.

The time has come when a large body of patrolmen aided by a very small staff of detectives is absurdly inadequate to cope with crime. Squads of detectives are needed, each experienced in its special field. Funds are required so that no case need ever be dropped. Most police departments have to be very careful how much they spend for travel, telegrams, long-distance telephone messages and miscellaneous expenses or presently they will find themselves without five cents in such funds. They can pursue just so far and then every consideration of self-interest requires that they turn back. That case will be forgotten. Other crimes have been committed; new opportunities beckon. I remarked in a previous paragraph that police departments need automobiles. As a matter of fact, some of the larger cities ought to have whole fleets of them. As a matter of dollars and cents it would be economical to have a few policemen patrolling certain districts all night in automobiles. They can cover more ground.

The great difficulty of breaking away from moss-grown tradition about the wages of policemen and the expense of maintaining such departments is one of the chief obstacles to challenging the daring criminals whose operations now astound the public. Most of these criminals have connections with fences who dispose of their plunder. To capture and convict these master minds, as the reporters usually call them, would be a terrific blow at crime. Then why isn't it done? Can't the police catch them? Of course they can. I venture the guess that ninety per cent of them are known and could be brought into headquarters. But what of it? You have to have evidence to convict them. The eel is a snail compared to these gentry. Gathering sufficient evidence to put them out of business would require time and more time, also expense. The detectives best qualified to perform that task would be experienced criminal lawyers. Not many police departments have such men available.

Fighting Against Heavy Odds

I mentioned the crooked lawyers who form such a stout bulwark of defense for criminals. All these are well known to the police and prosecutors. They could also be arrested, but what of it? Most of them are so clever that it would take time and time and more time and expense and intrepid, determined, experienced, skillful men to catch these rascals. Not many district attorneys have such men. And if they have, they can't spare them. Too many routine cases already burden the docket.

Briefly, the public is sending its grand old raw militia, recruited on the picnic grounds, to fight a bold and skillful enemy.

In this estimate of the situation I realize that all the broad, general questions dealing with the present state of society as a whole remain totally untouched, but as I said in the beginning I had no intention of taking up such matters. The phase of a crime wave that has always interested me most is the tendency of the public to roast the cops when they need help; pass freak laws; volunteer to tote a gun and get in everybody's way; tear up the Constitution; and invariably forget all about the overworked district attorney and his earnest little army.

While these conditions remain it seems a waste of time to attack crime waves with laws inflicting heavier penalties, laws prohibiting ownership of deadly weapons, or propaganda telling the criminal he hasn't a chance.

The well-dressed men who dash up to a bank, driving an automobile capable of seventy miles an hour, take ten thousand or more dollars in cash and then speed away with the knowledge that they can cross the continent in the vehicle they drive are in the business of piracy. They have wealth, mobility and the means to command shrewd advice. Defeat awaits them when their equipment is overmatched. What they bank on is not being caught. And don't forget that they aren't completely caught until they are convicted.

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The foot can look smaller than it actually is

IN the world of smart women, the merits of the assembled costume and its component parts are judged by their effect upon individual appearance. A favorable verdict on the smartest hat may rest with its influence on the wearer's height. And the final judgment on a smart shoe usually, and rightly, rests with its effect upon the foot's appearance of size. Rightly so, because in any season, the small foot makes the most convincing claims to smartness.

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Straps continue to be very good. This type [illegible] with [illegible] straps and [illegible] wide [illegible] is equally effective in [illegible] Vici kid or in [illegible] brown Vici

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE WOMAN OF IT

(Continued from Page 13)

"You're the limit," Steve glared at her. "I swear I never made love to her, and Michael's almost kept her under lock and key all the voyage just so there wouldn't be any trouble. She cut the bridge whistle cord. There's another in the chart room."

"But what does she want if not to marry you?"

Steve flushed a slow vermilion. "Well, she wants to be engaged to me."

Augusta stared and then shouted with laughter.

"Oh, my sacred Sam!" she said, wiping her eyes. "I wouldn't have missed this—I wouldn't have missed this for two years' pay. I've got to see this girl that has spunk enough to outface the black Rosses. And she wants to be engaged to you, does she, Stevey? I always said too much pie crust would make your hair curl."

"Aw, 'Gusta," he said, pulling her off the gangplank to the deck, with a hard young arm, which he slipped around her. "Remember those raspberry pies you used to make that summer in South Rockport when Michael left me there? It'll make him madder than blazes to have you find him this way."

"Good," said Augusta. "Holy mackinaw, Steve, it's great to be on a ship again. I wonder how long I can stand it on shore, running a beauty shop? Can you see me, Steve?"

"I can see you running anything you darn well want to," Steve said at her heels.

Her two feet on the solid planks of the bridge, Augusta stopped abruptly. Square before her, towering even over her own good-sized shoulders, so that she looked up a little to glare again into his cold, dark-gray eyes, Augusta faced Michael Ross. Both stood absolutely rigid. Her skirts blew in the same wind that ruffled his crisp iron-gray hair. Between them their glance was a heavy thing, permanent, significant. A slow red crawled up the man's face. Augusta's was cool ivory. Even the buoyant younger man behind them held an awkward silence, as if he had blundered laughingly into something deeper than he could read.

Michael Ross stirred first, although beneath his eyelids his set gaze did not move from Augusta's.

"You can run everything else, maybe, but the Mary Ross and the master of the Mary Ross, and that you have had to learn, Augusta McCann."

"And what in the suffering world would I lift my hand to either for, when there's any other dirty work to be done?" Augusta retorted. "I see you are still set on yourself as the only thing anybody can think of, Michael Ross. I thank my stars often that I haven't given a thought to you these five years. And I wouldn't now, but that I hear a woman has made a fool of you at last."

Michael Ross turned on Steven with a gesture that would have been savage if the young man lounging against the rail had not grinned at it.

"It's you with your oily ways, always dancing around the girls, that has brought this hooting and howling scandal to my decent ship. But even that's a better thing than that this woman should be let aboard. If I hadn't promised your mother on her dying bed to bring you to a clean and honorable manhood, if I had to take the skin off you to do it, I'd turn you loose on the deck now, you and all your whistling women. As it is, I ——"

"Oh, great jumping Jericho, Michael," Augusta interrupted, "pipe down, can't you? Always picking on Steven, as if he wasn't as good a boy as he can be, considering whose brother he is. Get along off this bridge, the two of you, and leave a woman to a woman's business. What's the girl's name, Steve, and has she any papers to get ashore with?"

Steve looked up from following Michael down the ladder and winked irrepressibly at Augusta. "It's Rosanna Serra, Augusta. She sneaked on, but she had her papers all right if she'd only use them. Don't listen to Michael. She's a nice girl enough. She's too homely not to be."

"Ah," said Augusta absently, staring at Michael Ross' descending back. But when he turned and caught her glance squarely and coldly she drew back from the rail and marched toward the chart-room door, her face stinging with quick and unregarded red. Before she leaned and spoke into the crack of the door, she stood a moment staring at it, her lips ground to a tight line, her nostrils stretched tight. But her voice was perfectly controlled, distinct enough to penetrate, but too low to carry to masculine ears on the deck below.

"Rosanna," she said. "Rosanna Serra. Listen. I want to talk to you about the engagement ring."

There was a sudden startled rustle within and then a silence.

"Rosanna," Augusta said again, "it's going to be all right. Let me come in and talk to you. I'm against Michael Ross myself."

With the first suggestion of a turning key, Augusta had her hand on the lock and her knee on the panel. When the door gave she strode in, shutting it behind her softly. Through the dimness of the room she peered for a long moment at the slight figure of a girl half crouched against the chart table.

"Don't you touch me," the girl's voice was high keyed. "Don't you try to touch me, or I'll start pulling the whistle again."

Augusta, standing tall and square against the closed door, set her hands on her hips with a low, throaty gurgle of laughter.

"Well, you darned homely little peanut," she said, placing every word with a rich and unctuous deliberation, "I certainly admire your nerve. But how in the name of Joshua did you think you could make Steve Ross fall in love with you this way?"

The slight figure shrank defiantly. Augusta could see a narrow white face with two smudges of dark eyes and a pair of bird-claw hands clutching the table edge.

The girl shrilled, "He said he would, down there in Bridgetown. He said he could love a girl with courage. He did say it."

"You must have been crazy to believe him," Augusta said. "Listen here, kiddy! Are you as much in love with Steve Ross as all that?"

The narrow face lifted and stared, and then twisted suddenly to the tears that ran down it. She said nothing, only sobbed, strangled, mute sobs that tore at her chest.

"There—there—there," Augusta reached the table corner in one swishing stride, picked up the bony small body in a long swoop of her arms and sat down with her on a locker top. "There—there—there," her creamy voice was a hushed and mothering murmur, "you poor forsaken little peanut, you. You sure have got plenty of courage, although gosh knows you haven't shown much sense. There, go ahead and cry if you want to."

The contorted face lifted itself from the clean wall of Augusta's shoulder. "I love him," she whispered through tight, bitter lips—"I love him—I love him. He came in out of the blinding white glare of the street all shining white, with his black eyes and his black hair, and I guess he thought I was the shop girl and he talked to me, laughing. I'd gone there to be a governess. I had my passport but no money yet, and yet I had to follow his laughter then anywhere he went, anywhere in the world. And now he won't look at me, but I will make him. I will—I won't leave this ship—I won't ——"

"Shut up, quick," Augusta said, stopping the rising hysteria of her voice. "I never heard of anything so crazy in my life. You've got it bad. But stand up there now, stand up while I look at you. Stop crying. Stop crying this instant. There. Now let me look at you." Augusta moved to the door and flung it wide to the broad

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WEEI .... Boston ..... Boston Edison Co.
WFI .... Philadelphia ..... Strawbridge & Clothier
WGR .. Buffalo ..... Federal Tel. & Tel. Co
WWJ ..... Detroit ..... Detroit News
WOC ..... Davenport . Palmer School of Chiropractic
WCCO ..... Twin Cities ..... Washburn-Crosby Co.

Alternate Tuesdays (Dec. 1, 15, etc.)
9-9:30 P. M. (C. T.)
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KPRC ..... Houston ..... Houston Post-Dispatch
WFAA Dallas Dallas News & Journal
WMC .... Memphis .. Memphis Commercial-Appeal
WDOD .. Chattanooga ... Chattanooga Radio Co.

Every Tuesday, 8:20-8:45 P. M. (P. T.)
KGW .... Portland ..... Portland Oregonian

Every Tuesday, 3:30-4 P. M. (P. T.)
KHG .. Los Angeles..... Los Angeles Times

Every Tuesday, 9:30-10 P. M. (P. T.)
KGO ..... Oakland ..... General Electric Co.

Every Friday, 8:30-9 P. M. (P. T.)
KFOA .... Seattle ..... Seattle Times

Alternate Saturdays (Nov. 7, 21, etc.)
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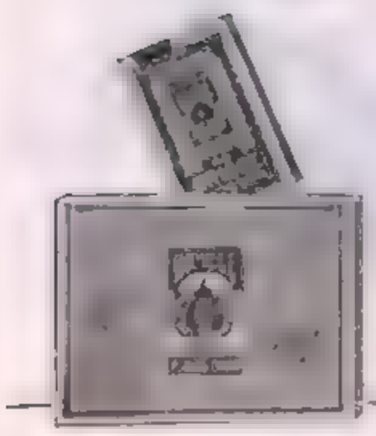

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

flood of sunlight. "Drop that whistle cord. Let it alone, I tell you. Great hopping hurricanes, I've got to see you, haven't I? Now stand up."

In the middle of the chart-room floor, Rosanna Serra poised like a bedraggled sparrow ready to take flight. Her great brownish-black eyes stared out of the narrow face, whose whiteness in the merciless sun was a pasty sallowness under a mop of dusty, mouse-colored hair. Her narrow shoulders were hunched under an ill-fitting dress of a sort of drab. Her uneven skirt hid everything but bony ankles and feet in awkward black shoes. Augusta's most professional look worked over her.

"Hump," she said. "The more I look at you the more I admire your nerve. I can't say I'm surprised at Steve's not exactly losing his breath over you. It looks sort of hopeless."

The girl's reddened eyes were miserable with uncertainty. Her hands clenched until the knuckles stood white.

"Do you mean," she said faintly, "that I'm wrong to love him—wrong even to try ——"

"Suppose I said you were," Augusta said, watching her sharply—"suppose I said you were wrong, that you oughta be ashamed, that you oughta stop even thinking of it, would you?"

"No," the girl said instantly, with a tightening of her jaw. "Not you nor he nor anybody can make me believe it's anything but right and good and fine to—to love him—like this."

There were feet sounding on the bridge ladder, heavy, decisive, masculine feet, to which neither Augusta nor the staring girl gave any heed except lowered voices.

"Good!" Augusta snapped. "Good! That's the way I like to hear a woman talk. Listen here, if I take you with me, fix you up so that you can be prettier, give you a job, help you to make Steve Ross love you as I think you ought to be loved, will you come with me now, do everything I tell you, without a question?"

"Will I see him again?"

Augusta nodded.

"Then I'll work for you until I drop," Rosanna whispered, and Augusta held out her hand.

Michael Ross' voice broke harshly upon them, "What is all this clack about, Augusta McCann? Do you intend to spend the day here? I'll thank you to be off my ship."

Augusta turned and walked toward him. "I'm leaving your ship, Michael Ross, and I'm taking this girl with me, for which you can thank me but won't, on one condition. Otherwise I'll help her pull the whistle cord myself."

Michael Ross only looked at her heavily.

"The next time the Mary Ross docks at Miami, you and Steve will come to spend the evening with us. I expect you to make me that promise and I expect you to keep it, because with all the hard things I know of you I will not grudge it that you are a man of your word. You'll come and spend an evening with us or I'll wash my hands of Rosanna Serra and the Mary Ross and her whistle and Steve and the whole kit and boiling of you, once for all. I'm waiting for your promise."

Michael Ross breathed heavily through his nose. Rosanna, who had not yet stepped across the high threshold of the chart room, started back suddenly as if to slam the door.

"Very well," Michael Ross growled hastily, "I promise. And now get off my ship."

The next morning, by special appointment, Rosanna came timidly into Augusta's office and perched on the edge of a chair, her eyes as round as a lost kitten's. Augusta surveyed her at her leisure from across her desk. When she spoke, Rosanna started nervously.

"Great jumping bobcats, Rosanna, you're all of a tremble. Calm down, can't you? I don't bite. And for heaven's sake, can't you ever relax? You sit in a chair as if it was you that was holding the chair up. Flop a little. More than that. My gorry, you'd be about as restful for a man to have around as a wire-strung jumping jack. Put your back firmly against the chair back and then let your arms and legs hang as if they were rags. Here," Augusta strode over and grasped the girl's bony shoulders. She shook her gently until her head wabbled and her arms flopped. "Relax now. Get limp. Limper. Limper than that. Good! Now sit there as if you were a part of the chair. Stop twitching your foot. There! Now breathe deep and stay that way until I finish."

From the desk again, Augusta gazed at the mute but relaxed girl like some sort of pink and starched goddess. "To begin with, you've got good eyes and hands, and your bones are all the right shape and size. Your hair and skin are terrible, but I've an idea we can fix that. Tomorrow your hair will be cut short and given special oil treatments. If it shows any curl at all, we'll work for a curly topknot for you. Or if it is straight, maybe it'll be good when your cheeks are fatter. Now, here's the idea. Get it, and get it good, so I won't have to be stopping my work and policing you up every minute. You've got twenty-one years of New England fried foods and Spanish highly seasoned foods to get over. That's what you get for having a New England mother and a Spanish father, but I suppose that's where you get your backbone and your wishbone, so maybe it'll even up. You've got to live down your New England conscience, if it takes every ounce of will you've got, because I can't have you overdoing things and getting all nervy because you're trying too hard. Let your Spanish blood teach you that your first moral duty is to be a happy girl and not the skeleton of an early female martyr. Now listen some more.

"You are not to get up in the morning until nine o'clock—until I let you. If you wake up early, lie there and rest, because what you need is rest and lots of it. Your breakfast will come up to your room at nine, good plain food, cocoa and poached eggs and toast, and you aren't to leave a scrap on the tray. Then you can fuss around your room for a while, and at eleven you'll come out to Miss Williams in the gym and she'll take you in the beginners' natural dancing class. But she'll have special orders to see that you don't overdo. After that a quick shower and Bertha will give you a gentle rubdown. Then lunch with the girls and a nap after that. Eat all you want naturally and don't forget that a lot of talking and laughing with those girls is the best aid to digestion you can have. When you take your nap, don't be flopping and turning and tossing around. Lie quiet and breathe deeply, even if you can't sleep, and first thing you know you will. At three o'clock you'll have some sort of appointment, shampoo or manicure, and at half past four Miss Trimble will be pleased if you'd help her serve tea to the customers in the patio. You might notice the nice way Miss Trimble has of pouring tea and speaking real gentle. A man likes a girl to be gentle spoken, at least young ones do. Dinner you'll have with the girls, and probably they'll have something you can do with them in the evening, walking down to the band concert or something. But you've got to be in bed at half past nine the first few weeks. After that, if you want to go to a dance Saturday night or a movie with some of the girls and their young men, why, you go right along. Miss Trimble's girls have good times and it's good for their work.

"That's your first week's schedule and I want to see how it affects you. Then the next week I'm going to put you into the manicure room as an apprentice under Katie Healey. You'll get the pay of an apprentice and if I was you I'd buy some pretty clothes right off and a hat. No girl is going to feel discouraged when she's got some new clothes and a new hat. Maybe you could get a pink hat. Something real foolish. It'll give you an appetite. Well, I

(Continued on Page 169)

At the CLICK *of a* switch

Unipower gives you continuous, unfailing "A" power of the highest quality

YOU click a switch. Your set begins to operate—feeding on a new kind of "A" power, rich and quiet and always at full voltage.

Again you click the switch. Your set is off. Your "A" power supply *automatically* begins to replenish itself direct from your house current. That is Unipower!

A new thrill in radio

Unipower has ushered in a new convenience, a new perfection, a new economy in radio operation. It is now in use in thousands of sets and has the enthusiastic endorsement of set manufacturers. It exiles forever the inconvenience of dry cell operation or the bother of charging a storage battery. It does away with "A" current failure—the most frequent cause of poor radio reception.

Unipower is a single compact unit, quickly and easily installed. Just connect two wires to your set, plug in on your light current, and the job's done! Unipower is equipped with an exclusive Balkite charger of special design. Unipower will last you for years, and contains no tubes, bulbs, lamps; or parts that require frequent replacement.

Unipower is *not* a battery eliminator, and should not be confused with any other power device. Unipower is a scientifically designed "A" current supply which automatically converts house lighting current into radio power.

Off when it's on—On when it's off

A unique feature of Unipower is the master-control switch that governs the operation of your entire set. When this switch is ON, your set operates quietly and perfectly, drawing its "A" power from Unipower's rich, full reserve. When the switch is OFF, your set is off—and Unipower automatically recharges from the house current.

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FREE! Write for interesting booklet, "Unipower—a Triumph in Radio Power", describing Unipower's many advantages and economies.

THIS SHOWS HOW SNUGLY THE 6-VOLT UNIPOWER FITS INTO LIMITED SPACE

The standard Unipower operates from alternating current, 110-125 V-60 cycle. It is supplied in two types. The 4-volt type is for sets using UV 199 tubes or equivalent and retails for $35.00. The 6-volt type is for sets using UV 201-A tubes or equivalent and retails for $40.00. West of the Rockies, prices are slightly higher. (Special models, 25-50 cycle, are available.)

Unipower

TRADE MARK

Off when it's on
On when it's off

The New Way to Dry Yourself

STEP out of your bath into a TogaTowel—and let TogaTowel do the rest. It dries you quickly without rubbing—and never feels wet because the big, thirsty surface evenly absorbs the moisture. Learn how far more pleasant it is to dry naturally and comfortably—the TogaTowel way.

Here is an efficient luxurious bath towel—and a clean sanitary robe. If you like a shower or tub, you will want to use TogaTowel, but you should know, too, how good it is after a swim in the pool, invigorating exercise, for travel or the relaxation of a loafing hour.

And you will appreciate TogaTowel economy. It is as easy to launder as its equivalent in bath towels, and so big that it may be used several times before washing. The price is no higher than for two bath towels of equal size and quality. In the long run it is easier and less expensive to use TogaTowels exclusively. They may be had in snow-white and in many attractive color patterns for men, women and children.

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Ask for TogaTowel at the Towel Department of any Department Store—at your Haberdasher's or Sporting Goods Dealer's. Wrapped in clean individual packages—ready to use without laundering—Adults: $3.00, $3.75 & $4.50. Children: $1.50, $2.00 & $2.50—also TogaTowel Gift Sets consisting of a TogaTowel, Slippers and TogaMitt to match, attractively boxed for gift giving.

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TogaTowel
PATENTED
The bath towel you can wear

(Continued from Page 166

guess that's everything. You can run along to Miss Williams now."

But two weeks later Augusta called Rosanna back to the office. "You're trying awful hard," she said shrewdly, "but you haven't gained anything, and I been thinking what it is. I think you're most likely worrying about Steve Ross. Maybe you got to thinking you wouldn't ever see him again. Aha," she nodded as Rosanna, standing more straightly before her but still with her sallow cheeks, bit her lip to keep it from trembling, "I thought so. Well, I just got a picture post card from Steve, from Trinidad. He says, 'Loading 1000 barrels of asphalt for Avonmouth, England. Light winds and no trouble with the new engine. The old man has one lovely grouch. You were a good scout to help us out. Give my regards to the girl. What do you mean I made a big mistake about her? Steve.' I just wrote him a letter to Bridgetown," Augusta added carelessly. "And I just kind of kidded him along about you. You can keep the card, if you want to."

Augusta stood up abruptly, because in Rosanna's eyes grateful tears were brimming, and grateful tears always made Augusta nervous.

"Here—don't you do that," she said sharply, but Rosanna had already clutched her hand and was pressing her lips to it. "My great thundering gosh," Augusta cried, her cheeks one shamed red. "Don't you do that again as long as you live. Now get out of here quick."

But in the next two weeks Rosanna had gained five pounds, well packed good flesh, masking her bones with faint curves. Her hair, cut by Augusta's most expert barber, was a cap of thickening soft curls, soft brown with a decided glint in it. The hollows around her eyes were only smudged shadows. Best of all, her hands, carefully manicured and massaged daily with oil to the elbows, were turning from bird claws to soft beautiful young fingers tipped with pink coral. Katie Healey said they were hands that would make any woman clamor for another manicure appointment, and that if Rosanna kept on as she had begun she'd soon be working full time at a regular table.

Augusta, sailing through the manicure room in a slack moment, said that Miss Trimble said she was real pleased with her. Watching the happy blush that crept up Rosanna's face, Augusta went away considering further plans she had tucked beneath her starched crest of cap.

They may have included a letter to Avonmouth, England, for presently another picture post card, addressed to Augusta, arrived.

"Dirty weather in the Middle Atlantic," Steve wrote, splashing on plenty of ink. "Carried away a port lifeboat and the old man's cap. It cheered him up a lot. He won't let me go up to London. The girls around here aren't much on looks. Have to laugh every time I think of that girl blowing the whistle. She sure had nerve. Well, I will close now, Steve. I guess he will take a cargo for Marseilles if he can get it."

Augusta did not show that card to Rosanna, because of Mrs. Nathan. Mrs. Nathan, emerging twenty pounds lighter and five years younger from Augusta's never-once-relaxed grip, had swept into Augusta's office one afternoon directly from the manicure room.

"Augusta," she cried, sinking comparatively hiplessly into the customer's chair, "where in the world did you get that amusing child in the manicure room? The one with the lovely brown velvet eyes and the funny little smile. Some quaint name."

"Rosanna Serra?" Augusta asked. "I got her off a ship. She was a stowaway from the West Indies. Her father was Spanish and her mother was a New England schoolteacher. She's getting to be the best manicure girl I've got."

"Au-gust-a!" Mrs. Nathan squealed ecstatically, half closing her prominent white lids in her pink, well-restored face. "How too excitingly original! And such perfect hands. Augusta, you simply must lend her to me. I think she would amuse Courtney."

"You know perfectly well, Mrs. Nathan," Augusta began, "that our girls are not the kind to be invited out to amuse gentlemen. Rosanna is a sensible, hard-working ——"

"Au-gust-a! Don't be so ridiculous. You don't suppose I want her to dance on tables, do you? What sort of son do you think I have anyway? The dear boy is just back from three years in Mexico, digging up pre-Toltec ruins and all sorts of horrors, and he can't dance and he won't play with girls and he's foolish about palmistry, and really, Augusta, after all the agony I've let you inflict on me, I should think you would be nice and let me have Rosanna sometimes evenings. I don't think Courtney will fall in love with her, because for ten years he's been engaged to Honoria Winship and her paralyzed mother, although I wish to goodness he would. I would simply adore it if he did, and his father would raise his voice and forbid it. For thirty years I've lived with Livingston Nathan just for the purpose of finding if he can raise his voice, and he never has once. Not once. Why wouldn't it be a good idea if I were to take Rosanna out with me now to do a little shopping for a little dance dress or something? Wouldn't she be too utterly cunning in a pinky-yellow swishy thing with that hair? Now you run along like a dear and tell her she is to tell me all the delightfully wild things she's ever done. Now do, Augusta."

The next postal card, coming at a time when Rosanna was spending two evenings a week with the Nathans, giddy mother and calm studious son, did not seem to warrant distracting her attention. Augusta, looking very much like a large pink-and-white pussy cat who has successfully gotten away with the juiciest canary in the cage, read the card to herself. It was from Marseilles and said, "This is some town. Is Rosanna still with you? He is figuring on a cargo to Havana. Yours, Steve."

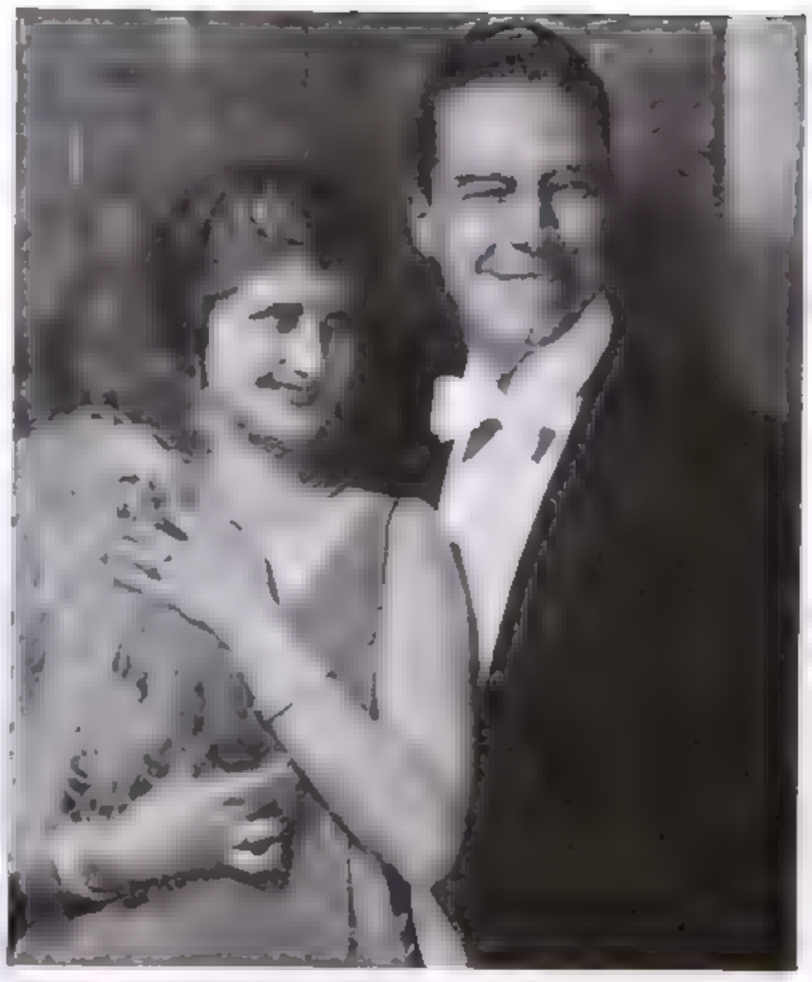
On the evening of the day when the whistle of the Mary Ross was heard from the government cut, speaking curtly but decorously to the docks of its arrival in Miami harbor, Steve Ross came to the door of Miss Trimble's. Augusta strode to open it like a Nemesis in crisp blue skirts, her head bare of cap, her eyes fathomless blue. If, when she opened to find Steve looming large beyond the threshold, with his black hair brushed shiny and his black eyes crammed with curiosity and impishness, her gaze slipped beyond him and found empty air, her look revealed no other emotion than a large auntly sort of welcome.

"Well, well, well," said Steve, bursting in to grip her hand. "How's my old shipmate? How's every little thing? Gee, Augusta! You're looking great. How's little Skinny? Gee, Augusta, I still have to laugh at her blowing that whistle and the old man pounding at the door. You fixed that up slick."

"Michael didn't come with you?" Augusta asked, heading Steve into the patio.

"The old man? No, not tonight. He's sore as a burned bear to have to come back to Miami at all. He'll be up in a night or two. Tonight he gets a haircut and tomorrow he'll have some new shore clothes and the next day he'll kill the steward a coupla times, and then he'll feel better able to come up. Gee, it's swell here. But how's little What's'ername? You've been mighty mysterious about her, Augusta."

Augusta settled herself more regally in her wicker chair. Her eyes followed Steve's glance about the patio. Under the pergola the shadows of the thunbergia vine were cut black satin under the white radiance of a rising moon. The patio was empty of the daily chaises longues and only the group of chairs where they sat were pleasantly intimate on the wide tiles. Two yellow squares of curtained windows opposite showed Augusta where Rosanna was dressing. From somewhere above came occasional bursts of mirth from the girls' dormitory. Beyond rose the hum and murmur of the moonlight-loving city. Steve relaxed with a breath so



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For You, too—

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The secret lies in gently stimulating your salivary glands

TEETH that attract instantly by their loveliness . . . that never give a moment's worry—you can have them, too.

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To prevent decay these glands must wash your teeth continuously with their alkaline fluids, neutralizing the acids of decay as they form. But modern, soft food does not give your glands enough exercise.

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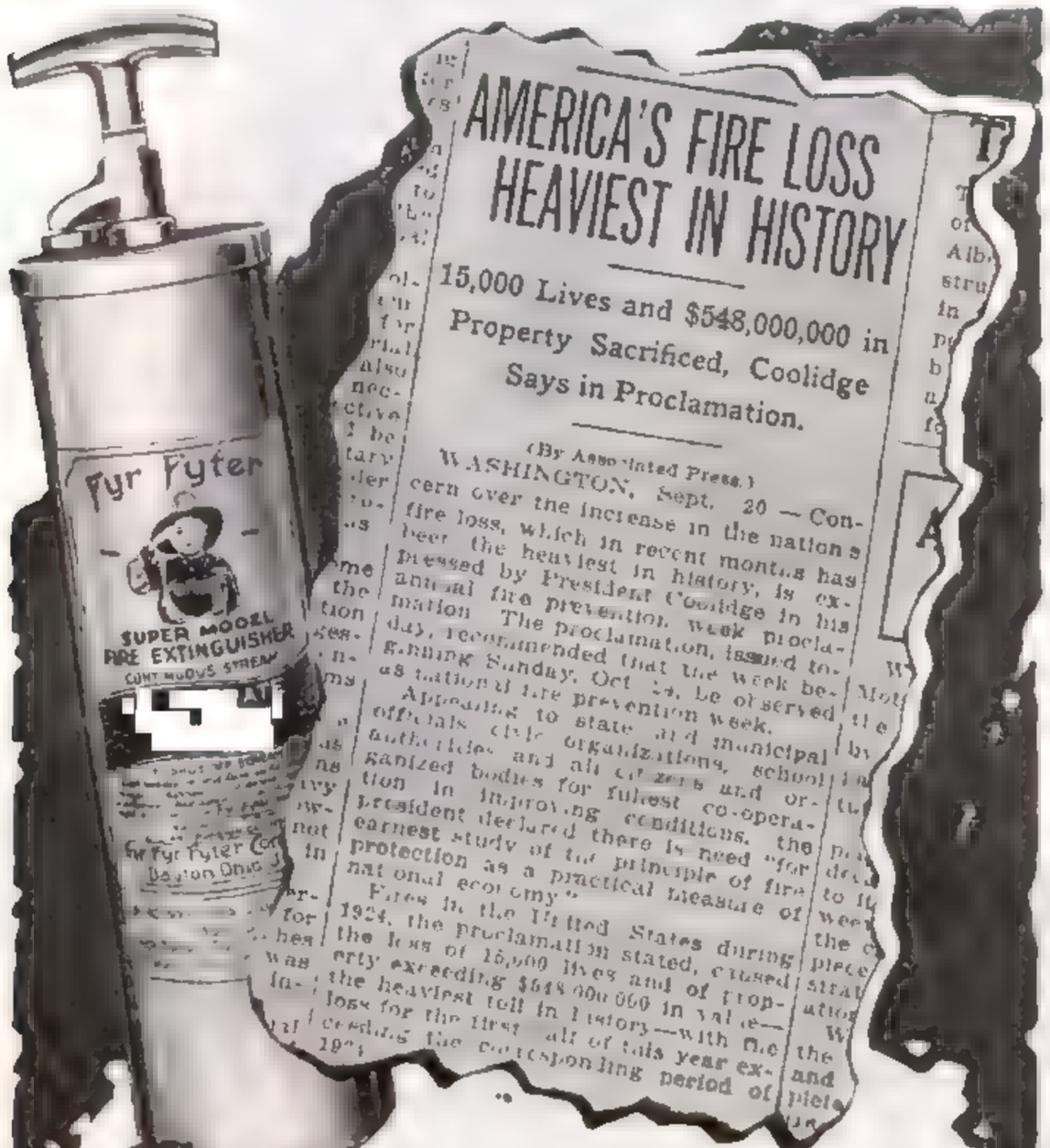
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SUPER MODEL
FIRE EXTINGUISHER
AMERICA'S FIRE LOSS HEAVIEST IN HISTORY
15,000 Lives and $548,000,000 in Property Sacrificed, Coolidge Says in Proclamation.
(By Associated Press.)
WASHINGTON, Sept. 20 — Concern over the increase in the nation's fire loss, which in recent months has been the heaviest in history, is expressed by President Coolidge in his annual fire prevention week proclamation. The proclamation, issued today, recommended that the week beginning Sunday, Oct. 4, be observed as national fire prevention week.
Appealing to state and municipal officials, civic organizations, school authorities and all citizens and organized bodies for fullest co-operation in improving conditions, the President declared there is need "for earnest study of the principle of fire protection as a practical measure of national economy."
Fires in the United States during 1924, the proclamation stated, caused the loss of 15,000 lives and of property exceeding $548,000,000 in value—the heaviest toll in history—with the loss for the first half of this year exceeding the corresponding period of

SALESMEN

HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY

AMERICA'S appalling loss by fire of life and property has finally aroused the nation to action. The newspaper item reproduced above shows how our governmental authorities, from the President down, are calling the public attention to this terrible evil. In every community, there is agitation for fire protection by officials, chambers of commerce, school authorities, church leaders, business clubs, etc. As a result, the need for individual fire protection equipment has been driven into the public mind and the demand for a dependable extinguisher for the home, store, factory, garage, auto, church, theatre, etc., is growing by leaps and bounds. That is why Fyr-Fyter men make

$6,000 a Year and Up

Fyr-Fyter In Demand!

Our men are doing a real public service besides making big money, by selling what the public demands—a dependable, *approved* fire extinguisher that will function at the moment of need. Super Fyr-Fyter Products bear the inspection label of the (Fire) Underwriters' Laboratories and meet every reasonable test. That's why Frank DePries made $7,000 in one year; why Viles of Wisconsin has sold over $25,000 worth in two years; Payne of Iowa has made $4,507 in 217 days; that is why Findley of Texas was able to make $566 his first month. And yet, with hundreds of men, we are not able to meet the demand.

We Need More Men!

Previous selling experience, while helpful, isn't absolutely necessary. Ambition, energy, willingness to work, and a good reputation in your community, are the principal qualities we look for. A very modest capital is also desirable. With our outfit, including a thorough sales manual and valuable sales helps, and with our powerful national advertising to open the door, any man who is willing to work, can hardly fail to win. Promotion to distributorships awaits those who make good. If you are at all interested, don't put off writing for details at once. Others in your community are reading this advertisement and someone may beat you to it if you delay.

615

FYR-FYTER

The Fyr-Fyter Co., 975 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

long and so whole-hearted that his chair creaked noisily.

"Rosanna's fine, Steve," Augusta said, looking down at her folded big hands. "I had a hunch you and Michael were wrong about her. She looks a lot better with her hair bobbed. There's a rich woman and her son's taken a shine to her and while I couldn't say at all for sure, I shouldn't be surprised if she was engaged to him."

Steve stared a long black stare. "Well, but—great Scott, I thought she wanted to be engaged to m——" He stopped and colored. "I mean she changes her mind fast, doesn't she? It's money that gets 'em every time. And I don't know as I think much of bobbed hair. She was too old for it."

"Old, your eye," Augusta retorted. "Great shivering fishhooks, Steve, you act like you was jealous, and I guess you got a right to be."

"Jealous!" Steve exploded, jerking himself to his feet. "I jealous of that scrawny little ——"

The door into the patio opened noiselessly and a girl slipped out, to move uncertainly into the full moonlight. She stood there, poised for flight, gazing at Steve. His voice died in an abashed gurgle. A strange emotion grew and worked upon his astounded young face.

Rosanna was enough to astound any young man in his right mind, Augusta thought, watching them. In that moonlight the child was a figure of enchantment, misty, white-gleaming. Her little startled head was high piled with soft, pale-gold curls. Her face was an oval of faint apricot in which the great eyes burned deep. Her dress frothed whitely about slender silken legs. Her shoulders sloped white velvet under a white mist. It was not only that in that light and at that moment she was lovely. It was the something else about her which made the eye cling and the mind quicken, the sense of personality, vibrant, vivid and yet illusive. She was a woman adept in suffering and yet a charmed child. The bitter wisdom of her desire was somehow overlaid with the happy gestures of being desired.

Looking at her face and at Steve's, something of that idea passed through Augusta's mind.

"Who—who is it?" Steve muttered, and shuffled his feet.

"Good sakes, Steve! It's only Rosanna. You remember Rosanna?"

Augusta let them stare at each other so, the two young moonstruck things for a long moment.

Then she creaked her chair abruptly and said warningly, "It's Steve all right, Rosanna. He came up to surprise us, but I just been telling him you were going to a dance with Mr. Nathan. I expect he's waiting. Steve won't mind if you run right along."

There was an abrupt silence in which Steve took a sudden step toward the girl. "I—why, Rosanna ——" he muttered.

"Great jumping Jupiter!" Augusta interrupted him violently. "Didn't you hear me tell you to run along, Rosanna? Steve'll be up some other night, I guess. Rosanna! You remember now what I told you."

With a violent intake of breath, Rosanna turned and ran lightly to the door, which slammed behind her and left the moonlight empty. Steve stood. There was the sound of a car starting outside. Steve still stood.

"Well, Stevey," Augusta said lazily, "didn't I tell you? I don't believe you ever looked at her before."

Steve turned his eyes down at her.

"D'you mean that was really Rosanna, that girl that followed me up from Bridgetown?"

"Of course, you big gump. Who else would it be?"

"And she—she wanted to be engaged to me?"

"Oh, well, I guess she feels different now."

Steve began to walk toward the door.

Then he stopped. "I—I guess I'll have to think this over," he said. "You mean, I had a chance to be engaged to that—that girl and I wouldn't?"

"Well, you didn't do a thing but give her the laugh."

"Good gosh!" said Steve in stricken tones, and passed tumultuously through the assaulted door.

Augusta sat there, smiling a little with her lips, and with her eyes lost in a brooding, inward-burning stare.

At ten o'clock the next morning, Augusta's telephone rang. Steve Ross' voice, in huskily strange accents, said, "Augusta, listen. Is it really true that Rosanna's engaged to that guy?"

"You want I should go ask her, Steve?"

"Oh, gosh," said Steve, and hung up.

At eleven o'clock Augusta's telephone rang and Steve's voice said, "Say, listen here, Augusta, will you kind of find out if she is really engaged? Just kind of find out. Will you do that, Augusta?"

"I'll try, Steve," Augusta said soberly enough, but she bit a smiling lip.

At one o'clock Augusta's telephone rang and Steve's voice said, "Well, it's me."

"Oh, it's you, is it, Steve?" Augusta replied. "Well, she says she isn't exactly."

"What does she mean, exactly?"

"You want I should ask her, Steve?"

The telephone moaned loudly and clicked off.

At ten minutes to two Augusta's telephone rang.

"Augusta," Steve said desperately, "find out about that exactly, will you? I got a—I got a reason for knowing."

"Say, listen yourself, Steve Ross," Augusta growled. "What do you think I've got to do all day but talk to you over the phone? Do you walk around the block between times or what, and why in the name of sanctified sanity don't you come up and ask her yourself?"

The telephone's dying agony seemed to have become permanent for the afternoon until just after six.

"I suppose that's you again, Steve," Augusta answered it. But the resulting pause made her start suddenly.

"What is the meaning of all this, Augusta McCann?" a heavy voice spoke into her reddening left ear. "My boy has gone stark, staring crazy about a girl. He's sitting now in his berth with his head in his hands, declaring the only girl he ever loved has been false to him. This is some of your work, Augusta."

"And why doesn't he come up and ask her to her face if she's false to him, the silly idiot, instead of skulking in his ship like Michael Ross himself, without a civil word to his head?"

There was a shattering burst of sound along the wire, which resolved itself into words.

"I tell you I will not have Steve marrying at his age. I tell you I will not have the silly-faced trash on my ship. I tell you ——"

"You tell me this and you tell me that," Augusta interrupted. "You can put on your cap and come and speak to me properly this evening, if you want to continue this conversation. And that's all, Michael Ross." For the last time that day Augusta hung up her receiver, to stare at it absent-mindedly for five minutes after.

But there was nothing absent-minded in the Augusta who opened the door that night to the great frame and lowering, dark face of Michael Ross in a white uniform like glazed, starched armor, and behind him the slighter figure of Steve, with miserable eyes. Augusta bore herself frigate-like in her crackling white dress, her head imperially high and in her cheeks burning patches of rose color which could not have been matched by all Miss Trimble's best rouge boxes.

"Step into my office there, will you, Steve," she said, "and bring me the handkerchief I left on my desk." Behind Michael's back she winked, as a large pink-and-white goddess would wink, amazingly, with one sea-blue eye. But Michael she led out into the patio.

The moon was more mature that night, just pouring a new bucket of moon milk into

(Continued on Page 172)

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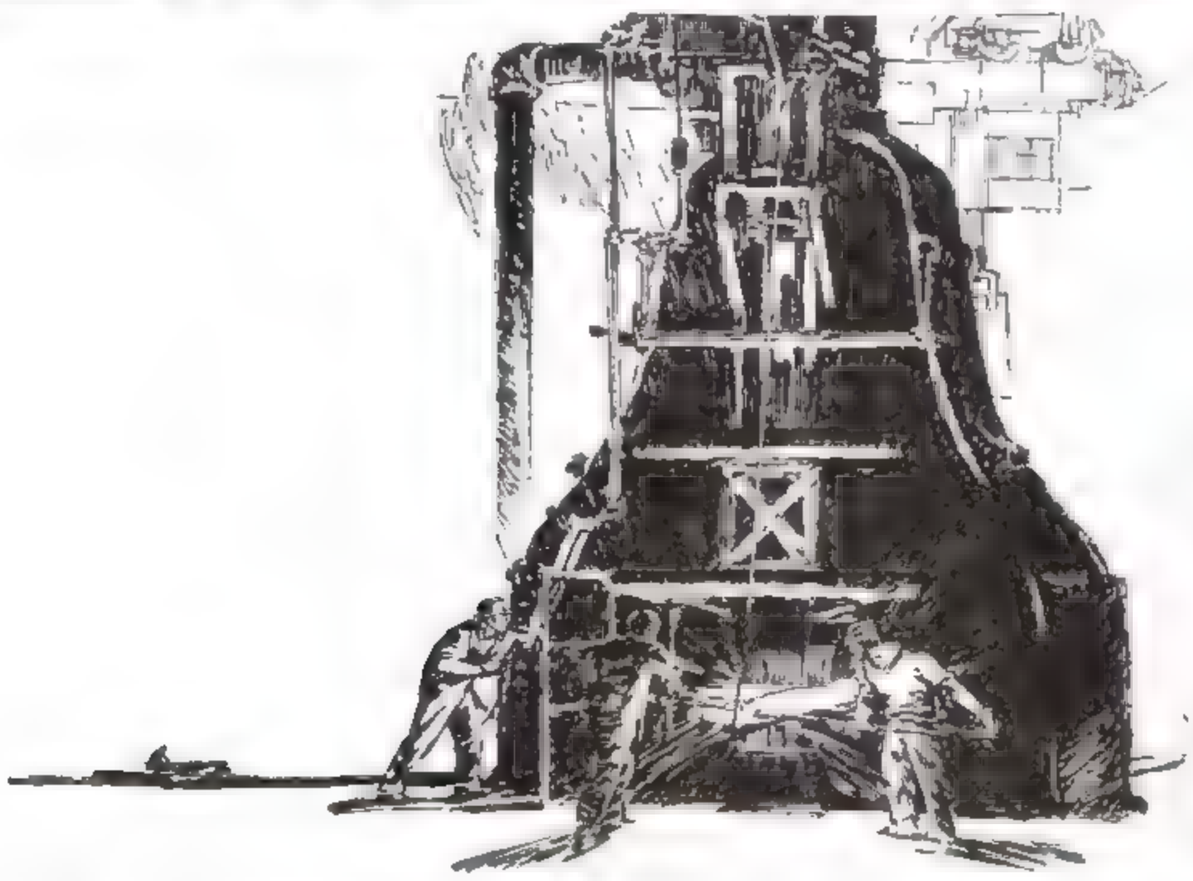

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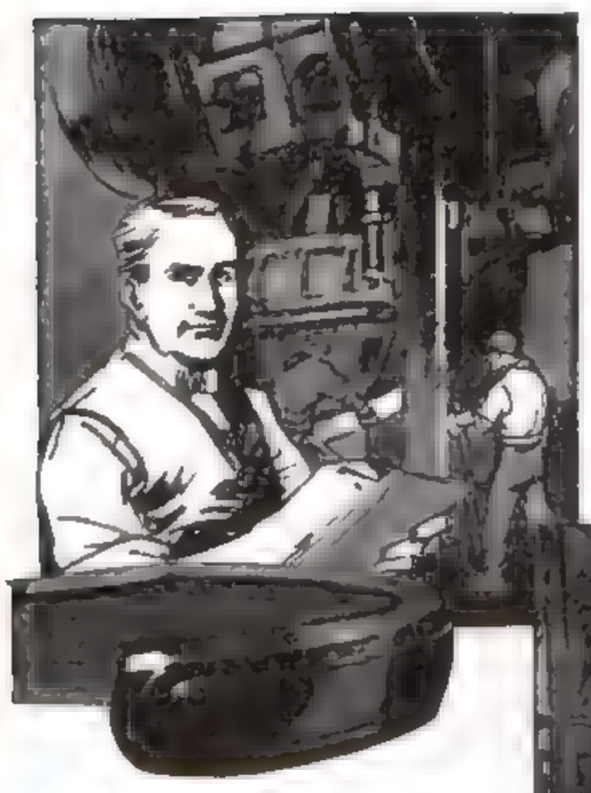

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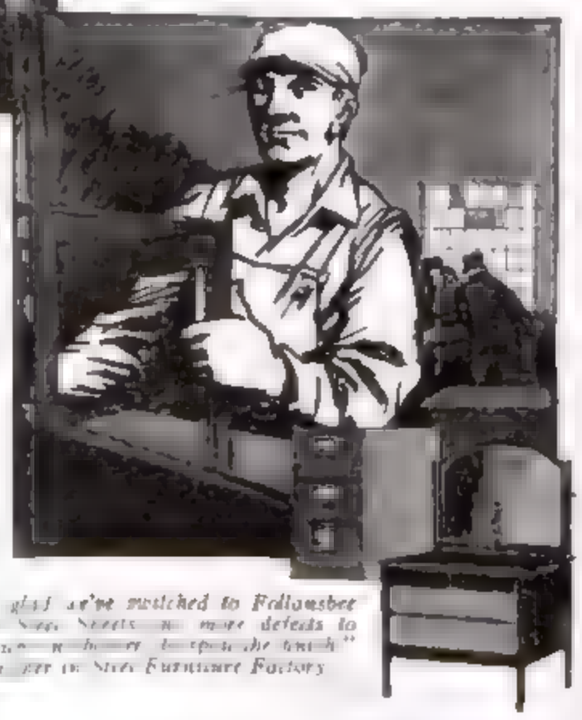

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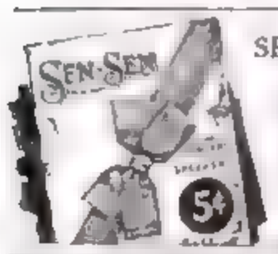

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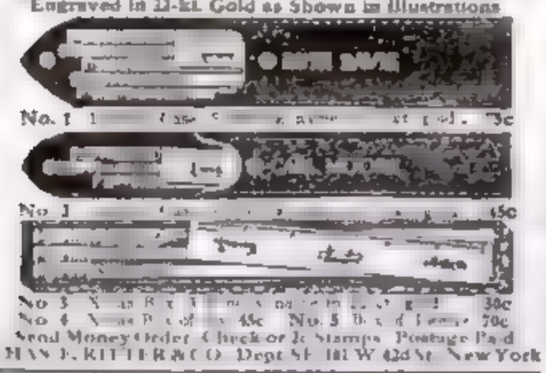

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(Continued from Page 170)

the dark of the patio from over the nearest roof. The white-tiled floor was ghostly empty, except for their two stalking black shadows. Michael moved rather splendidly in the corner of Augusta's eye, his gray hair struck to silver over his morose, heavy-jawed face. Augusta opened her mouth to speak but could not. Suddenly the patio was very quiet and very blank about them as they stood facing each other, the tall man and the tall woman, with the something rigid and implacable and permanent forming between them.

So it was Michael who spoke the first words through stiff lips, absently, as if forced from him without his notice, "You carry your head as high as ever you did, I see, Augusta McCann, five years or no five years."

"Did you think," Augusta said in a constrained rich murmur, "that I would carry it any the less high for not seeing you?"

"A high head and a high hand," he went on with his fixed stare. "It is many years now that I have been watching for the ruthless masterly man that could make you lower them."

"The man isn't made," Augusta said violently—"the man isn't made, and you know it, you that are ruthless and masterful enough for five men, you that carry a bitter heart and a bitter look for any who won't bend and break under your will. Twenty years I've known you, and twenty years I've looked for the day that would see you humbled by some small dark woman with a bitter twist to her lip ——" Augusta's clenched hands were stone heavy at her sides.

"You are a good hater," the man said under his breath. "I have lived by your hate these twenty years, as loose men live by their light loves of the ports. Hating you has been a dark bread to me, a fire for black nights and lonely seas, and the frozen spray coming over the side and burning like red-hot needles."

"I would not grudge it to you, that you have lived as hard as your heart, Michael," Augusta said, and her voice was a breath. "There's no man out of South Rockport has drove himself sterner or with less mercy. From the beginning, you were a dark-browed, dogged-working lad, older than twice your age. The first day I saw you ——"

"Aye, and you had your say about it, even then. I mind you now, a tall overgrown girl with a yard of yellow braid on your shoulders, standing knee-deep in the blueberry patch, with the sun strong on you and the salt wind whipping at you, telling me then how you'd hate me all your life long ——"

"There was the hot smell of the bushes and the rocks and a whiff of crushed bay leaves where you came trampling through with your great feet, and you staring at me with the sea behind you and your sea chest on your shoulder. You flung your own hate in my face and said you'd live well by that ——"

"And that I have, my girl," Michael cried out harshly. "That I have and that I will." With one stride he was on Augusta, gripping her shoulders with great hands that shook her and in shaking set him also a-tremble, so that they stood there under the heavy double bar of his arms, rigid, forgetful, moved inexplicably by the same dark passion. Her eyes bore proudly the stare of his.

"What was it all about?" he muttered suddenly, as if surprised even at himself. "What—what started this?"

"I don't remember," her stiff lips murmured absently. "I—I don't remember."

High overhead, thrusting them apart abruptly like a fist, like an astonished marine monster with apoplexy, suddenly and wildly bellowed the whistle of the Mary Ross.

"Blooo-wahh-wup," blared the ship, and Michael Ross stared dazedly at the sky as if he could not have been more astonished at the sight of the Mary Ross herself, flying and blaring there.

"Gr-ump-grah-graaaaaah-awow."

"It's—it's the ship," he said vaguely, turning back to Augusta.

But to Augusta it was a great relieving and revealing commonplace.

"It's those two," she said. "I'll bet you it's Steve and Rosanna— "

"That girl—on my ship again?" Michael shut his jaw like a snapping turtle, and plunged for the door. "If Steve let that—that girl get on my ship ——"

"I'll go with you, Michael," Augusta called after him. So that together, heads down, arms swinging in unison, stride for stride, grim mouths silent, Augusta and Michael plowed down to the docks, beneath the continuous banshee screeching of the Mary Ross.

Yet when they turned in from the Bay Shore drive, the black and silver magic of the night, the great bulk of the ship as she lay there, with the immense dark and glitter of the bay beyond and the enormous dark and glitter of the sky overhead, held them both there, suddenly.

"She looks nice with the new paint, Michael," Augusta said with a surprising mildness.

"Aye, I figured you'd like it," Michael said, gazing straightly.

"Bloooo-ahhh-gr-rr-row," yelled the Mary Ross at them, standing there with their eyes softened. "Graaar-roow-graar-row-wup."

"May all the devils tie knots in that whistle cord," Michael Ross tore forward, ragged bits of words thrown back from his teeth as gravel spurted under his grinding heels. "My curses on—blast that—the dad-dratted fool." But Augusta followed, laughing weakly.

Steve and Rosanna, leaning over the bridge railing, greeted them cheerfully as they climbed up. One glance at Rosanna was enough for Augusta. The child was transfigured. Staring at her and at Steve's exultant face, the laughter left her suddenly. She turned her eyes from them to Michael as if she dreaded the bleak drawn look that aged his face. Something pinched her heart with cold.

"What is this infernal nonsense?" Michael said abruptly.

"We're just announcing our engagement," Steve said, triumphant, flashing. "We thought that by this time you two had fought enough and might like to know."

His voice fell like a dropped stone into the chilling silence about Michael. Augusta did not move. Rosanna shivered and drew nearer Steve.

"I thought I'd tell you," Steve went on. "Because we're thinking of getting married tomorrow, and we'd like you to come to the wedding."

"Are you thinking," Michael's voice was the dry creak of a forgotten door hinge—"are you thinking to bring that—that woman on my ship?"

"What in the world else would I do with my wife?" Steve's black brows drew down a little.

"If you want that woman you can stay on the wharf with her. Marry her and you'll find yourself fired. I'll teach you who is master of this ship."

A broken exclamation came from Rosanna's lips, but Steve, staring his brother in the eye, held her hand firmly.

"You're a hard cold man, Michael Ross, as Augusta has told you often enough, but a lot of good it will do you this time. There are other ships than the Mary Ross, if I have to find them."

"Then be about it," Michael said harshly, and strode to the forward rail, turning his back on them. Augusta stood rigid.

"No, Steve, no," Rosanna said as he was drawing her to the ladder. "Oh—you mustn't—I can't ——"

"I've loved you too long to give you up now, Rosanna," Steve said hotly. "He can't expect to order me around all my life. This had to happen sometime. Come along, sweetheart, we'll be all right."

Augusta withdrew her somber gaze from Michael's back to look at them briefly. When she spoke, the two stopped short and stared at her.

"That's enough of this nonsense," she said, and Rosanna found her eyes strange. "I guess this is as much my fault as anybody's. Steve wouldn't have looked at you, Rosanna, if it hadn't been for me feeding you and exercising you and showing you how to fix yourself up pretty. You were a skinny, homely little thing and you'll be a skinny, homely woman if you let yourself go too much. As for your loving Rosanna a long time, Steve, you only thought of it the other day, so it can't go very deep with you. I'll just take Rosanna home with me now and we'll forget all about it. I only did it to spite Michael anyway. Your mother, Mary Ross, was deathly afraid some foreign woman would catch Michael and I wouldn't like to think it was I that caused Steve to be. I ——"

Michael Ross snorted ferociously, spinning around on his heel.

"That's the woman of it," he growled—"treacherous, every last one of them. Got no notion of sticking together two minutes. They'll betray another woman with a turn of their hand, just to be spiteful. And what is it makes you think you can be the boss of this whole family, Augusta McCann? Who are you to tell Steve when he shall fall in love and when he shall not? Steve Ross can make up his own mind without you interfering with him. This girl's got something to her that she didn't get from you or she wouldn't have taken to Steve in the first place."

"I tell you ——" began Augusta.

"Will you be silent!" thundered Michael Ross at her in his full-lunged, hurricane voice. He dominated the group. He looked years younger, inches bigger. "Come here," he said to Rosanna. She crept to him fearfully, with a bewildered little face. He stood looking down at her, and there was not the shift of a muscle from either Augusta or Steve. "You're a pretty little thing," Michael said to her, at his leisure, "and you've got sand. So you think you love Steve, do you?"

"Yes," Rosanna said, and her small jaw was stiff, "I do. But I wouldn't come between ——"

"That's all right." Michael patted her shoulder with a big hand. "You don't look like a strong-minded, interfering, stram-baging woman who would always be knowing better than the master of the ship how the very cables should be scraped. Steve's got good sense. You can have the spare stateroom, and put curtains at the window for all I care, so long as you keep yourselves to yourselves and off my bridge. You hear that, Augusta McCann?"

But Augusta was silent, even while Steve and Rosanna hung to Michael's hands and kissed each other. Michael looked at her fixedly across their heads. When she still remained silent he brushed them aside and strode over to her.

"You hear that, Augusta McCann?" he said more softly, standing over her.

She looked at him straight, with the proud lift to her head, and again their two figures seemed drawn together, for all the space between them, by the something dark and strong and enduring that grew there.

"I hear, Michael Ross," she said, and her eyes were grave, although her mouth smiled suddenly. "You'll have your own way to spite a woman if it kills you. That's the man of it."

"And as to what my mother said to you about a foreign woman ——" he began.

"I'll argue that with you on the way home," Augusta said, and he followed her alertly down the ladder.

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DAISY AIR RIFLES

BUTTERCUP DAY

(Continued from Page 15

presiding genius, if I may use the expression, of these pup-pup-pup festivities."

"Eh?" said Ukridge, fogged.

"I mean that it is to you that complaints should be made."

"Complaints?"

"Of what is going on in Miss Ukridge's garden—one might say under her *imprimatur*."

Ukridge's classical education had been cut short by the fact that at an early age he had unfortunately been expelled from the school of which in boyhood's days we had been fellow members, and Latin small talk was not his forte. This one passed well over his head. He looked at me plaintively, and I translated.

"He means," I said, "that your aunt lent her grounds for this binge and so has a right to early information about any rough stuff that is being pulled on the premises."

"Exactly," said the curate.

"But dash it, laddie," protested Ukridge, now abreast of the situation, "it's no good complaining of anything that happens at a charity bazaar. You know as well as I do that when the members of a charitable league get together and start selling things at stalls, anything goes except gouging and biting. The only thing to do is to be light on your feet and keep away."

The curate shook his head sadly.

"I have no complaint to make concerning the manner in which the stalls are being conducted, Mr.-pup-pup-pup. It is only to be expected that at a bazaar in aid of a deserving cause the prices of the various articles on sale will be in excess of those charged in the ordinary marts of trade. But deliberate and calculated swindling is another matter."

"Swindling?"

"There is a young woman in the grounds extorting money from the public on the plea that it is Buttercup Day. And here is the point, Mr. Ukridge: There is no such thing as Buttercup Day. This young person is deliberately cheating the public."

Ukridge licked his lips with a hunted expression.

"Probably a local institution," I suggested.

"That's it," said Ukridge gratefully. "Just what I was going to say myself. Probably a local institution. Fresh-air fund for the poor of the neighborhood, I shouldn't wonder. I believe I've heard them talk about it, now I come to think."

The curate refused to consider the theory.

"No," he said. "If that had been so the young woman would have informed me. In answer to my questions, her manner was evasive and I could elicit no satisfactory reply. She merely smiled and repeated the words 'Buttercup Day.' I feel that the police should be called in."

"The police!" gurgled Ukridge pallidly.

"It is our pup-pup-duty," said the curate, looking like a man who writes letters to the press signed Pro Bono Publico.

Ukridge shot out of his chair with a convulsive bound. He led me to the door.

"Excuse me," he said. "Corky," he whispered tensely, dragging me out into the passage, "go and tell her to leg it—quick!"

"Right!" I said.

"You will no doubt find a constable in the road," roared Ukridge.

"I bet I will," I replied in a clear, carrying voice.

"We can't have this sort of thing going on here," bellowed Ukridge.

"Certainly not!" I shouted with enthusiasm.

He returned to the study and I went forth upon my errand of mercy. I had reached the front door and was about to open it, when it suddenly opened itself, and the next moment I was gazing into the clear blue eyes of Ukridge's Aunt Julia.

"Oh—ah—er!" I said.

There are certain people in this world in whose presence certain other people can never feel completely at their ease. Notable among the persons beneath whose gaze I myself experience a sensation of extreme discomfort and guilt is Miss Julia Ukridge, author of so many widely read novels, and popular after-dinner speaker at the better class of literary reunions. This was the fourth time we had met, and on each of the previous occasions I had felt the same curious illusion of having just committed some particularly unsavory crime and what is more—of having done it with swollen hands, enlarged feet and trousers bagging at the knee on a morning when I had omitted to shave.

I stood and gaped. Although she had no doubt made her entry by the simple process of inserting a latchkey in the front door and turning it, her abrupt appearance had on me the effect of a miracle.

"Mr. Corcoran!" she observed, without pleasure.

"Er ——"

"What are you doing here?"

An inhospitable remark; but justified, perhaps, by the circumstances of our previous relations, which had not been of the most agreeable.

"I came to see—er—Stanley."

"Oh!"

"He wanted me with him this afternoon"

"Indeed!" she said; and her manner suggested surprise at what she evidently considered a strange and even morbid taste on her nephew's part.

"I thought—we thought—we both thought you were lecturing up north."

"When I arrived at my club for luncheon I found a telegram postponing my visit," she condescended to explain. "Where is Stanley?"

"In your study."

"I will go there. I wish to see him."

I began to feel like Horatius at the bridge. It seemed to me that, foe of the human race though Ukridge was in so many respects, it was my duty as a lifelong friend to prevent this woman winning through to him until that curate was well out of the way. I have a great belief in woman's intuition, and I was convinced that, should Miss Julia Ukridge learn that there was a girl in her grounds selling paper buttercups for a nonexistent charity, her keen intelligence would leap without the slightest hesitation to the fact of her nephew's complicity in the disgraceful affair. She had had previous experience of Ukridge's financial methods. In this crisis I thought rapidly.

"Oh, by the way," I said, "it nearly slipped my mind. The—er—the man in charge of all this business told me he particularly wanted to see you directly you came back."

"What do you mean by the man in charge of all this business?"

"The fellow who got up the bazaar, you know."

"Do you mean Mr. Prosser, the president of the charitable league?"

"That's right. He told me he wanted to see you."

"How could he possibly know that I should be coming back?"

"Oh, in case you did, I mean." I had what Ukridge would have called an inspiration from above. "I think he wants you to say a few words."

I doubt if anything else would have shifted her. There came into her eyes, softening their steely glitter for a moment, that strange light which is seen only in the eyes of confirmed public speakers who are asked to say a few words.

"Well, I will go and see him."

She turned away, and I bounded back to the study. The advent of the mistress of the house had materially altered my plans for the afternoon. What I proposed to do now was to inform Ukridge of her arrival, advise him to eject the curate with all possible speed, give him my blessing and then

(Continued on Page 177

Florida in the Making

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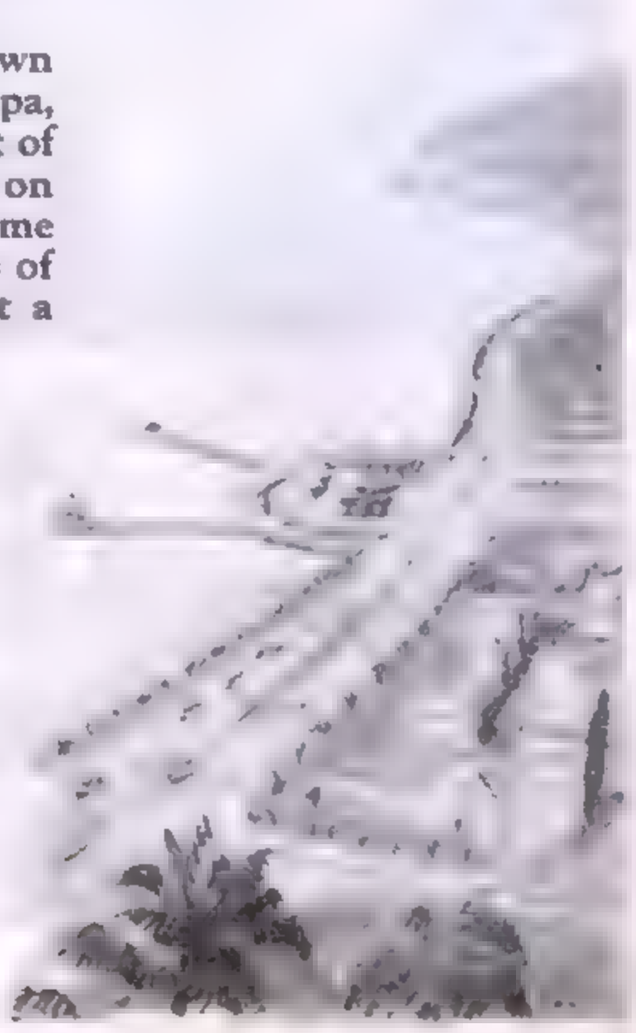

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STOP AT THE RED SIGN
AND REFRESH YOURSELF
All roads lead by Coca-Cola signs.
Travel where you may they are
never more than a thirst apart.

(Continued from Page 174)

slide quietly and unostentatiously away, without any further formalities of farewell. I am not unduly sensitive, but there had been that in Miss Ukridge's manner at our recent meeting which told me that I was not her ideal guest.

I entered the study. The curate was gone, and Ukridge, breathing heavily, was fast asleep in an armchair.

The disappearance of the curate puzzled me for a moment. He was rather an insignificant little man, but not so insignificant that I would not have noticed him if he had passed me while I was standing at the front door. And then I saw that the French windows were open.

It seemed to me that there was nothing to keep me. The strong distaste for this house which I had never lost since my first entry into it had been growing, and now the great open spaces called to me with an imperious voice. I turned softly—and found my hostess standing in the doorway.

"Oh—ah!" I said; and once more was afflicted by that curious sensation of having swelled in a very loathsome manner about the hands and feet. I have observed my hands from time to time during my life, and have never been struck by anything particularly hideous about them; but whenever I encounter Miss Julia Ukridge they invariably take on the appearance and proportions of uncooked hams.

"Did you tell me, Mr. Corcoran," said the woman in that quiet, purring voice which must lose her so many friends, not only in Wimbledon but in the larger world outside, "that you saw Mr. Prosser and he said that he wished to speak to me?"

"That's right"

"Curious," said Miss Ukridge. "I find that Mr. Prosser is confined to his bed with a chill and has not been here today."

I could sympathize with Mr. Prosser's chill. I felt as if I had caught one myself. I would—possibly—have made some reply, but at this moment an enormous snore proceeded from the armchair behind me, and such was my overwrought condition that I leaped like a young ram.

"Stanley!" cried Miss Ukridge, sighting the chair.

Another snore rumbled through the air, competing with the music of the merry-go-round. Miss Ukridge advanced and shook her nephew's arm.

"I think," I said, being in the frame of mind when one does say silly things of that sort—"I think he's asleep."

"Asleep!" said Miss Ukridge briefly.

Her eye fell on the half-empty glass on the table, and she shuddered austerely. The interpretation which she obviously placed on the matter seemed incredible to me. On the stage and in motion pictures one frequently sees victims of drink keel over in a state of complete unconsciousness after a single glass, but Ukridge was surely of sterner stuff.

"I can't understand it," I said.

"Indeed!" said Miss Ukridge.

"Why, I have only been out of the room half a minute, and when I left him he was talking to a curate."

"A curate?"

"Absolutely a curate! It's hardly likely, is it, that when he was talking to a curate he would ——"

My speech for the defense was cut short by a sudden sharp noise which, proceeding from immediately behind me, caused me once more to quiver convulsively.

"Well, sir?" said Miss Ukridge.

She was looking past me; and turning, I perceived that a stranger had joined us. He was standing in the French windows, and the noise which had startled me had apparently been caused by him rapping on the glass with the knob of a stick.

"Miss Ukridge?" said the newcomer.

He was one of those hard-faced, keen-eyed men. There clung about him as he advanced into the room a subtle air of authority. That he was a man of character and resolution was proved by the fact that he met Miss Ukridge's eye without a tremor.

"I am Miss Ukridge. Might I inquire ——"

The visitor looked harder-faced and more keen-eyed than ever.

"My name is Dawson. From the Yard."

"What yard?" asked the lady of the house, who, it seemed, did not read detective stories.

"Scotland Yard."

"Oh!"

"I have come to warn you, Miss Ukridge," said Mr. Dawson, looking at me as if I were a bloodstain, "to be on your guard. One of the greatest rascals in the profession is hanging about your grounds."

"Then why don't you arrest him?" demanded Miss Ukridge. The visitor smiled faintly.

"Because I want to get him good," he said.

"Get him good? Do you mean reform him?"

"I do not mean reform him," said Mr. Dawson grimly. "I mean that I want to catch him trying on something worth pulling him in for. There's no sense in taking a man like Stuttering Sam for being a suspected person."

"Stuttering Sam!" I cried, and Mr. Dawson eyed me keenly once more, this time almost as intently as if I had been the blunt instrument with which the murder was committed.

"Eh?" he said.

"Oh, nothing. Only it's curious ——"

"What's curious?"

"Oh, no, it couldn't be. This fellow was a curate, a most respectable man."

"Have you seen a curate who stuttered?" exclaimed Mr. Dawson.

"Why, yes. He ——"

"Hullo!" said Mr. Dawson. "Who's this?"

"That," replied Miss Ukridge, eying the armchair with loathing, "is my nephew, Stanley."

"Sound sleeper."

"I prefer not to talk about him."

"Tell me about this curate," said Mr. Dawson brusquely.

"Well, he came in ——"

"Came in? In here?"

"Yes"

"Why?"

"Well —"

"He must have had some story. What was it?"

I thought it judicious, in the interests of my sleeping friend, to depart somewhat from the precise truth.

"He—er—I think he said something about being interested in Miss Ukridge's collection of snuffboxes."

"Have you a collection of snuffboxes, Miss Ukridge?"

"Yes."

"Where do you keep them?"

"In the drawing-room."

"Take me there, if you please."

"But I don't understand."

Mr. Dawson clicked his tongue in an annoyed manner. He seemed to be an irritable sleuthhound.

"I should have thought the thing was clear enough by this time. This man worms his way into your house with a plausible story, gets rid of this gentleman here —— How did he get rid of you?"

"Oh, I just went, you know. I thought I would like a stroll."

"Oh? Well, having contrived to be alone with your nephew, Miss Ukridge, he slips knock-out drops in his drink."

"Knock-out drops?"

"A drug of some kind," explained Mr. Dawson, chafing at her slowness of intelligence.

"But the man was a curate!"

Mr. Dawson barked shortly.

"Posing as a curate is the thing Stuttering Sam does best. He works the races in that character. Is this the drawing-room?"

It was. And it did not need the sharp agonized cry which proceeded from its owner's lips to tell us that the worst had happened. The floor was covered with splintered wood and broken glass.

"They're gone!" cried Miss Ukridge.

It is curious how differently the same phenomenon can strike different people. Miss Ukridge was a frozen statue of grief. Mr. Dawson, on the other hand, seemed pleased. He stroked his short mustache with an air of indulgent complacency and spoke of neat jobs. He described Stuttering Sam as a tough baby and gave it as his opinion that the absent one might justly be considered one of the lads, and not the worst of them.

"What shall I do?" wailed Miss Ukridge.

I was sorry for the woman. I did not like her, but she was suffering.

"The first thing to do," said Mr. Dawson briskly, "is to find out how much the fellow has got away with. Have you any other valuables in the house?"

"My jewels are in my bedroom."

"Where?"

"I keep them in a box in the dress cupboard."

"Well, it's hardly likely that he would find them there, but I'd better go and see. You be taking a look round in here and make a complete list of what has been stolen"

"All my snuffboxes are gone."

"Well, see if there is anything else missing. Where is your bedroom?"

"On the first floor, facing the front."

"Right!"

Mr. Dawson, all briskness and efficiency, left us. I was sorry to see him go. I had an idea that it would not be pleasant being left alone with this bereaved woman. Nor was it.

"Why on earth," said Miss Ukridge, rounding on me as if I had been a relation, "did you not suspect this man when he came in?"

"Why, I—he ——"

"A child ought to have been able to tell that he was not a real curate."

"He seemed ——"

"Seemed!" She wandered restlessly about the room, and suddenly a sharp cry proceeded from her—"My jade Buddha!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"That scoundrel has stolen my jade Buddha. Go and tell the detective."

"Certainly."

"Go on! What are you waiting for?"

I fumbled at the handle.

"I don't seem able to get the door open," I explained meekly.

"Tchah!" said Miss Ukridge, swooping down.

One of the rooted convictions of each member of the human race is that he or she is able without difficulty to open a door which has baffled their fellows. She took the handle and gave it a vigorous tug. The door creaked, but remained unresponsive.

"What's the matter with the thing?" exclaimed Miss Ukridge petulantly.

"It's stuck."

"I know it has stuck. Please do something at once. Good gracious, Mr. Corcoran, surely you are at least able to open a drawing-room door!"

It seemed, put in that tone of voice, a feat sufficiently modest for a man of good physique and fair general education; but I was reluctantly compelled to confess, after a few more experiments, that it was beyond my powers. This appeared to confirm my hostess in the opinion, long held by her, that I was about the most miserable worm that an inscrutable Providence had ever permitted to enter the world. She did not actually say as much, but she sniffed and I interpreted her meaning exactly.

"Ring the bell!"

I rang the bell.

"Ring it again!"

I rang it again.

"Shout!"

I shouted.

"Go on shouting!"

I went on shouting. I was in good voice that day. I shouted "Hi!" I shouted "Here!" I shouted "Help!" I also shouted in a broad, general way. It was a performance which should have received more than a word of grateful thanks. But all Miss Ukridge said, when I paused for breath, was, "Don't whisper!"

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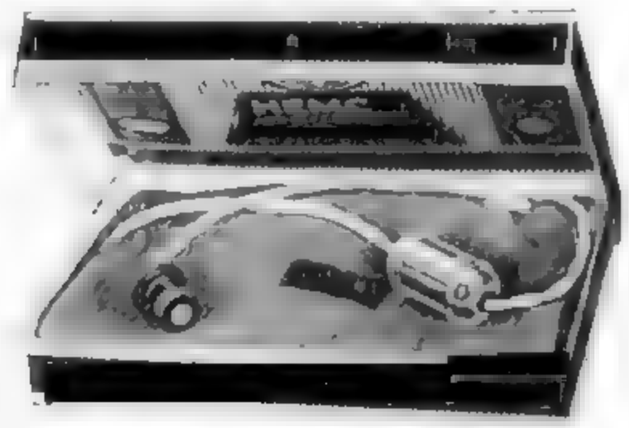

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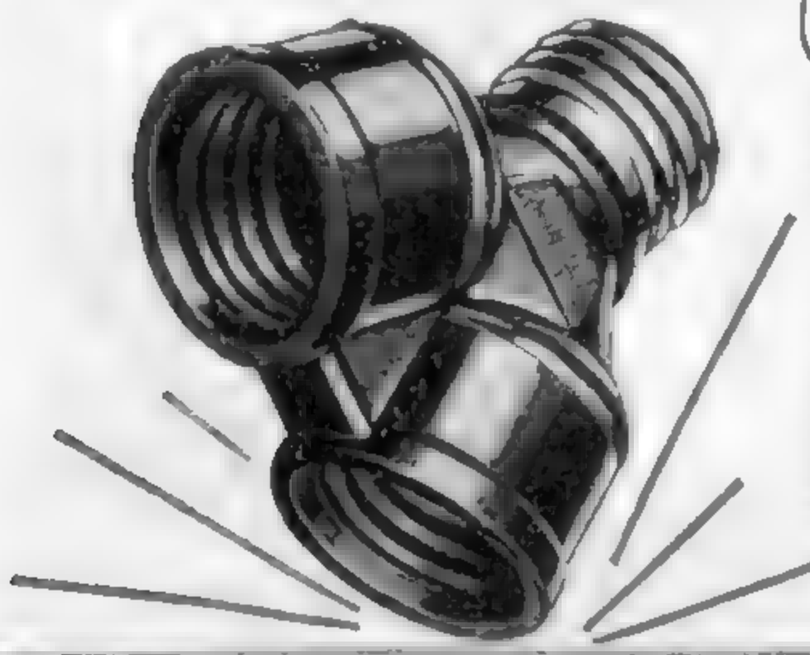

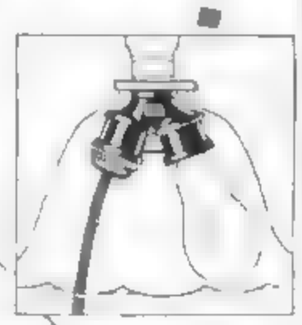

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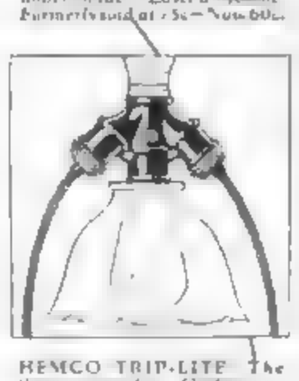

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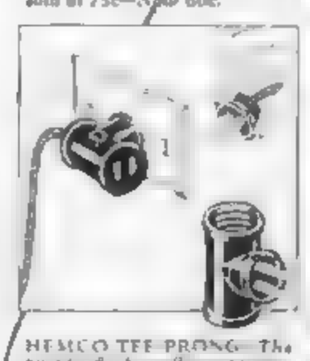

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I nursed my aching vocal cords in a wounded silence.

"Help!" cried Miss Ukridge.

Considered as a shout, it was not in the same class as mine. It lacked body, vim, and even timbre. But by that curious irony which governs human affairs, it produced results. Outside the door a thick voice spoke in answer.

"What's up?"

"Open this door!"

The handle rattled.

"It's stuck," said the voice, which I now recognized as that of my old friend Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge.

"I know it has stuck. Is that you, Stanley? See what is causing it to stick."

A moment of silence followed. Investigations were apparently in progress without.

"There's a wedge jammed under it."

"Well, take it out at once."

"I'll have to get a knife or something."

Another interval for rest and meditation succeeded. Miss Ukridge paced the floor with knit brows; while I sidled into a corner and stood there, feeling a little like an inexperienced young animal trainer who has managed to get himself locked in the lions' den and is trying to remember what Lesson Three of his correspondence course said he ought to do in such circumstances.

Footsteps sounded outside, and then a wrenching and scratching. The door opened, and we beheld on the mat Ukridge, with a carving knife in his hand, looking headachy and disheveled, and the butler, his professional poise rudely disturbed and his face stained with coal dust.

It was characteristic of Miss Ukridge that it was to the erring domestic rather than the rescuing nephew that she turned first.

"Baxter," she hissed—as far as a woman, even of her intellectual gifts, is capable of hissing the word "Baxter"—"why didn't you come when I rang?"

"I did not hear the bell, madam. I was ——"

"You must have heard the bell."

"No, madam."

"Why not?"

"Because I was in the coal cellar, madam."

"What on earth were you doing in the coal cellar?"

"I was induced to go there, madam, by a man. He intimidated me with a pistol. He then locked me in."

"What? What man?"

"A person with a short mustache and penetrating eyes. He ——"

A raconteur with a story as interesting as his to tell might reasonably have expected to be allowed to finish it, but Butler Baxter at this point ceased to grip his audience. With a gasping moan his employer leaped past him, and we heard her running up the stairs. Ukridge turned to me plaintively.

"What is all this, laddie? Gosh, I've got a headache! What has been happening?"

"The curate put knock-out drops in your drink, and then ——"

I have seldom seen anyone display such poignant emotion as Ukridge did then.

"The curate! It's a little hard. Upon my Sam, it's a trifle thick. Corky, old horse, I have traveled all over the world in tramp steamers and what not. I have drunk in water-front saloons from Montevideo to Cardiff. And the only time anyone has ever succeeded in doctoring the stuff on me it was done in Wimbledon—and by a curate. Tell me, laddie, are all curates like that? Because, if so ——"

"He has also pinched your aunt's collection of snuffboxes."

"The curate?"

"Yes."

"Golly!" said Ukridge in a low, reverent voice, and I could see a new respect for the cloth dawning within him.

"And then this other fellow came along—his accomplice, pretending to be a detective—and locked us in and shut the butler in the coal cellar. And I rather fancy he has got away with your aunt's jewels."

A piercing scream from above rent the air.

"He has," I said briefly. "Well, old man, I think I'll be going."

"Corky," said Ukridge, "stand by me!"

I shook my head.

"In any reasonable circumstances, yes. But I will not meet your aunt again just now. In a year or so, perhaps, but not now."

Hurrying footsteps sounded on the staircase.

"Good-by," I said, pushing past and heading for the open. "I must be off. Thanks for a very pleasant afternoon."

Money was tight in those days, but it seemed to me next morning that an outlay of twopence on a telephone call to Heath House could not be considered an unjustifiable extravagance.

I was conscious of a certain curiosity to learn at long range what had happened after I had removed myself on the previous afternoon.

"Are you there?" said a grave voice in answer to my ring.

"Is that Baxter?"

"Yes, sir."

"This is Mr. Corcoran. I want to speak to Mr. Ukridge."

"Mr. Ukridge is no longer here, sir. He left perhaps an hour ago."

"Oh? Do you mean left—er—forever?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh! Thanks."

I rang off; and pondering deeply, returned to my rooms.

I was not surprised to be informed by Bowles, my landlord, that Ukridge was in my sitting room. It was this storm-tossed man's practice in times of stress to seek refuge with me.

"Hullo, laddie," said Ukridge in a graveyard voice.

"So here you are."

"Here I am."

"She kicked you out?"

Ukridge winced slightly, as at some painful recollection.

"Words passed, old horse, and in the end we decided that we were better apart."

"I don't see why she should blame you for what happened."

"A woman like my aunt, Corky, is capable of blaming anybody for anything. And so I start life again, laddie, a penniless man, with no weapons against the great world but my vision and my brain."

I endeavored to attract his attention to the silver lining.

"You're all right," I said. "You're just where you wanted to be. You have the money which your buttercup girl collected."

A strong spasm shook my poor friend, causing, as always happened with him in moments of mental agony, his collar to shoot off its stud and his glasses to fall from his nose.

"The money that girl collected," he replied, "is not available. It has passed away. I saw her this morning and she told me"

"Told you what?"

"That a curate came up to her in the garden while she was selling those buttercups and—in spite of a strong stammer—put it to her so eloquently that she was obtaining money under false pretenses that she gave him the entire takings for his church-expenses fund and went home, resolved to lead a better life. Women are an unstable, emotional sex, laddie. Have as little to do with them as possible. And for the moment, give me a drink, old horse, and mix it fairly strong. These are the times that try men's souls."

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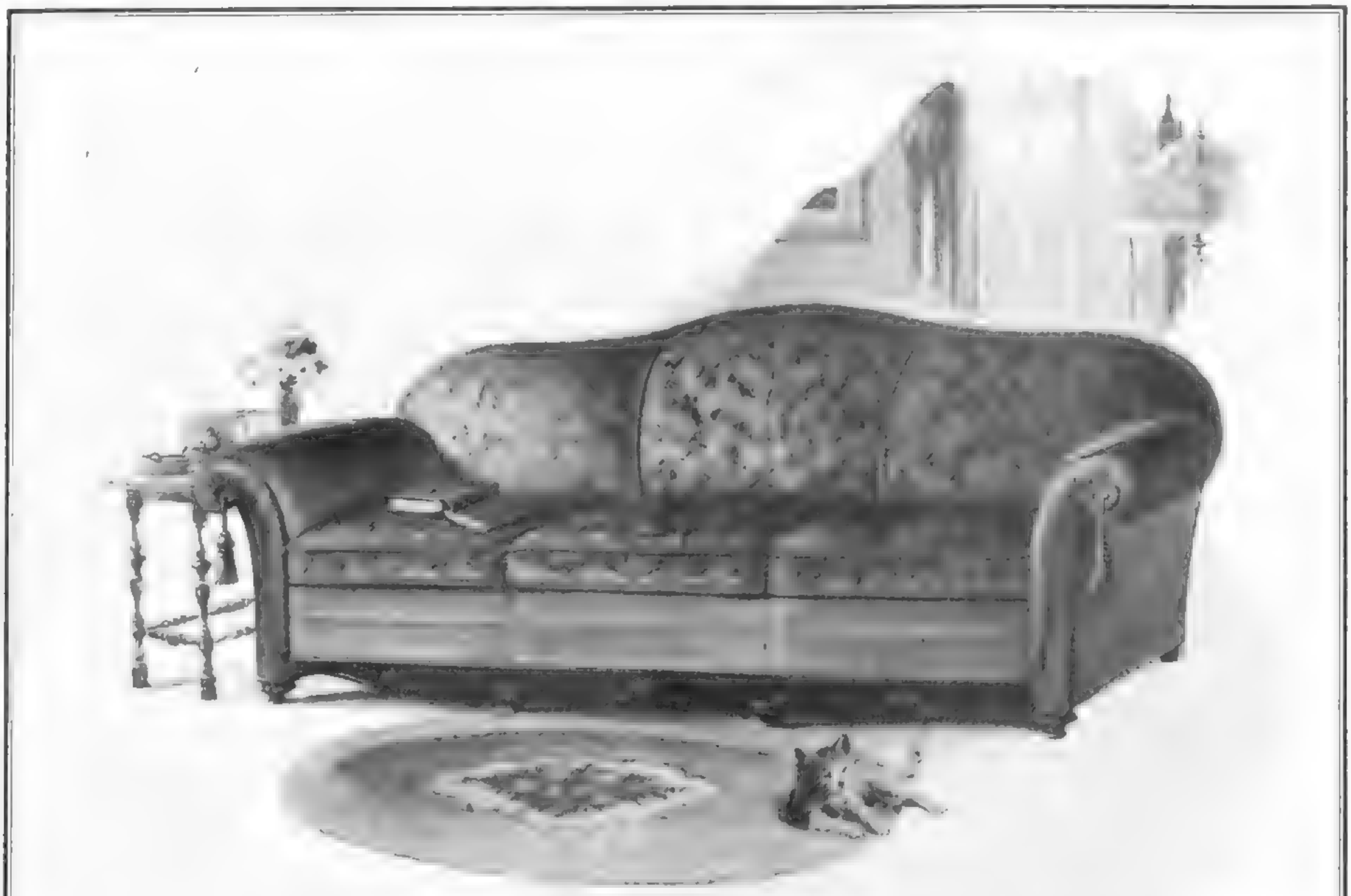

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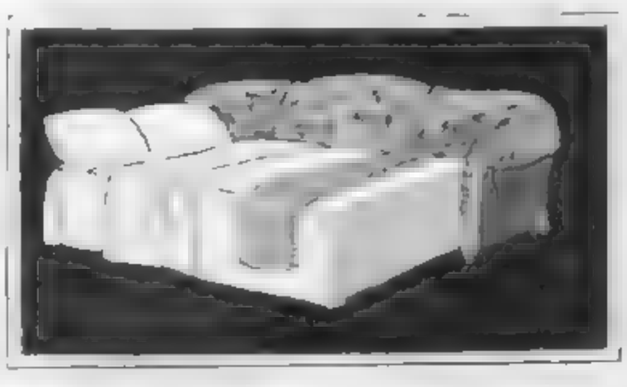

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KROEHLER

Davenport Bed

THE INVISIBLE BEDROOM

THE FEEL OF THE AUDIENCE

Continued from Page 10

was the habit of analyzing songs and the field of comedy that was forced on me by Sadie Salome's success.

So I continued in burlesque for a while, not knowing of the Follies contract that awaited me in a few short months. I was evolving into an artist—every performer in the show business is an artist—with a rapidly growing instinct for feeling the audience. And on this tour I came across the astounding fact that the best comedians are not always the best known. There is a type who does his best work before a small circle of friends. Put up before an audience, he loses a large part of his charm. Willie Weston was one of these. He was with the College Girls and was one of the best comedians I have ever met. Weston was an accomplished pianist and a composer, but he was a comedian de luxe. Off the stage, at a cabaret table or behind the scenes, he was revealed as a master of comedy.

A genial man, and witty, his impromptu business when acting out a story was perfect. But an audience paralyzed him. In spite of this fear of the audience, he had climbed to the top in burlesque in the team of Bernard and Weston. But without that partial audience paralysis there was no limit he would not have reached. He died several years ago. I studied him and his comedy methods.

As a matter of fact, I adopted many of them, the most valuable of which is my rule never to work out any routine business, but to depend instead on spontaneous gestures. Weston was the first of many men and women I have met on the stage who suffer from this odd psychological quirk.

The burlesque audience is much maligned, it being the belief of the general public and a good many performers that burlesque patrons saw off their hair two inches above their collars and appreciate overdeveloped legs and broad jokes. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It may have been true many years ago, when theatergoers were rigidly divided into three classes—the high, the middle and the burlesquers. But vaudeville and the evolution of the revue from the old-style musical comedy have changed all that. Burlesque is merely vaudeville performed by a whole company and interspersed with dancing and chorus numbers, and out of it have come many of our greatest actors and actresses. It is the branch of the show business that most nearly approaches ideal democracy.

Any difference between performers is determined by talent, and everyone with talent gets his or her chance. In burlesque you will often see a chorus girl step out of the ranks, do a solo dance and step into her place again. A system like that is bound to develop artists, and the producers of musical comedies have uncovered veritable gold mines in their choruses by following the same system. Through it I got my first real chance.

A Chorus Girl Who Couldn't Dance

Like all beginners, I suffered the humiliating experience of an unreciprocated love for my profession. I loved the theater, but the theater did not love me. I did not know my right from my left foot, yet I burned with the ambition of becoming a chorus girl. Finally, after more than a year of determined trying, I got my first professional job as a chorus girl in a burlesque show. The owner gave me the job after hearing me sing, taking it for granted, of course, that anyone applying for work in the chorus would know at least the rudimentary steps.

When it developed I was a total loss as a dancer, it was too late to fire me, because I had become valuable as a singer; so they kept me on to sing unexpected second choruses from the boxes, aisles and seats in different parts of the house. But I kept on trying. I bought a pair of wooden shoes and went about learning how to dance by bribing the stage hands and the other girls. Most stage hands know a few dancing steps, and whenever I saw one practicing his favorite, I would give him a quarter to teach it to me. I bribed the girls with shirt waists and other wearing apparel. So finally there came a day when I could dance well enough to work in the chorus, and when that day came I demanded loudly that I be admitted.

I was given a place, third from the left, and in addition was made the understudy to the soubrette, who was the manager's wife. She fainted one night as she stood in the wings waiting for her cue, and I went on in her place. The number waiting to be sung was The Land of the Buffalo, a typical burlesque offering, nonsensical but tuneful and full of movement. The chorus worked with it and I remember the girls were dressed in the kind of shorts the Boy Scouts affect, spotted shirt waists and sombreros. The soubrette was a beautifully formed, graceful woman with a pleasing voice, and she was in the habit of singing the song sweetly, and of dancing with all her undeniable charm. The piece was considered a routine number, good for one encore, for which time was allowed.

Pushing a Song Across

Now, as the soubrette presented that song and dance it did not suit my personality. She was voluptuous. I was not yet fully grown and weighed between seventy and eighty pounds. She was a graceful dancer. I was an awkward child with the knowledge of but a few steps. I was wildly excited, but I presented that song as I saw it, singing it rapidly and exaggerating the few steps I knew.

An audience, as I have told you, reacts to a performer. They caught my excitement and the feverish comedy of my dancing and they rose to it. In the language of the business, it pulled them out of their seats. We took six encores and thereafter it was considered sure-fire. Unfortunately for the soubrette, the owner of the show happened to be in the theater that night and he reversed our positions, putting her back in the chorus and giving me her place.

The Land of the Buffalo was such a mediocre song I can remember only snatches of it now. The interpretation put it over, and that is true of any song or characterization. This can be proved by watching an artist like Al Jolson working out a number. He has a peculiar and individual manner of pushing a song across to his audiences. And one really does push a song. No matter what the medium—opera, revue, musical comedy, vaudeville or burlesque—the singer is the interpretative sounding board. Upon him depends the success of the song. His interpretation, of course, is influenced by his personality and outlook on life, and these factors, together with the words and music and the reaction of the audience to it, make up the complete song.

Every successful artist, no matter what his medium, has his own individual methods of getting his result, and anyone who attempts to borrow another's method becomes a mere impersonator. Some comedians work out every detail of their business in putting over a song or an act, and I think it is a most admirable method, because it relieves one of the tyranny of moods. But I can't do it. My comedy, to be successful, must be spontaneous. Whenever it isn't, the feel of the audience tells me so and I throw out that particular piece of business and work out something else to use in its stead.

Blanche Merrill, who has written many of my most successful songs, says I am an action artist, meaning that I push my

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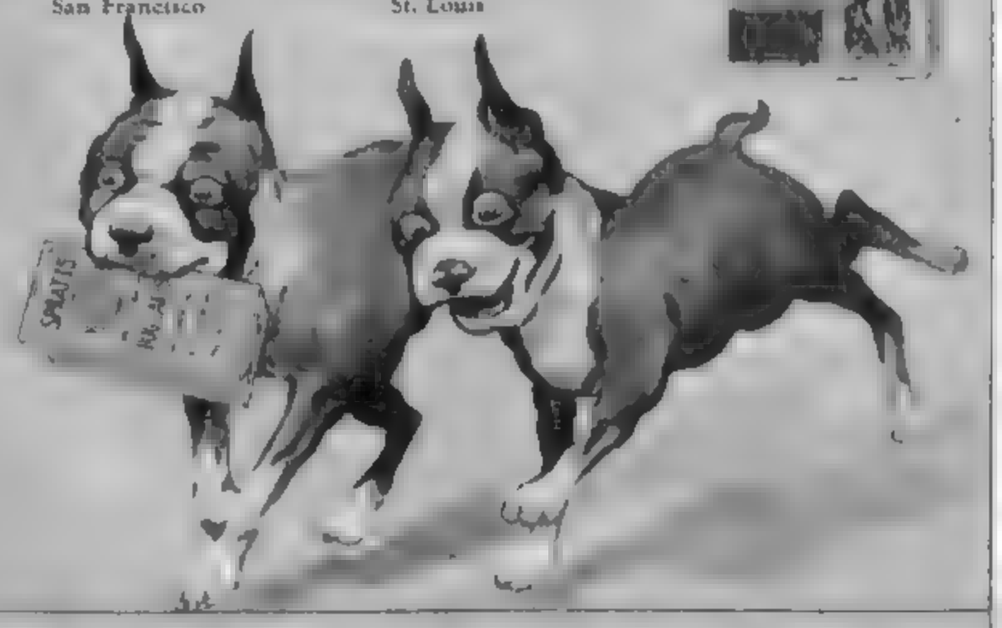

SPRATT'S

DOG CAKES AND PUPPY BISCUITS

comedy home to an audience by a gesture that accentuates a comedy point. I consider myself a cartoonist working in the flesh.

In working out a comedy offering, I always think of it as legitimate, and I try to do it as legitimately—or straight—as possible. In a cartoon there must be first a likeness and then an exaggeration. So comedy, played or sung as comedy, without relief or background, degenerates into mediocre clowning.

There is a comedy possibility in everything in life. Even death, especially the grotesqueness of violent death, would be funny were it not for the terrible cessation of consciousness and the mystery of the beyond. In the theater there is a saying, "Send them away laughing and they'll forget you. Send them crying and they'll remember you till they die." It is absolutely true.

Comedy and tragedy grow from the same root to blossom into different flowers. Philosophers have said that only a hair separates the two. This may be true, but I have learned that people, subconsciously, would rather be sad than be happy. I know there are times in everybody's life when they revel in sadness. There have been occasions in my own life when I have sat and remembered bitter, sorrowful things that have happened, and gone on and built up from there things twice as terrible that might have happened, and felt so gloriously miserable I wouldn't have changed it for anything in the world. The Russians have evolved this pastime into a national institution.

There is an invincible sadness beneath all our lives. It may come from the tragedy of our short journey from eternity through this world and back to eternity, or it may be the inherited memory of terrible, bitter things the race has suffered in its march to the present time. All primitive peoples are melancholy. Their music is sweet and plaintive. Only when they become civilized do they laugh and take issue with the old gods.

The Froth of Tragedy

I will ask you to name me a great play or a great song or a great piece of music written in the last ten years, or since this supercivilized world went in for jazz and free—very free—verse dedicated to ash cans, vermin and other pleasant things. This subconscious race sadness is responsible for the comedian's so-called complex which breaks out in an ambition to play Hamlet. I don't think it is a complex. I think a comedian is more fitted by nature than any other type to play the melancholy Dane. Understanding comedy as he does, he recognizes it for what it is—the froth of tragedy. The story of the clown who goes on with his performance just after hearing of some terrible tragedy in his own life is no idle myth. There have been times when great trouble was upon me—and I went out to do the best performances of my career. And this was not heroism. It was simply the working out of the inexorable law that comedy is the relief, the scar tissue that forms around a tragic hurt.

Many people have asked me where I get the songs I sing. Some of them are brought to me by their writers, but I get the inspiration for most of them myself from the people I see about me every day, especially people of a pronounced type. Their activities, though serious and important and many times beautiful, can very easily be broadened into comedy. After all, it is a matter of one's slant on life.

The ballet has given me the inspiration for several songs, notably my Spring Song, which is always demanded by audiences wherever I appear. It is so very difficult to become a ballet dancer and it is so universally, and rightly, accepted as a criterion of a girl's grace, that it lends itself to satire.

I was in a theater watching a very beautiful ballet performance. Thirteen girls, trained to the tremendous muscular demands and the graceful movements of the dance, postured and flitted about the stage in the pantomime of Pierrot and Harlequin. The orchestra was playing the Spring Song and through it ran the sweet caroling of birds.

And while I watched I said to myself, "They get up on their toes and chase madly after—nobody. Then they flee where no man pursueth, while the little birds sing. Oh, would I were a bird! Oh, would I were a bird! I would fly in the spring!"

All that night these silly words kept recurring to me. "Oh, would I were a bird! I would fly in the spring. Oh, would I were a flower! I would grow in the spring. Oh, would I were a spring! I would flower in the bird. I would bird in the flower." I fell asleep, still going over them. The next morning they were still with me, so I knew I had a song idea. I called up Blanche Merrill and she arrived at my apartment in the middle of the morning.

Another Spring Song

Miss Merrill is a young woman with years of song-writing experience behind her, having stepped out of school straight into the business. She was still in school when she saw Eva Tanguay in vaudeville, and she went home and wrote a song she thought would fit her. She would have left it in the bottom of her trunk, or torn it up, had not a kind friend advised her to submit it to Miss Tanguay. The song was accepted and she was launched on her career. She is one of the most successful in her line, which is a peculiar one. She caters to the individual singer like Belle Baker, Lillian Shaw and other well-known vaudeville stars for whom she has written successes. You might call her a song modiste who builds to fit her customers. She is an incredibly swift worker, catching an idea in a flash and developing it in a day.

I told her about watching the ballet and the recurrence of the words.

"It's a good idea," she said. "A spring number. Let's work it out. How do you intend to play it?"

"I was thinking of myself as a ballet dancer," I told her. "I would come out clad in pink fleshings, perhaps a little too big for me, and the rest of the regulation costume. I would work very hard and very seriously and execute the difficult steps as well as I could."

We worked it out that way, I giving my conception of the character and she making a suggestion now and then and writing a line that might go with some movement of the ballet. Finally she handed me the complete song, and though singable songs are notoriously bad reading, I want you to see how completely she grasped my idea. This is the song:

Hark, hear the birdies sing.
It's spring, tra-la-la; it's spring, tra-la-la.
The birdies they sing in the spring,
In the spring, in the spring,
The spring, the spring.
The flowers they bloom in the spring,
The spring, the spring.
Oh, why ain't it always the spring?

Oh, would I were a bird, I would fly in the spring.
Oh, would I were a flower, I would grow in the spring,
The spring, the spring.
The roses they grow in the spring,
The spring, the spring.
The water it comes from the spring.

Pretty birds, coo, coo, coo, coo,
Pretty cows, moo, moo, moo, moo.
The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la,
Have nothing to do with the case.
Hear the whippoorwill will,
Hear the caterpillers pill.
Oh, spring, gorgeous spring, rosy spring, leafy spring,
Spring, gentle spring, laughing spring, lovely spring,

(Continued on Page 185)

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(Continued from Page 182)

Oh, would it were, oh, would it were, oh, would it were
Always spring.

The music was written around it, full of the sweet caroling of the birds, and so was about half complete. There remained the characterization—and the audience. I thought out the ballet girl. She was to be true to the average type. I memorized the words and practiced them to the music until I knew the song so well I would not have to think of it. I outlined in general the movements a ballet girl goes through, but I set my mind on no particular business. Then I took her out on the stage and she worked for me.

She danced lightly to the music. She pursued—nobody. She turned and fled when no man pursued. She danced and posed gracefully, and if she tripped, she caught herself quickly and went on with the dance. Business occurred spontaneously. One night she decided to execute the difficult twirl that calls for such poise and muscular control. She raised herself on her toes to do it. Fear struck her and she suddenly decided not to try it. Then she wagged her finger at the audience, pretending she had fooled them and intended to all along. This particular piece of business brought a howl and she used it night after night. But one night it brought no response. She found she was doing it mechanically. All the spontaneity had gone from it, and the audience knew it and resented it. She discarded the whole twirl, and pursued a phantom bird instead, almost catching it, but losing it at the last minute. As long as any piece of business brought a laugh, she used it. When it ceased to be funny and became mechanical, she discarded it.

Keeping the Spontaneity

Three months after the first performance of the Spring Song, I realized with surprise that the business I was then using was altogether different from the business with which I had started out. That is true of all my work. I find I can use a gesture only for a certain length of time. Then the spontaneous quality seems to die and I have to invent new ones. So, all my comedy stuff is impromptu. If it weren't, I should get tired of it and it would cease to be comedy to me and hence to my audience.

There is a great disadvantage in this. If I could work along routine lines, I should be independent of moods. Every performer, like every other human being, is subject to moods, and an audience will instantly sense any mood that possesses a performer and will send it back to her. It is very difficult to be funny when you are feeling blue. But it can be done, and very successfully, as I have mentioned before. On the other hand, I never have any set ideas of what I am going to do, and when a piece of business occurs to me, I do it instinctively. If it is successful, I keep it till it is stale. If it is not, I discard it for something else.

Becky is Back in the Ballet was another song the ballet gave to me. It was written by Miss Merrill, and it told the story of a clumsy but ambitious young girl who "nighttime and day triptoed away" until she got a job in the ballet. One night she fell down with such force that "she almost located her hip. They thought she was dead from the bump on her head. She should be in bed, but instead, Becky is back in the ballet." Looking over this song now, I find Miss Merrill has indicated dance steps after certain lines. I memorized these instructions to the point where I would know there were certain places to dance. But I did not attempt any dance steps. These came to me in the proper place and often they changed nightly.

Several years ago the stream of amateur vampires which descended upon us, and which still flows among us, suggested a song so obviously that, in the language of Tin-Pan Alley, "it leaped out and hit me in the eye." I saw young girls, whose natural color would make the fortunes of any drug store, cover that color with cheap cosmetics, raise their skirts from eight to eighteen inches, adopt a slouch which eventually would ruin their lungs and warp their shapes, dye and friz their hair and otherwise conduct themselves as women will if, given little brain power, they set out to follow fashion. These girls and some of their frivolous grandmas so obviously thought themselves man destroyers, I thought they were funny—and pathetic. So I brought the idea to Miss Merrill and she wrote:

Get the red, red lips, get the bad, bad eyes,
Get the rose, get the pose,
I'm a terror.
Timid ladies run away from me, while their husbands make a play for me,
I'm a regular Theda Berra.
Vamps may come and vamps may go,
But I'm the vampiest vamp you'll ever know.
I ain't got no love, I ain't got no soul,
And my heart's just as black as a piece of coal.

I'm bad, I'm bad,
I'm telling you I'm something terrible.
I steal away all the hearts from the men,
Then I chuck 'em away with a chuckle, and then
I laugh—ha-ha-ha—I laugh—ha-ha-ha!
I'm like a terrible draft.
I make him look like a fool there was who wouldn't say his prayers,
Then I take him by the left leg and throw him down the stairs,
'Cause I'm bad, I'm bad.

This person had come straight from the movies and I played her as such, giving her the blasé look of the "rag and a bone and a hank of hair" who dominated the screen at the time, portrayed by actresses like Louise Glaum and Miss Bara. My vamp was popular, and she ran long, with the unique distinction of having little routine to change, as she played most of it quietly.

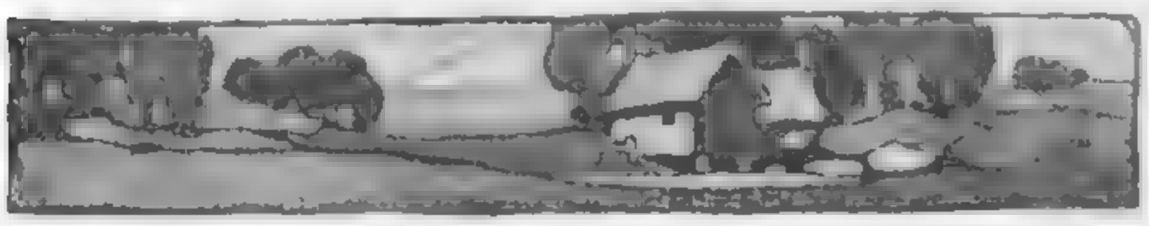
Treading on an Audience's Toes

It was through a song written around an idea of mine that I learned the peculiar truth about audiences—that they cannot appreciate a satire on an ambition or an emotion too close to them. Of course I always knew that no one would ever dare to cartoon an audience's patriotism, but this emotion was far from possessing the dignity of love of country.

Up near Central Park I saw a young Jewish girl waiting for a car. She was dressed in a riding habit. Her boots were high-lighted, her habit fitted perfectly Her hat was set at the ultra-correct angle and she flipped her whip against the shiny boots. She was so obviously and aggressively at ease that I knew she was nouveau riche. So I had a hunting number written in which, dressed as meticulously as was my model, and leading on a leash about fifteen hunting dogs of various sizes and mixed breeds, I was to sing the joys of the cross-country fox hunt in a most dignified manner.

I was in vaudeville at the time and booked the next week to show in a section almost wholly Jewish. Those who saw the number in rehearsal prophesied it would be a riot, and I was pretty sure of it myself.

The act fell flat when I played it in that neighborhood. In the first place, my hunting pack literally lay down on me. Seized by stage fright, they squatted in a yelping



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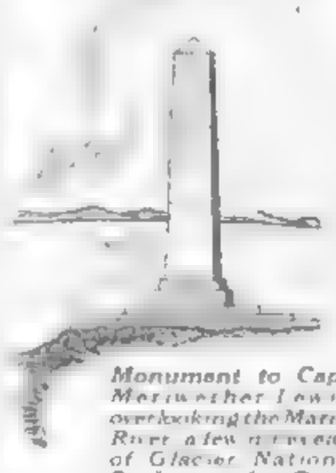

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body in the wings and refused to move. I gave two or three vain little tugs at the leash and then went on without them. I could have dragged them on the stage by main force, and they might have got used to the audience, once they were out. But that would have been suicidal. It would have killed me forever in that section. Audiences resent the faintest gesture which suggests cruelty to animals. The song was good and awfully funny, and I put into it everything I had. But it crossed the footlights and dived under the front seats absolutely dead.

I was sick with the failure of it and was beginning to think I was through on the stage, until I began to analyze that neighborhood. I found out it was peopled exclusively by the nouveau riche. It is very possible the girl who suggested the number to me might have come from there. Most of the people in that audience were either passing through the phase I was satirizing or had passed through it so recently they could not see the humor in it. They simply did not understand it, and resembled the New England Yankee who, after seeing Denman Thompson in The Old Homestead, angrily demanded his money back because he saw people just like that in his everyday life up around home, and why should he have to pay to see them in New York?

I played the hunting number to a huge success in Chicago, and that reminds me that the audiences of different towns differ from one another. Chicago liked the hunting number, because in that city there is a sly suspicion that most Easterners are inclined to be snobbish. Chicago audiences are as breezy as their city, easy to play to and most appreciative, resembling New York, which has the best audiences in the United States and as good as any in the world.

New York audiences are theater-broke, broad-minded, sympathetic and witty. That does not reflect on any other city. As a matter of fact, a large percentage of a New York audience is often made up of people from other cities. But when they come to the metropolis they seem charged with the energy of the place and their reactions are speeded up.

Burlesquing a Ballad

London audiences are reserved—until you reach them. The audiences of Philadelphia and Boston resemble those of London very much. My first experience with a London audience was in 1913, when I went over there to take a rest. I rested a week and then, like the London bus driver who spends his day off riding on another bus, I suddenly wanted to be behind the footlights. I joined the Come Over Here revue company, playing at the London Opera House, built by Oscar Hammerstein. Then Gaby Deslys introduced me to Alfred Butt, manager of the Victoria Palace, a music hall, and he asked me if I would like to appear there. When I told him I would, he asked what songs I had. Now at that time You Made Me Love You was in the full stride of its immense popularity in England, which it had taken by storm, and it was suffering the fate of all popular songs. It had been sung so often that people were tired of it. Mr. Butt objected to my using it. He earnestly informed me I would "get the bird," which is the delightful English way of saying the audience won't stand for you. I told him I would take a chance.

When I started to sing it on my first appearance, I could feel the audience resented it. It was a ballad and that was the way it had been sung all over England. Sensing the hostility, I swung it quickly into comedy and the house became still, allowed me to finish and gave me enthusiastic applause. To burlesque the song had apparently never occurred to them. Another song I sang that night was, Fol de rol dol doi. It was a comedy love song and it had been written by a New York song writer.

The most appreciative audience I ever played to was in Springfield, Ohio. The Follies played Springfield after an absence of several years, and on the third day of our week there I found a letter in my mail box at the theater. The writer was a bedridden boy who was doomed to stay in his room until he died. He asked if some of us would not take pity on him and come out and see him. Seven Follies principals and several of the girls went out to a little vine-covered house in the suburbs. The boy, his face drawn with pain and his form emaciated, gave us a smile and we talked to him until someone suggested that he might enjoy it if we acted for him.

He forgot his pain in laughter and he afterward wrote me a letter of appreciation I shall treasure as long as I live. I often wonder if he is still in the land of the living.

Waking Up an Audience

Detroit and St. Louis love music, and musical acts in vaudeville and revue shows are almost sure to play to crowded houses. Minneapolis is —— I want to tell you a little incident about Minneapolis so that you can appreciate the city as I do.

I played there in vaudeville, headlining a bill and feeling exceedingly comfortable, because my offerings had been well received in other cities. On my first matinée appearance I came out with the assurance that all would be well. I even planned to cut my act a little, because there were some things I wanted to look at in a store just around the corner from the theater. I sang my first number, which was a funny one. It was received with a cold and deadly silence. Slightly startled, I went into my second number. The silence deepened. Now I don't like to antagonize an audience, because antagonism, like any other mood, flies right back at you. But I was good and mad.

"I'm not going to allow these people to beat me out of the theater," I told myself, and I went into the next song with redoubled vigor, giving them everything I had. But I knew this third song was joining the others in the limbo of failure.

I was ready to cry as I finished it, and smiled and bowed, preparing for my exit And then the house woke up. It burst into a storm of spontaneous applause such as I have rarely experienced, and it positively refused to allow me to go until I had given several encores.

And there you are. You never can tell what an audience is going to do. That is what makes the search for the feel of the audience such a fascinating and lucrative pastime.

Elvira de Hidalgo,
Spanish Prima Donna
of the Metropolitan Opera Co.,
New York; The Opera of

Paris, France, The Ravinia
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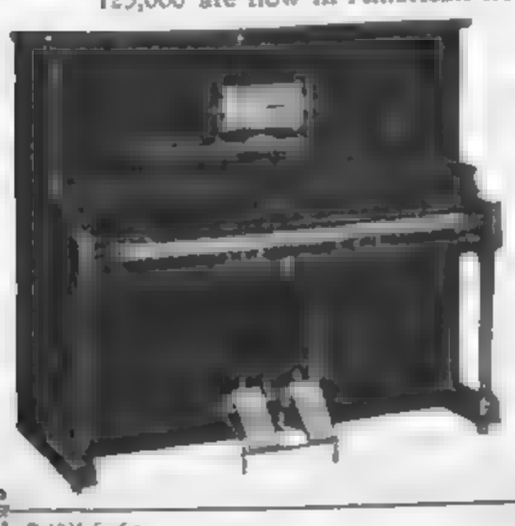

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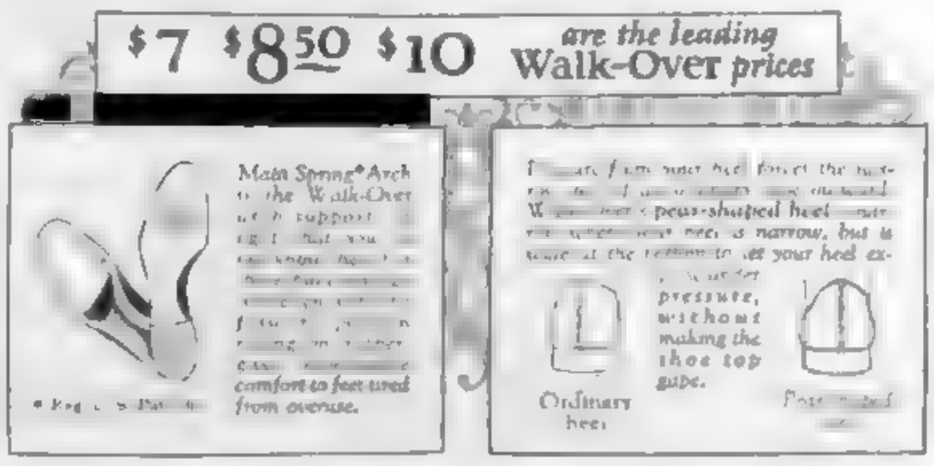
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A ROMAN FARMER, NEW STYLE

(Continued from Page 17)

of Italy's population. In fine, with Italy it is pretty nearly a case of wheat or nothing, so the government largely concentrates on that.

Wheat is raised throughout the kingdom, but under the most diverse conditions. A great deal of it, especially north from Rome to the Alps, is grown on a plan of share tenancy called *mezzadria*. Like much else in Italian agriculture, this plan goes back to ancient times. To put it in a word, the landlord furnishes the land and livestock, the tenant furnishes the labor, and they share the produce equally. There are endless variations in details; but capital from the landlord, labor from the tenant and an equal division of the yield are the leading characteristics.

Generally, under this scheme, each tenant family will be assigned a unit of land no larger than it can work by its own labor, but still large enough to keep the working members of the family fairly employed during the year. The size of the land unit will vary, of course, in accordance with the soil and with the sort of crops grown, those that require more labor being cut into smaller units. Thus I find a rule in Lombardy that to one man between eighteen and sixty-five years of age, in good health, or to two boys between fourteen and eighteen, there should be assigned about seven acres in the plains or foothills, provided cultivation is done by means of draft animals, or not much more than half that if it is done with the spade; but for vine cultivation in the hills the same man power should have about two and a half acres.

Sometimes, in other districts—but rarely, as far as I can make out—a share tenant may get as much as seventy acres and hire labor by the day or season to help him cultivate it. The outstanding rule, however, is what we would call a very small farm, or unit of land.

Share-Tenants' Earnings

Relations between landlord and tenant differ. Sometimes the landlord takes no part in or direction of farming operations, but simply hands each parcel over to a tenant to do as he pleases with it, provided the proceeds are equally shared. Scientific Italian observers note that this arrangement usually gives poor results. Again the landlord may take full charge, saying what shall be planted and how it shall be cultivated, the tenants practically working under him like hired hands. That plan, it is reliably reported, works more satisfactorily. Then, particularly since the war, there is a sort of joint management, landlord and tenants conferring and agreeing, or submitting their differences to arbitration.

In Tuscany, of which Florence was once the capital, share tenancy is perhaps more prevalent than in any other part of Italy. A native writer terms it the classic ground of *mezzadria*. Before the war a number of surveys in the modern sociological spirit were made of the results obtained under it there. The average conclusion from four investigations was that each working unit, taking one year with another, would receive an annual income of eighty-four dollars, reckoning the lira at par as it then was.

To this, the writers pointed out, must be added the indirect advantages of free lodging, the use of a poultry yard and vegetable garden, the gainful employment of weaker members of the family, and security of employment. These advantages were taken as equivalent to about $140 a year for each family. Thus, if the family comprised three working units, its income, reckoning in free lodging, use of poultry yard, vegetables, and so on, could be estimated at about $400 a year. Apparently all the writers regarded this as a quite satisfactory situation.

A similar postwar survey concludes that the average income of each working unit is about 1900 lire. On a gold basis that would be only seventy-six dollars, and as compared with eighty-four dollars before the war might be regarded as a decline. But domestic prices, especially in the country districts, are never really adjusted to the gold basis. No doubt 1900 lire at present is a bigger actual income to an Italian peasant than eighty-four dollars in gold would have been before the war. And all surveys of the sort mentioned above are at best only intelligent indications or suggestions. I use them because they suggest in brief form about what share tenancy comes to for the tenant.

The Peasants' Risings

It is noteworthy that the prewar investigators checked up their calculations by the going rate of wages for farm labor. In short, they estimated the income of the working share tenant as very little more than that of a farm laborer who was steadily employed. So it has been said that share tenancy of the usual Italian type is only another form of tilling the soil for wages, with the landlord relieved from the burdensome necessity of paying wages if crops fail. Historically, indeed, share tenancy evolved out of serfdom. But the share tenant has a direct interest in the output; often he has a considerable share in the management; he has permanent employment. On the whole, his status seems decidedly superior to that of the day laborer.

In the last years of the war, and especially in the postwar boom of 1919–1920, with very high prices for farm products, share tenants on the whole were notably prosperous. Many such families, I am reliably informed, received cash incomes of $500 a year, and in rarer cases even more, to say nothing of free lodging, poultry and vegetables. They put money in the bank, bought small holdings, or graduated into the superior class of cash tenants having capital enough to equip a farm with livestock, tools, and so forth.

As to whether or not, since the slump of 1920, they are much better off in the matter of mere income than they were before the war, I hear different opinions. In the absence of sound statistical evidence, nobody really knows. But on the whole, they are better off, because their position in relation to the landlords has been improved. It will be recalled that after the slump a good part of Italy went more or less on the loose. Riotous proceedings by city workmen were widely reported in the newspapers everywhere. There were equally riotous proceedings in the country, which are now referred to by the significant name of "peasants' risings." The name seems significant, because it is so reminiscent of the Middle Ages, especially of the famous peasants' risings in England in the fifteenth century, captained by Jack Cade. To a good many outside observers, Italy then seemed on the brink, with a vociferous army of reds and pinks striving, of course, to push her over. It is in memory of those crucial times that every American resident of Italy whom I have chanced to meet heartily wishes good luck to Mussolini and his Black Shirts, although perhaps mildly deprecating the harshness of some of their measures. One of those measures was the forcible administration of castor oil to the more pestiferous agitators—a harsh measure, certainly, yet effectual.

At any rate, partly as a result of the so-called peasants' risings, there was a general overhauling of the relations between share tenants and landlords, with the net effect of securing greater uniformity in the leases and of shifting some expenses from landlord to tenant; also, the tenant was made somewhat more secure in his holding. But in its outstanding features

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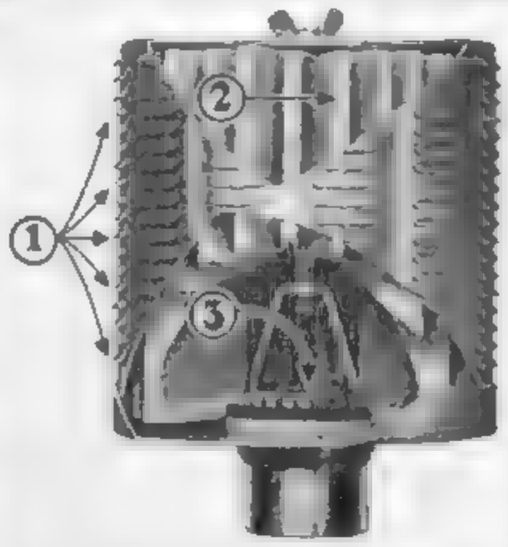

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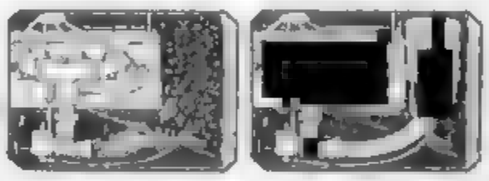

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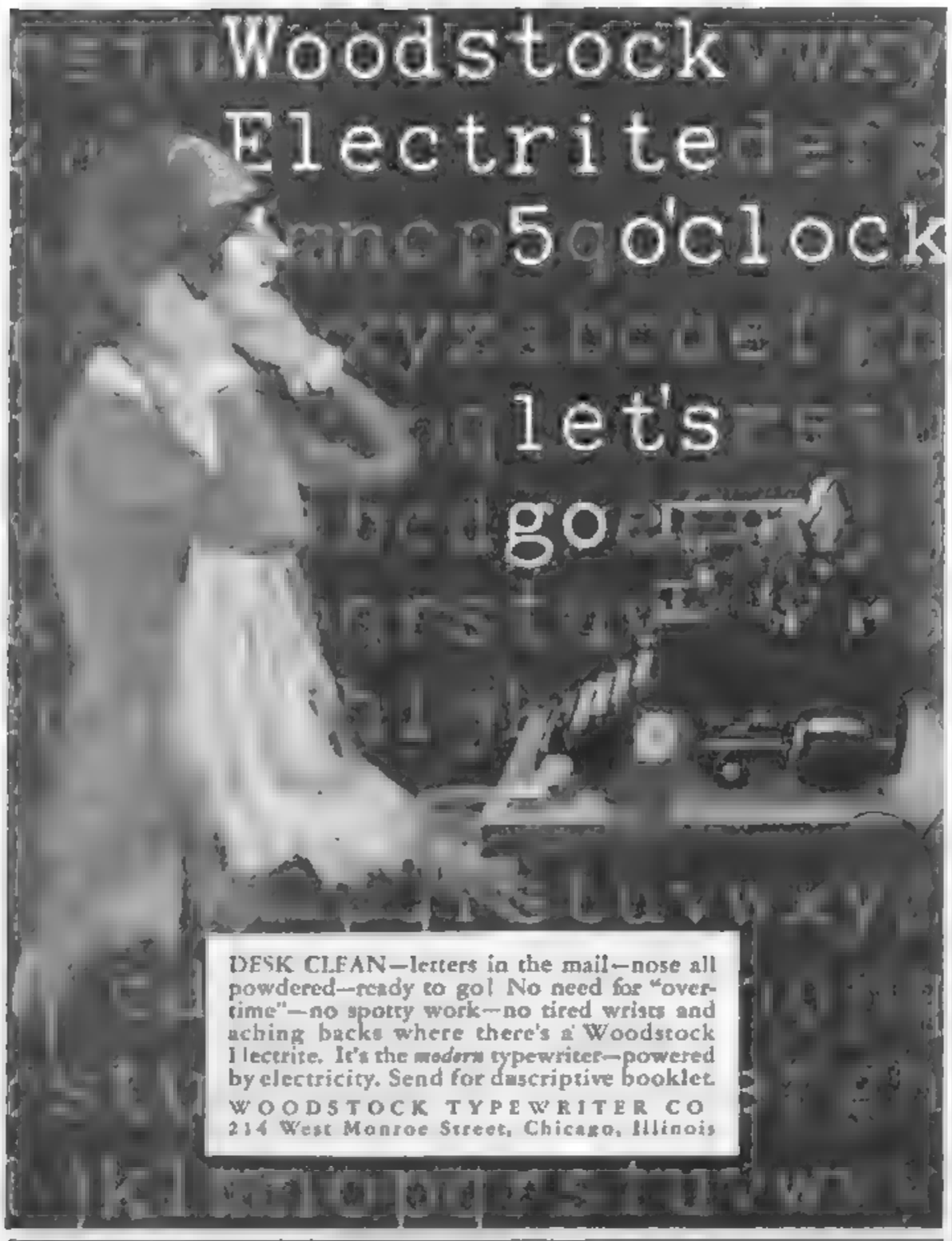
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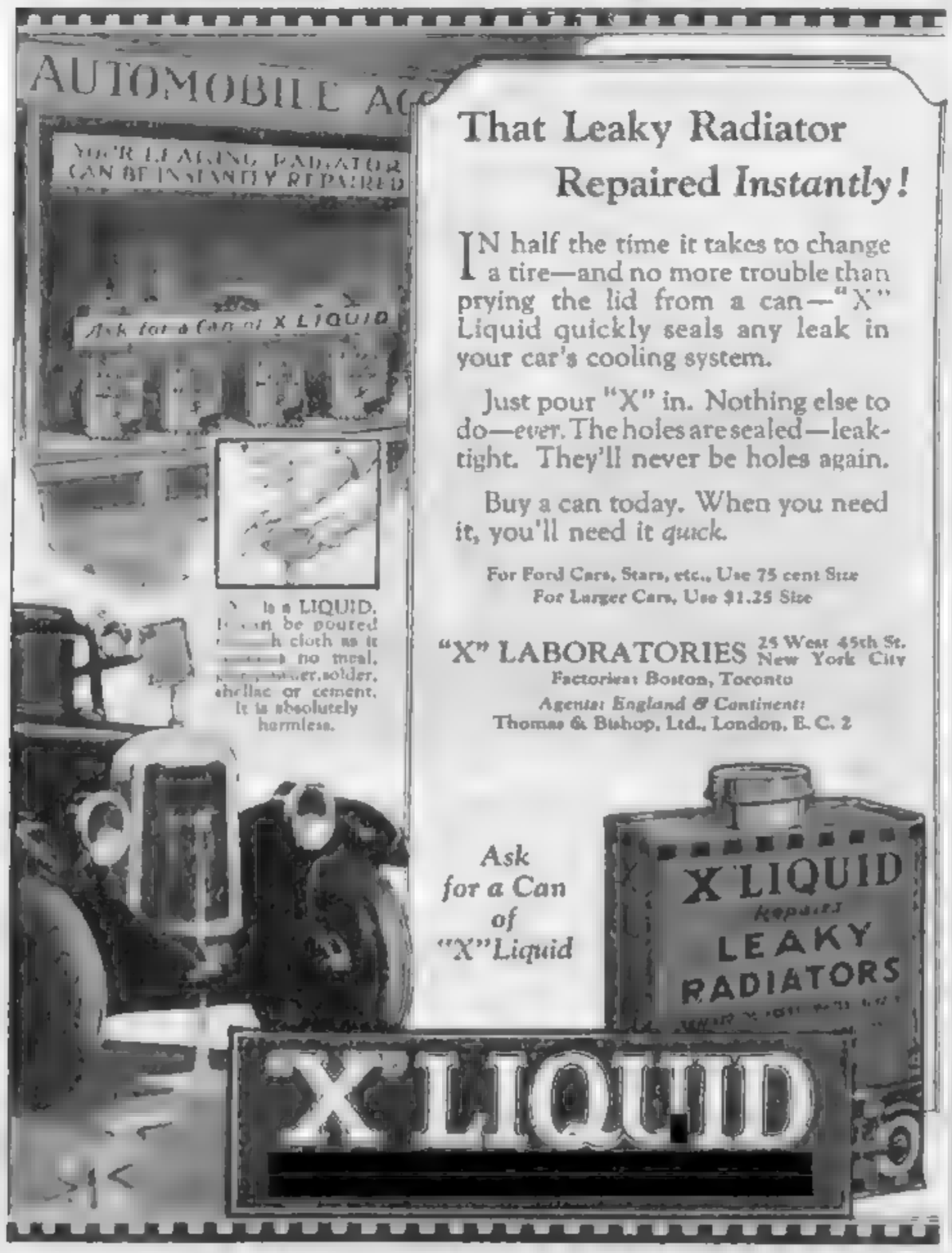
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the system was not changed. The basic thing is still capital from the landlord, labor from the tenant and an equal division of the product.

The latest census figures give 4,600,000 peasants who work on the land for wages and 1,600,000 who are share tenants. Those two categories make up the big item in the agricultural population. Among those classified as farm laborers for wages 1,700,000 are women. To any normally subjugated and oppressed American husband one of the pleasures of European travel arises from the evidence on every hand that the lower ranks of Continental society are uncontaminated by silly American notions about women. In looking over a standard form of lease, or renting agreement, adopted at the time referred to above, I find a clause providing that the tenant must give his time exclusively to the cultivation of the holding, but the women of his family are permitted to work outside at such times as there is no special need of their labor on the holding. Evidently afternoon tea and bridge were not within the purview of the framers of the lease.

At Milan, in the middle of a pleasant Sunday afternoon, I stepped into a public park and sat down near the monumental gate to watch the people. Presently a young Italian pair, male and female, came in, attracting my attention and that of other idlers because they were absorbed in animated, not to say impassioned, conversation. Oblivious of curious glances, they stalked across a circular graveled plaza and sat down on a bench directly opposite the main gate—that is, in the most conspicuous position in the whole park. I should say that 100 people on foot and in vehicles passed them every minute or two, and they were under the eyes of another 100 who occupied the benches around the circle.

The argument proceeded, however, quite as though they had been alone on a desert island. In a flouncing and contemptuous manner the lady turned her back on the gentleman. With a responsive movement, which may have been the result of long practice, the gentleman drew his right arm backward and delivered a sweeping slap, whose concussion sounded something like the popping of an inflated paper bag and whose impact rocked the lady's head perilously.

A good many people saw it and heard it; but beyond a slight curious stare, no one paid the least attention. The lady had recourse to tears and a handkerchief. The gentleman continued the argument, but evidently with little satisfaction, for a minute or two later he favored her with another crack on the head that would have been at least a one-bagger if her neck had not been firm. Again a few curious, cursory stares. A few minutes later the lady dried her eyes, put up her handkerchief and the couple walked out of the park in at least a less truculent attitude than they had entered it.

The Neapolitan Truck Gardens

I by no means inferred from this little episode that cuffing one's wife or lady friend is a common practice in Italy. But I did infer that if a man felt his wife or lady friend needed cuffing he had no scruple about administering the corrective in full public view, untroubled by a fear that some sentimental bystander might interfere in an affair that was really none of his business.

The census also shows 1,700,000 peasant proprietors who work their own land. There is no telling just how much land they own in the aggregate, or the average size of a holding. But a great many of their holdings are very small. Indeed, out of 4,600,000 parcels of agricultural land enumerated by the government, 3,275,000 are less than two and a half acres, and 4,369,000 are not more than ten acres. That leaves only about 250,000 parcels of more than ten acres; but those parcels comprise a big part of the total farm area.

There is no typifying Italian agriculture, even by regions. Big farms and little farms—indeed, all sorts of farms held by all sorts of tenure—can be found everywhere But the small proprietor who works his own land flourishes especially around Naples. Traveling from Rome to Naples in summer or fall, the first thing to strike one's eye is the verdant look of the country around the southern city as compared with the dun environs of the capital. The low and flat plain between Naples and Vesuvius is very intensively cultivated for ten miles or so back from the sea. This plain, with the same intensive cultivation, also extends beyond Vesuvius. The ruins of Pompeii look down on many acres of green and flourishing hand-nursed vegetation. Perhaps no more intensive cultivation is found anywhere.

Mostly it is what we call truck gardening, or market gardening. Vegetables are the chief product. I have seen big vegetable fields in Florida and California on flat surfaces that permitted a wide view, but at Naples I got the impression of having more green things to eat under my eye at one time than I had ever seen before. Perhaps the contrast of sea and mountain helped the illusion; perhaps it is the intensive cultivation; but one would say offhand that here were enough vegetables to feed a nation. After riding around this district even an hour, one must ever after marvel at the scarcity of vegetables in Italian menus.

Personally Conducted Plants

Of course there are no statistics; but these green fields around Naples must embrace a good many square miles, and they are no doubt owned and worked by some thousands of proprietors. Some of the proprietors live in town, but little dwellings are scattered everywhere among the fields, generally with a few trees around them.

I have mentioned the scarcity of rain around Rome for some five months of the year—the wrong months for agricultural purposes. Florida, for example, most sensibly takes her dry weather in the winter, when it pleases the tourists and doesn't much affect the crops. But the Italian dry season is the summer. The summer drought increases as you go south from Rome. All the vegetable fields at Naples are irrigated.

Two or perhaps three small rivers meander down the plain and furnish a limited water supply. The rest comes from wells. Every little while, from any road, you will see a small, patient donkey, hitched to a sweep, tramping round and round the stone wellhead and so working the irrigation system. The admirable little beasts seem to know their job, for I never saw a driver near one of them.

Many of these vegetable tracts are not more than an acre in extent. Except for the donkey, cultivation is altogether by hand. In fact, as an Italian authority on agriculture pointed out, the introduction of machinery would be a setback, for it would be impossible to cultivate a similar area by machinery and get as large a yield Each particular plant seems to be personally conducted from infancy to maturity.

It strikes an outsider, however, that there is a good deal of waste in this prodigal expenditure of labor. For example, the most common vehicle for heavy hauling is a ponderous cart, with timbers that look more suitable for a ship than for a land conveyance, and with two wheels seven feet high. I don't know what one of these contrivances may weigh when empty, but I don't remember ever to have seen anything made of wood that looked heavier When loaded, three small dispirited horses are hitched to it, one between the shafts and one at each side. The shaft horse is sure to be further burdened with an elaborate and ornamental collar, plated with tin and topped with a fancy tuft of leather or feathers

(Continued on Page 193)

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You pay nothing for the protection these checks offer. Ask your banker about this valuable service, also.

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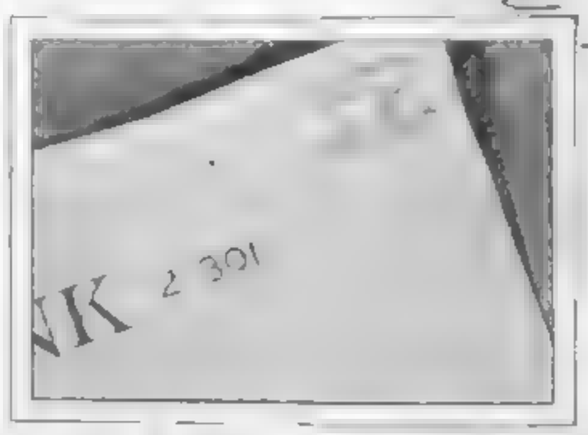

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"I Congratulate the Sherman's Patrons"

Irvin S. Cobb

IRVIN S. COBB

When the Psalmist spoke of "a great rock in a weary land," he might well have meant a good hotel. Possibly he had in mind one of the leading caravansaries of Bible times with its gaily-striped awnings and sleeping pallets resembling a cast-iron fire door. Had he known about hotels of the type of the new Sherman, he could have gone many steps farther without abusing the truth.

The man who provides a good hotel is a benefactor to the travelling stranger and a friend to the entire human race. I believe that the new hotel at Randolph and Clark Streets will prove a boon to the weary wayfarer in Chicago.

One of my main reasons for knowing that the proprietors have taste and intelligence is that they engaged Tony Sarg to design and decorate parts of the new hostelry. He is a master at things of that sort, and his selection is proof that new Hotel Sherman will be beautiful in decoration as well as fine in equipment.

I congratulate the Byfields and Frank Bering on their accomplishment. But more do I congratulate their patrons. They get the benefit.

Irvin S Cobb

TONY SARG

SAVING THE GUEST'S TIME

TIME is an important matter to every traveller. Under the system in force in the NEW HOTEL SHERMAN, a guest is assigned his room *immediately* under all ordinary circumstances. Early business appointments may be kept *on time*.

Registration is simplified. Clerks are attentive and well informed. Bellmen are numerous and well trained. Seventeen modern high-speed elevators eliminate waiting for lifts. The comfortable rooms are spick-and-span and ready for occupancy. Serving in every restaurant is alert and thorough. All along the line, the highly-developed NEW HOTEL SHERMAN organization anticipates the guest's desire for prompt service.

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THE COLLEGE INN, internationally famous for its cuisine and as a gathering place for notables, has Abe Lyman and his famous orchestra, as its musical attraction during the season of 1925-26.

THE BAL TABARIN, Chicago's most exclusive supper club, in its new home, the Marionette Room, decorated by Tony Sarg, features Johnny Hamp and Kentucky Serenaders, as its orchestra.

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MAKING THE GUEST AT HOME

NEW HOTEL SHERMAN demonstrates that a big hotel may at the same time be as homelike as one's own fireside. There are scores of features for the comfort and entertainment of guests.

The new main lobbies are so expansive that they never seem crowded. Furniture is placed in cosy groups after the European fashion. A new entrance on Randolph Street permits access directly to desk and elevators.

Women travelling alone find the special floor for women a most welcome arrangement. Another floor with special furniture and extra-long beds is set apart for tall guests. A special club-valet service assists "the man in a hurry."

Among the notable restaurants is the *Old Town Coffee Room*, a modern development of the early coffee houses. Decorated by Tony Sarg with a huge cartographer's map of Chicago in 1852, it is one of the show places of Chicago. It serves the famous HOTEL SHERMAN food at popular prices.

Then, too, there is a larger and handsomer Celtic Grill. Old patrons prefer the name to Main Restaurant chosen for the opening.

NEW HOTEL SHERMAN

RANDOLPH · CLARK · LAKE · & · LASALLE · STREETS · Chicago

(Continued from Page 190)

When the cart is fully loaded the driver and a friend climb up in front and a boy hops on behind. I could not find out why the invariable boy rides behind, unless to encourage the lean horses on upgrades; but on downgrades the friend walks behind the cart and pulls on a rope that operates the simple brakes. Surely there must be less laborious methods of cartage—at any rate less laborious for the horses. If it is only a laden donkey cart, pulled by an animal half again as big as a Newfoundland dog, there will usually be a human passenger, and sometimes two.

Early potatoes and some other vegetables raised here are shipped nearly all over Western Europe. Sometimes the potatoes are planted under grapevines. Apparently the general idea is to make the ground grow as many things as possible at the same time. But recently the big crop has been tomatoes, and I am credibly informed that in the past two years canning tomatoes has become one of the leading industries of Southern Italy. When you remember that Southern Italy comprises a large and populous country, the statement that tomato canning is now one of the leading industries gives a suggestion as to the industrial situation generally.

An American pricks up his ears at hearing that an important part of the output of Neapolitan tomato canneries is shipped to the United States. Of canned tomatoes and a sort of tomato concentrate, or essence, more than 36,000,000 pounds, valued at more than $2,000,000, was exported to the United States in 1923. In 1924 the corresponding figures were more than 70,000,000 pounds and nearly $4,000,000

It seemed when I was there that shipments for 1925 would exceed those of the preceding year. But it is a comfort to know that the canning, sealing and labeling are all done by American machinery and most of the cans are made of American tin plate.

The volume of exports to the United States indicates that tomato canning brings an important sum of money into the district every year, but those who have studied the subject agree that the grower gets decidedly less of it than he should because his tomatoes usually pass through an unconscionable number of middlemen. I am told that one unfortunate cartload was actually traced through fifteen intermediate hands. Invariably, I believe, the tomatoes are loaded in wooden crates on the farm and carted to town in some such conveyance as I have described. The farthest farm can hardly be more than ten miles from the city, and the nearest ones are practically at its door. Marketing ought to be simple.

The Mystery of Naples

There is, however, a venerable and rather mysterious organization, or ring, for the handling of farm produce in the city—founded on the principle that where money is so scarce, as many people as possible ought to get a little nip at every piece of coin that circulates. Persons in a position to know tell me that if a grower exhibits an untoward disposition to break away from the established order and do his marketing in a more direct manner, some persuasive emissary of the ring, or organization, will undoubtedly visit him to point out that the old ways are the best ways and he will stick to them if he knows when he is well off. They say life may be made very uncomfortable for a grower who doesn't heed the warning. If he conforms, as he almost always does, his vegetables are passed on from one circle to another of the ring, each taking its small nip.

If you spend even a week in Naples this account of the matter will sound quite plausible to you. For a long while, until within a year, this was the most populous city in Italy. On the last count Milan was a little ahead; but Naples contains 750,000 people, and if you discover anybody in it who can even approximately solve for you the mystery of how they all live, you will be luckier than I have been. Milan fairly explains itself at a glance, with its factories and brisk air. An industrial town, you say. Naples has the tomato canneries that I have mentioned and a considerable output of coarse cotton cloth. One chain of cotton mills employing 10,000 hands is, I believe, the leading industrial concern. But deducting 10,000 from 750,000 leaves a good many over who are not engaged in manufacturing or in agriculture. Naples, of course, is an important seaport, but one of its chief exports is cheese—a good deal of it made in the north and sent down for oversea trade; some of it made locally from goats' milk—but even 250,000 people cannot live by exporting cheese.

Via Roma is the chief thoroughfare leading back from the water front. Walking along it away from the bay, you will see at short intervals at your left—every sixty or seventy feet, I should say—a long, fairly straight street leading upward to the hills in the background. It will be paved with big blocks of hewed granite, with no sidewalks, and only a dozen feet wide. The buildings on either side will be seven and eight stories high, with many balconies, from which, here and there, the week's washing will hang in a manner to remind you of Harlem.

Fresh Milk

For a short distance from Via Roma there may be shops that seem to have an eye to tourist trade, but you quickly leave all that and get into a native region that was obviously not intended for tourists. All these tall buildings that make the narrow street chasmlike are human hives. A numerous family in one room is by no means the exception. Those on the lower floors appear to live largely in the street itself. On the ground floor, wide-open doors disclose various domestic scenes. Toward the upper end you will be quite sure to pass a herd of ten or a dozen goats lying on the stones at the side of the street. Perchance you will see one or two contentedly browsing at a freshly dumped heap of green litter; or you may see a man squatting beside one of the fruitful animals milking it. A peddler with a can of goat's milk passes by, whistling. There is a hail from above. A head and a basket appear at an upper window. The basket is lowered by a rope, a coin is taken out of it, a can of milk put in, and the housewife hauls it up by the rope.

But here we must note the remorseless march of improvement. Up to a few years ago, I am told, it was the common practice to drive the goat upstairs and milk it at the customer's door, or even to send it up to be milked by the customer; but now fashion quite favors the newfangled mode of hauling the milk up with a rope. No telling what may happen next. In some sort or other the 750,000 people live—not only live but seem mostly quite happy about it. But the general principle is that if a piece of coin appears anywhere as many people as possible ought, in good conscience, to have a nip at it.

You will discover that principle soon enough if you appear among them with the instantly recognized earmarks of an American, for there will always be two men, and often three or four, offering to do for you what one man could easily accomplish—in fond hopes of a small tip. Their eagerness for tips leads thoughtless Americans to call them greedy; but the word hardly applies, for a few cents really satisfies them—although they will very likely look broken-hearted and grumble in the expectation of another lira. It takes a hard heart to begrudge them four cents. In fact, it is still a source of immortal regret that, one porter in the Naples railroad station having our bags, I meanly refused to let another porter carry a walking stick, an umbrella and a light overcoat. In the smattering of shattered English at his

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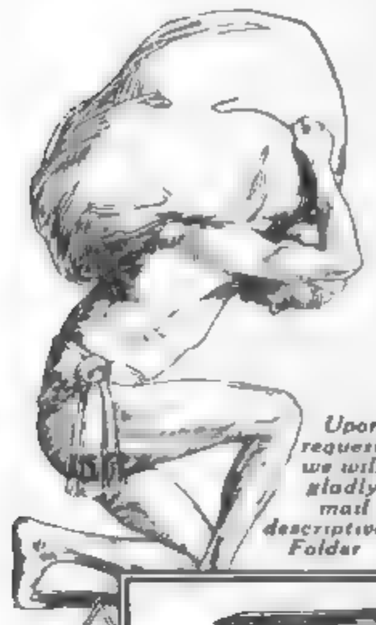

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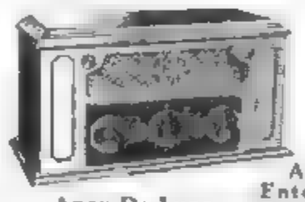

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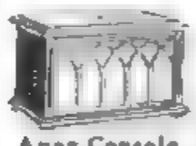

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command he argued eloquently all the way down the long platform that with two porters I was sure to get good seats in the train, while with only one we might have to ride the bumpers. Finally he offered to run ahead and meet the train—about at Salerno, I inferred—and seize upon the very best seats for me. Eight cents was as much as he could reasonably have expected.

Why do Americans go to Europe anyway? That larger question is more or less implied in the smaller one: Why are the so-called slums of New York merely depressing while the same thing in Naples, only far bigger, dirtier, messier and more crowded, is so interesting that you will contentedly wander about it a couple of hours? Maybe those sentimental Americans who deplore our restriction of South Italian immigration hope that such immigrants would in time create properly extensive, squalid and picturesque slums in all large American cities, thereby saving us the expense and bother of foreign travel.

There is a daily boat service from Naples across the bay to Sorrento and Capri. The inshore waters are not shallow; quite large ships come within two or three rods of the land. Undoubtedly the management of such a boat service in America would, to begin with, build docks, for the outlay would not be large. But there are no docks for the trans-bay boats at Naples or Sorrento or Capri. The boat lies three or four rods offshore. Passengers are conveyed to and from it in skiffs. Usually a dozen of them are employed at each of the three landing places. It is cheaper to hire rowers than to build a small dock.

There is much big farming also in the Neapolitan region, mainly east of the mountains. In a general sort of way it is much the same as the big farming around Rome—and "general sort of way" is as near as you can get with any broad statement about Italian agriculture, for details differ from district to district, and even in the same district. But in that general sort of way big farming increases as you go south until, in Sicily, it comprises perhaps two-thirds of the whole.

Enchanted or Not

Doubtless you already know from the report of many eulogistic travelers, both before and after Goethe, that Sicily is an enchanted island; but I am able to add that your opinion as to who enchanted it will depend strictly upon what part of it you visit. Travelers generally confine their observations to the verdant and varied seacoast regions; but most of the wheat is raised in the interior, and an explorer of the interior will encounter, at least, the following handicaps:

First, few roads, so that most of his traveling must be done on horseback; second, no hotels or inns, so that he must rely upon the hospitality of the inhabitants for food and lodging; third, longish stretches in which there is no water fit to drink; fourth, in some parts, a considerable degree of insecurity, so that prudent natives carry a shotgun when going out at night; fifth, and most important of all, an ever-present scourge of malaria that makes a large part of the plains on which wheat is raised practically uninhabitable, the farm laborers living in towns or large villages on the hills and traveling back and forth morning and evening. Often the journey requires two or even three hours at both ends of the day, and in summer a start is made at two o'clock A.M.

After mentioning these handicaps, I hope it is not necessary to add that my account of the interior of Sicily is taken at second-hand and long range. It is taken, however, from unimpeachable Italian sources. In praiseworthy pursuit of agricultural and sociological knowledge, many trained observers have explored the ground; but as far as I find, they chose the coolest and least malarial months of the year for the task—certainly not the early fall, when I was in Italy.

As I have said before, big farms worked by hired labor, which the Italians still call by their classical name of *latifundia*, are found in all the provinces. They go back, of course, to the times of imperial Rome, or even beyond. But Sicily is still their particular stronghold. One investigation showed more than 1,700,000 acres owned by 787 persons; but of these, 614 were comparative pikers, holding not more than 2500 acres each. The remaining 173 owned, in round numbers, 900,000 acres.

As to the general result, a scientific Italian writes:

"At long distances from each other stand the villages and the towns in which the population is collected, for the most part built on a hill or on some isolated peak, almost inaccessible and always in a position strategically favorable. Round the towns and villages there is a belt cultivated intensively in orchards and gardens. But between these belts of intensive cultivation, which seem like oases in a desert, stretches the wide and barren country where *latifundia* rules."

Weeding the Wheat

"Here the eye ranges for miles without finding a single house or tree. At long intervals arise the mansions of the feudal lords, forerunners of the present owners of *latifundia*, and around them a few straw huts or a few trees. The silence is broken now and then by the notes of birds, the barking of dogs, the braying of asses or the cries of the plowman encouraging his oxen, his head tied in a red handkerchief to keep off sun and wind. Country roads for wheeled traffic are very few or altogether wanting. Pack transport is thus the rule, and long strings of mules or horses, tied eight together, one behind the other, are to be seen at harvest time crossing the fields with a mounted escort of armed guardians."

I have a photograph of a Sicilian town containing 7000 inhabitants, nearly all of whom, of working age and disposition, are employed by one man, who owns the town and everything else in sight. Only for a short time at harvest do the peasants sleep on the plains, and then usually in temporary straw huts. There is almost no rain for nearly five months in the long summer. In spite of these disadvantages, Sicily raises more than a tenth of the total Italian wheat crop, with an average yield of eleven bushels to the acre.

They do not spare labor, such as it is. Often big wheat fields are weeded by hand as we weed flower beds; and I was presented with a photograph of a large group of laborers who were hoeing by hand a big field of a coarse sort of beans. The men in this picture received a daily wage of eight lire, or thirty-two cents, plus a moderate allowance of the native wine and coarse bread that makes a larger part of their diet. This, no doubt, is the lowest agricultural wage in Italy.

The government would like to break up the Sicilian *latifundia* and get the land into the hands of its tillers. But the absence of roads and of farm buildings, the scarcity of fit drinking water in many districts, and above all the presence of malaria, which makes living on the farm lands almost out of the question, present an exceedingly difficult problem. Under such conditions one could hardly expect to find a really progressive population. They multiply, however, and Sicily sends out a constant stream of emigrants. Formerly the United States was their principal goal. Now they go to Northern Italy, to France, or where there is a demand for unskilled labor.

In other parts of Italy government-aided coöperation has done something in the way of breaking up *latifundia*, or at least of giving the tillers a more direct interest in the output. In a good many cases coöperative associations of farm laborers have taken over large farms, almost always on a lease, sometimes paying the landlord a cash rent, but more often

(Continued on Page 197)

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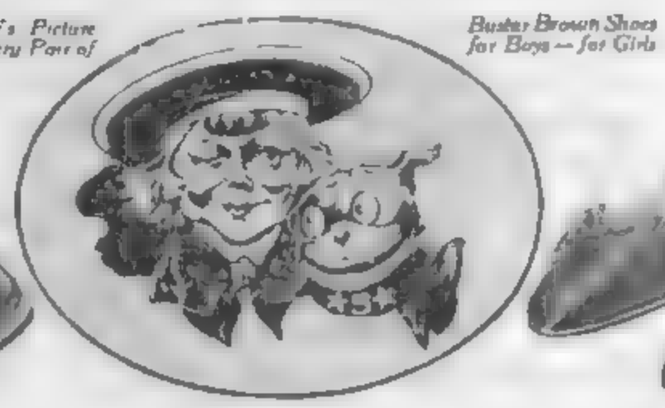

(Continued from Page 194)

sharing the product with him on the *mezzadria* principle. This movement got its real impetus after the war. Italian students of the subject seem generally to hope for important results from it in the way, at least, of transforming many day laborers into share tenants. But it is impossible to get even the roughest approximation of the extent to which it has actually been put in practice.

There is a great deal of agricultural coöperation of one sort or another in Italy—not only landholding or land-leasing societies but credit associations, purchasing associations, marketing associations, stock-breeding societies, and so forth. A curious kind of coöperative cheese making that goes back to the Middle Ages is still found in the north. In its most primitive form the coöperators bring their milk on a certain day to the house of one member whose family make it into cheese; on a following day all the milk will be brought to the house of another member, until every member has had his day's supply of milk and made it into cheese. Cooperative landholding or land leasing proceeds on two plans. Under the first, the farm is treated as a unit and managed collectively by a council of the farmers; under the second, the farm is set off in parcels and each man measurably does his own managing.

An American woman residing in Italy remarked that the Neapolitan commonly refers to his fellow citizen of the north as a blockhead, while the northerner returns the compliment by calling his southern compatriot a loafer. But when I repeated that to a male American who also has lived many years in Italy, he said, "Not really. Those terms are only the most ladylike euphemisms for what northerner and southerner call each other." Of course Italy became one nation only the other day, historically speaking. Centuries of pretty constant strife between the principalities into which it was formerly split have left their mark.

Where Living Is Cheap

A not insignificant portion of the population of Rome and Florence, by the way, seems to be composed of Americans, predominantly women, who candidly confess that they stay on because living is much cheaper than in the United States. Three quite satisfactory house servants, I find, may be had at twenty dollars a month—not apiece but for all three—plus board and lodging; and they have never heard of such a thing as a day or an afternoon off every week.

Rents have been going up lately, but I was offered a really handsome villa in Florence at $150 a month -and would have taken it on the spot if the owner had agreed to ship it to Florida for me.

The government ought to win its battle of wheat. Increasing the average yield for the country by only three or four bushels an acre would turn the trick, and the best cultivated fields give yields four times the average for the kingdom. There is a good deal of conservatism to be overcome, however—from the handmade wooden plow that is still used for lighter tillage in Sicily to some medieval cheese making up in the foothills of the Alps. When 20,000,000 Italians get their living directly out of the soil, it is probably not in good taste for an American—with all the haphazard, wasteful tillage at home—to criticize their methods; yet it must strike an outsider that there is room for some improvement.

Dear Land and Cheap Labor

For one thing, Italy is favorably situated for the cultivation of fruit, but I have never seen so much poor fruit for sale anywhere else. Of course, there is some good fruit; but the great quantity of inferior stuff suggests bad husbandry. Also, there might be improvement in the matter of transportation. For instance, they can and do raise very good oranges at Sorrento, but at Rome, five hours away——

"You don't really mean," said the lady from California, in a voice trembling with emotion, "that you are going to give me that orange! A whole orange! Why, it's like giving away a Raphael! We've been in Italy five weeks, looking for an orange."

The orange in question was one of a small—all too small—basket brought up from Sorrento in view of the dearth at the capital. With a rather grand gesture we did give the Californian a whole one—and regretted it two days later. An outsider may hold that with all its possibilities in the fruit line Italy could do better.

Italy reports by far the largest area in vines of any country in Europe—two and a half times as many acres as France, which comes next. But France produced one-third more gallons of wine. No doubt this is because so much of Italy's vineyards is planted also to other crops; in fact, four-fifths of the total vine area grows something besides vines. Perhaps this pushes the soil too hard. No end of labor is expended. Mile after mile of vines grow on steep hillside terraces that are built up and faced with solid masonry; but neither the grapes nor the wine are, as a rule, of high quality. The vines grow in all sorts of ways—sometimes on poles ten feet high, sometimes draped along a row of trees——

"You can't judge us by America," said an Italian authority on agriculture. "The conditions are opposite. You have plenty of land and dear labor. We have little land and more hands than we know what to do with."

A scarcity of resources and a superabundance of people explains a good many things in Italy.

A Scene Near Port Austin, Michigan

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"Outlast the Factory"

Big Business
Is Built on Kreolite Floors

They are laid with the tough end-grain uppermost from thoroughly seasoned timbers and will withstand the maximum of rough use and abuse.

Regardless of conditions, they are recognized as the ultimate in toughness, strength, endurance, economy, and service.

Kreolite engineers will study your floor needs and make recommendations without any obligation on your part.

Write for details.

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Toledo, Ohio
Branches in All Large Cities
Kreolite Floors are installed without interrupting production

FLOORS

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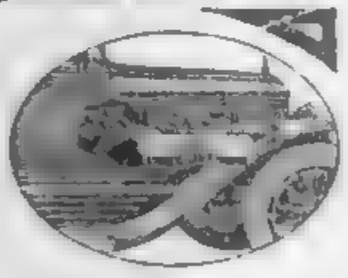

The Perfect Heater
for All Makes of Cars
Fully Protected by Basic Patents

A FEW dollars—and an hour or so of time! That is all it takes to make your car cozily warm for winter driving. Why suffer cold—inconvenience—and actual danger when comfort and safety are so easily secured. A Francisco Auto Heater furnishes abundant warmth—consistently. The heat begins when the motor starts and is supplied in ample volume at low speeds.

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Francisco Heaters for 6 and 8 cylinder cars cost approximately one-half the price asked for other makes of heaters—and they are guaranteed to deliver fully three times as much heat.

Ford models retail at $1.00. Models for 4 cylinder cars range from $5.00 to $10.00. Models for 6 and 8 cylinder cars are $10.00

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THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER CO., Dept. 26, Columbus, O. Dept. 26, Hamilton, Ont.

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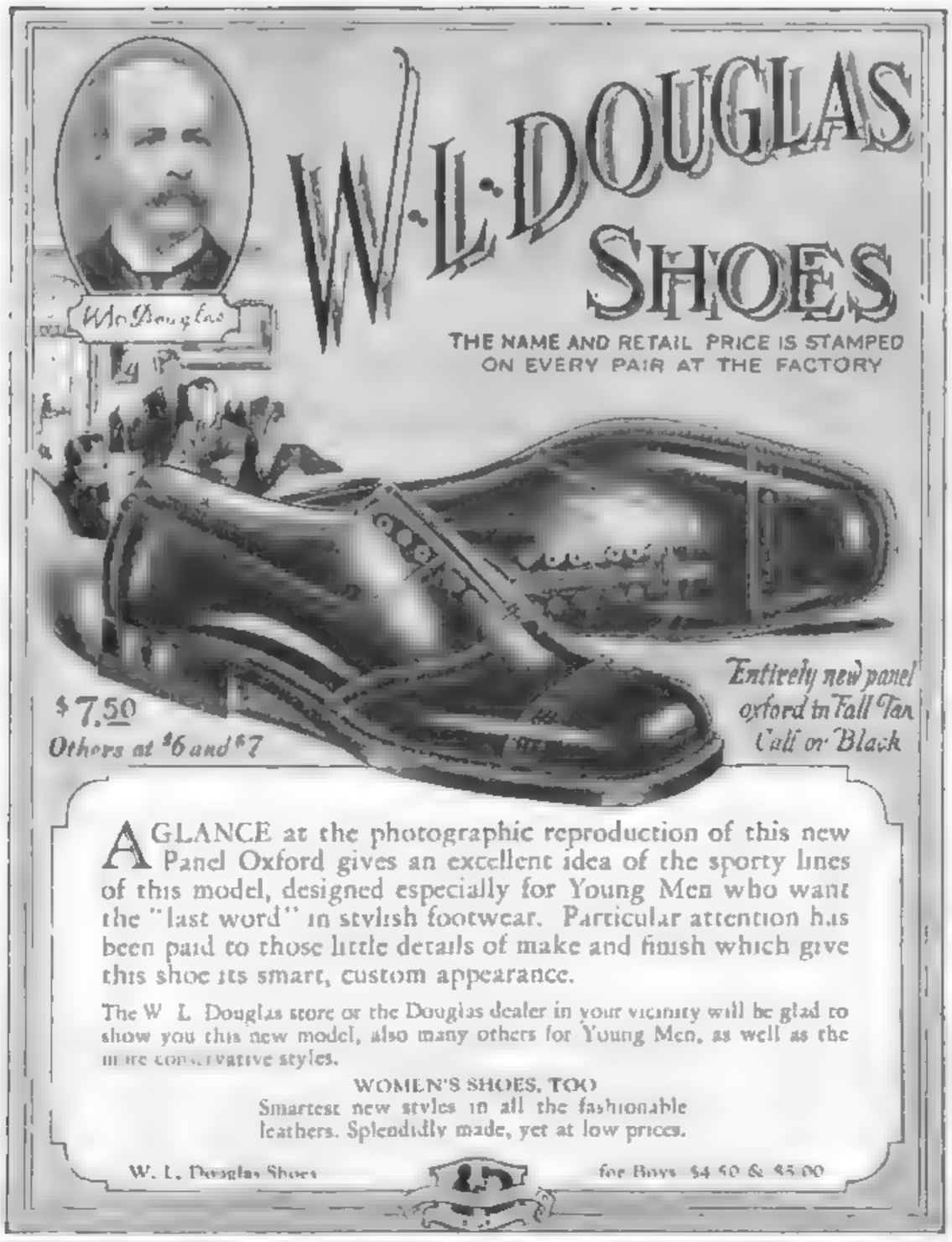
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Entirely new panel oxford in Tall Tan Calf or Black
A GLANCE at the photographic reproduction of this new Panel Oxford gives an excellent idea of the sporty lines of this model, designed especially for Young Men who want the "last word" in stylish footwear. Particular attention has been paid to those little details of make and finish which give this shoe its smart, custom appearance.
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Some territories for both jobbers and retailers still open. Write
PATHÉ PHONOGRAPH AND RADIO CORPORATION
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A MILLION JUST AHEAD!

(Continued from Page 23)

over a certain district and make a report on it. Or he is a resident of a mining community, following up a theory regarding the continuation of some well-worked vein in the hope of striking it at a point that is not covered by claims. Or a mining engineer who has noticed a certain topography and figured in his own mind that because of the various dikes and formations which exist, there should be minerals there. But all those matter-of-fact things did not pertain in the old days, with the result that all mineral-bearing land was filled with men whose claim to fame existed in the fact that they might be poor today and rich tomorrow; children of fortune whose assertions could not be denied for the simple reason that to do so would necessitate the gift of prophecy. The remainder of that army still wanders the hills, old now, gray now, stooped and bent now. But the lure, the passion is still as fierce as ever.

One night at sunset my pack outfit dipped over a hill of sage and came down into the remains of what once was the teeming town of Vulcan, where a big mine had been, and a smelter and a mill: but desertion has done its work now. Where there had been the usual dance halls and the usual saloons, and the usual by-products of mining—which seemed to run greatly to drinking and gambling and women, judging from the usual remains of a defunct mining camp—were now only so many buildings in various stages of decay, the mud roofs of the log cabins broken away in yawning patches, windows gaping, doors standing open. House hunters of the day, we rode the various lines of cabins and selected our abode for the night.

Then, as the pack horses one by one gave up their burdens and moved forth to the grassy streets to roll, we halted for a moment in our labors, to observe that we were not alone.

An old man was approaching from far at the other end of the squalid deserted village. A gaunt man, a bent man, leaning upon a lengthy homemade staff of aspen; a man who moved slowly, laboriously, and when he approached within hailing distance displayed himself as ghastly pale except for his lips, and these were blue, as though he had used theatrical grease paint on them. He grunted and sighed as he walked, his watery eyes peering at us as though they saw only through a film. At last he sank on an adjacent doorstep.

Before and After Eating

"Been prospeckin' a little around here. Goin' to camp here tonight?" he asked, after he'd told us his name.

We nodded to our dismantled equipment in obvious answer. A thin, shaking hand rose to the blue lips and rubbed them in quivering fashion.

"Mighty glad o' that," he said. "You wouldn't mind me grubbin' with you? A feller said he'd bring me some grub a week or so ago, but he never done it. Last Thursday I got pretty hungry, so I dug some worms an' walked four miles over to Beaver Creek an' stayed all night there. Caught eleven fish. Been livin' on 'em ever since"—the lean hand shook at the blue lips again—"but they're all gone now."

"Poor devil!" I muttered as I helped Charlie, our horse wrangler, lift the last pannier from the back of his beloved Big Major. But Charlie only grunted.

"Wait till he gets th' wrinkles out of his belly!" he prophesied. I obeyed.

An hour later the old-timer pushed back his chair from the commandeered table of a commandeered, deserted log cabin, and with the air of a connoisseur raised a gift cigar between two very stiff fingers. He lighted it and puffed slowly, as though testing the grade of the tobacco. He blew a billow of smoke toward the newspaper-decorated ceiling, then turned upon us his weak blue eyes.

"Tell you right now," he said, "'twouldn't take much to bring this country back around here. No, sir-ree! 'Course, it's shet down now, but then that wouldn't mean nothin'. Why, do you know, I've seen th' time when these hills around here was just black with prospectors, grubbin' in the sage for surface indications. Good ore, too—if they'd only known where to look for it." He waved a hand to indicate the whole sagebrushed mesa land lying gray and glowering about us in the blackness of an approaching storm, the black outlines of a fire-gutted mill upon the hill, the slanting building which housed the disused smelter. "An' everything'll come right back, too, the minute there's the slightest start. There's a couple of School of Mines boys goin' to retimber that old shaft up there, and if they do, just you watch this district!"

I looked out the grimy window at the slatternly cabins, the careened buildings, the ancient dance halls and saloons.

"Suppose it does come back," I asked. "what of it?"

Seeing Gold

"What of it?" The eminent old-timer pounded his staff upon the ancient floor. "Why, this here was one of the best little towns of its size in Colorado. We had dance halls here an' everything. An' this district was one of th' best, too, an' don't you let anybody fool you. I've got a dozen or more claims staked out around here, an' there ain't one of 'em, if it was worked right, that wouldn't make a man independent rich!"

Shortly afterward he left us flat, stumbling along with his staff and mumbling to himself through those theatrical blue lips. Charlie winked a knowing eye.

"Didn't I tell you?" he asked. "Iron th' wrinkles out o' their bellies an' they all sing different. Wouldn't sell you none of them claims, either, for less'n a million. Don't I know?"

Again I looked out the window at a decrepit little wreck of a town, huddled now, it seemed, in its attempt to escape the fury of slashing wind and driving rain; a miserable, piteous excuse for a town, where men at best could exist only until they gained the money to hurry elsewhere; a town without home possibilities, without comforts, without anything save the rudest of frontier accouterments.

"But why anybody should be thrilled at the idea of bringing a place like this to life——"

Charlie grunted—he who had been reared in the companionship of such men as our old friend, he who had lived in a log-cabin town himself.

"Say, it ain't the town," he announced. "He don't even know it's here. Most of 'em"—then Charlie goggled his eyes and made a motion toward his forehead—"most of 'em's touched a little bit up here. From bein' alone so much an' in the high country. An' from lookin' for gold so long that by now it's stickin' out of every rock. An' from holdin' on to it."

Jack Nankervis, busy with the dishes, looked up.

"Funny about 'em that way, isn't it?" he asked. "Crazy to get somebody to take hold of their property—until somebody really wants it."

"Then nobody can have it," announced Charlie, with a new goggling process on his wide eyes. "Say, there was the Dutchman over by the Lake Pass. You know, that last cabin we passed before we hit the willows? Where that mine dump was? Well, that was the Dutchman's. Used to pretty near starve to death there, grubbin' around in his tunnel and gettin' something to eat when he could—an' not eatin' half the time. Then along comes a man from Denver an' stays all night with him, and looked at his ore an' got all fed up on how rich the mine was an' everything. An' just as a favor to

(Continued on Page 201)

Waiting for *You, Now*
In Southern California

A great and glorious sunshine, the answering smiles of gorgeous flowers and fresh green hillsides, the green and gold of orange groves, the majesty of snow-capped peaks, the aged dignity of old Spanish Missions, and both winter and summer sports combined as the world has joined them nowhere else.

COME to this world-famous playground if you want to learn the true meaning of the words "vacation," "recreation," "relaxation," "rest."

Southern California's smiling countryside truly invites all the world to come and play or rest, and offers every method, every mode, to suit every preference and every whim.

To those who seek rare beauty there are the unforgettable views from Smiley Heights in Redlands, the panorama of Santa Monica Bay from the Palos Verdes, the sweep of the mountains and the sea at Santa Barbara, the miles of orange groves on either side of the lovely Santa Ana Canyon, the orchards of date palms in the Coachella Valley and a score of other charms that make the Southern California landscape the most inspiring of any that you've ever seen.

To those who wish activity there are mountains to climb on foot, or horseback (or even by trolley); golf to play on famous courses, tennis on championship courts or, within an hour from the time you leave a warm green valley, skating, tobogganing and skiing 6,000 feet above sea level in real snow—winter sports and summer pastimes only a few miles apart. Such is the *variety* of this strange land!

Yes, you can cover all of Southern California in a motor car, *traveling 5,000 miles on paved boulevards as smooth as city streets*, incomparable scenery stretching out in all directions, wherever you may look.

Here a moving picture troupe in costume is glimpsed "on location"; there in the center of a busy city a band of campers, their cars loaded with their outfits—off to the wilderness. The unusual, the unique, everywhere you turn. You are constantly surprised, delighted—your interest never lags, you never tire.

So if you are seeking *change*, you are seeking Southern California this winter, for Southern California is the one place in the world where you can see and do these different things.

Plan it now. Mail coupon below for illustrated booklet. Ask your nearest railroad ticket agent to tell you more about it.

Living costs are low here—rates at hotels, boarding houses or for furnished bungalows are very reasonable.

Come via Los Angeles. Return by way of Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle, or Vancouver and Victoria. *See the Great West in one glorious trip.*

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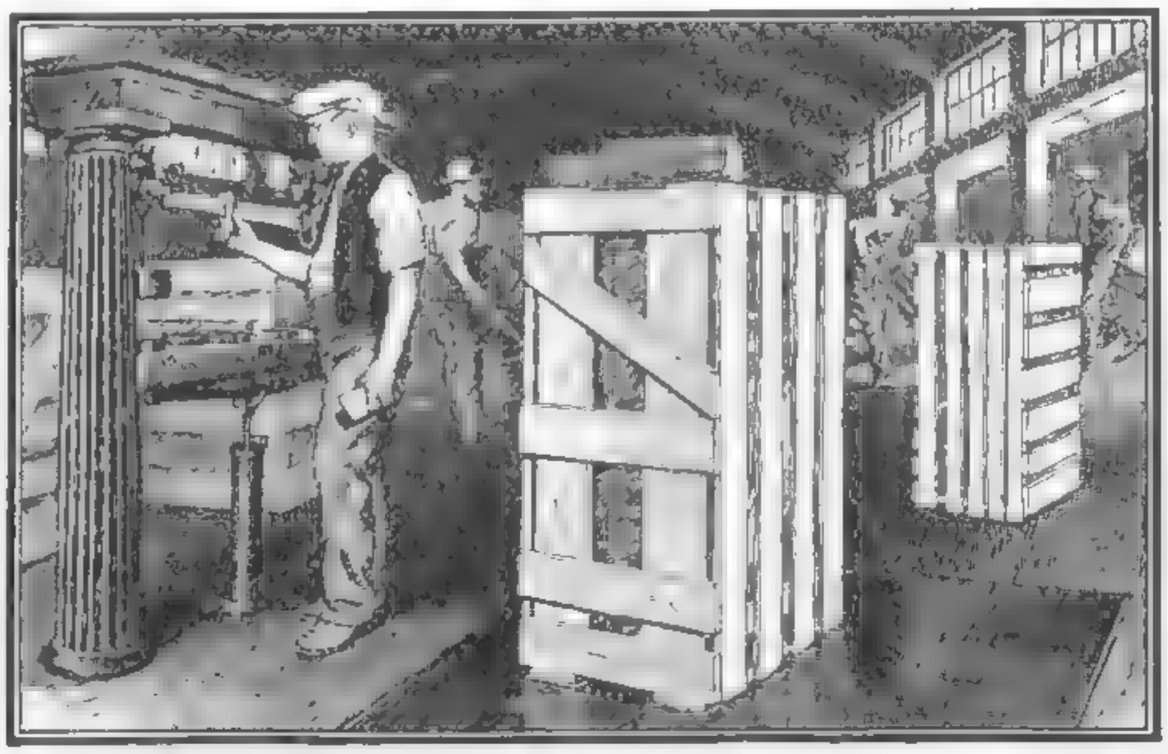

Every Shipper who is hunting for Savings in the Cost of doing Business will read this Message

What is Crating Lumber?

THREE items of cost go into every crate or box used by a manufacturer in shipping his goods:

Lumber to make the crate.
Labor to make the crate.
Freight cost on the *weight of the crate*.

In this last item, *freight costs*, there is often a very substantial saving to be made by *more informed choice* of crating lumber.

Here are three instances that illustrate the point. They are taken from the note books of the Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers. Hundreds of others could be cited. The names of these clients are not cited here but we shall be glad to furnish them on request.

Instance No. 1—Wood formerly used an excellent wood but too heavy for crating light shipments. Cratesre-designed using Weyerhaeuser White Pine. Weight saving of 82 pounds on each unit shipped. Average freight rate, $1.00 per hundred. Money saved by lighter and better crate, 82 cents per unit.

Instance No. 2—Another instance of a light commodity crated with a cheap but far too heavy wood. New crate design recommended using light weight Weyerhaeuser Cedar. The Cedar cost $6.50 per thousand feet *more* than the wood formerly used. But the freight saving came to $11.00 per thousand feet. Net saving, $4.50 for every thousand feet of lumber used—a total of $2,700 saving per year.

Instance No. 3—For this heavy export case, Weyerhaeuser Fir and Larch furnished the necessary strength and still saved 210 pounds per case over wood formerly used. Freight rate 96 cents per hundred. Rate of shipment, 25 export cases per day—money saving with Fir and Larch about $19.00 per day—or $5,700 per year.

NOW please note: All of the savings noted above were due entirely to the lighter weight of the crating lumber selected in place of the lumber formerly used.

But that is only part of the story. It does not take into account the savings in labor. These Weyerhaeuser Crating Lumbers work more easily and with less splitting.

There is also a saving in waste. You buy a uniform grade, all of which is usable.

And beyond that there was in each instance a saving in the quantity of lumber required. Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are specialists in crate design. In most instances they can show how to make a better crate with *less* lumber.

The shipper who is looking for a supply of the *right kind* of crating lumber is invited to get in touch with the nearest Weyerhaeuser representative.

A booklet "Better Crating" will be sent on request.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; and with representatives throughout the country.

(Continued from Page 198)

the Dutchman he said he'd take some of the stuff down to Denver an' see if he couldn't get somebody interested in it. Well, he did, just as a favor, understand. He wasn't gettin' anything out of it himself—but he just felt sorry for the old man. So finally they made a deal where these people paid the old man five thousand dollars and were going to pay him the rest of fifty thousand dollars in installments. Fifty thousand dollars!" repeated Charlie, drawing out the amount as though he liked the taste of it. "An' here he was, way over sixty years old—it'd been enough to keep him like a millionaire for the rest of his days. But you know what? The Leadville papers run a story about it all, sayin' what a fine mine it was an' all that. An' the old man seen it. 'Humph!' he says. 'If it's worth that to them, it's worth it to me!' So he give 'em back the money an' wouldn't have anything more to do with 'em, an' a couple o' months later somebody came along by the cabin an' found him sittin' there on the mine dump—dead. A rock or somethin'd fallen on him while he was countin' up his millions!"

Nor was Charlie's illustration of the old-time prospector and miner an unusual one. I've met a great many of the old fellows in the years I have been wandering the high country of the Rockies—stuck away in cabins at timber line, roaming the hills, living on the bounty of the community. I've never met one who wasn't feverish for a partner, or for somebody to "take ahold of the property." And I've never met one who, at the final drawing up of the papers, wouldn't become as skittish as a mule deer and think better about going through with the deal.

Because, after all, it isn't the money. There are times when I believe it never was the money. It was the thrill of discovery, the romance of being a prospector, the obedience to the wandering instinct; and gold was merely a wonderful excuse. As far as making a stake for life was concerned, that was largely on the surface. The history of mining communities shows few instances of prospectors who ever quit once they had located pay ore. Off again—just as soon as they could sell their claim—off again to new country; over the hill and away to where the mountains beckoned and the will-o'-the-wisp lured them on anew. That was the zest, that the thing which carried them on—the gold which meant adventure. And of all Western characters the prospector is the only one who cannot be overdrawn. His past is fiction, his life is fiction, and his present is fiction—and he a fiction character living it!

Names With a Punch

We wandered, one day, through a natural inferno of the Lake City country in Southern Colorado, where all the world had slipped. The greasy soil had moved as though a giant had pushed it while still in the plastic state. The trees slanted eerily. Giant bowlders hung in place as though held there by a thread. The vegetation was askew; far in the distance ragged black peaks fringed the sky in a sort of panoramic cut-out as they ran viciously to a sudden halt at what is known as Cannibal Plateau, where a gentleman of the past, named Packer, was wont to guide gold-seeking parties, and then, according to the charges which later sent him to prison, considerately kill them and cut them up for future consumption. Near by, in a little inclosure of time-blackened palings, were the graves of three such victims. Eerie country. Weird country. As though it should be only natural for cannibals to live there and cannibal victims to be buried by the roadside.

They called it Slumgullion Gulch, named back in the days when there was the same directness in designations that there was in building roads, when a place was reached by the nearest route, usually that of the gulch, heading straight upward from valley to ridge, no matter what the grade might be or how often the creek might go upon a rampage and take the highway with it. Today they build roads in the mountains upon a different system, preferring to wind about the sidehills where the granite forms a firm foundation, and where, though the route may be longer, the way is safer and less precipitous. In the same fashion have names changed; there is more finesse. A thing not known when life ran in the raw, with the result that a stream which possessed underfed fish became Skinnyfish Creek; a certain ranch in Middle Park, for obvious reasons, went on the maps as Crazy Woman Ranch; a mountain that now might be named something euphonious, like Puma Peak, was then—and so remained—just plain Sleepy Cat. They named 'em Indian fashion in the old days, according to the outstanding features; Slaughterhouse Gulch was where stood the local butchering pens, Sheep Gulch, Dirty Woman Ranch, Soap Creek, Mud Creek, Scraggly Peak, Bloody Nose Mountain, Sixshooter Brown's, Three Mile Creek, Frying Pan Creek—there was a delightful naïveness about it all which reached its dramatic climax in the christening of Slumgullion Gulch.

Not the Money But the Dream

Hardly a place of beauty in name or in scenery. Hardly a spot in which one would desire to smooth away the fading days of a lifetime. Yet in the midst of it we heard a tumult, wild shoutings and screamings mixed with the incessant blatting of sheep, as an old prospector, with arms waving, rescued his one companion, a jack burro, from a playful excursion with his fellow jacks of a passing sheep outfit.

"They'd steal th' clothes off your back!" he shouted as he dragged the long-eared truant back to the vicinity of a hole in the ground above which stood an ancient windlass. Then with sudden suspicion, "You ain't sheep men?"

We assured him, and he gazed up at us with his one remaining eye—the other had departed years before in a premature mine blast.

"Good thing you ain't. Every time a sheep outfit passes, this here jack wants to go with 'em. Wouldn't have nothin' to take my ore down with if he went."

Jack leaned forward in his saddle.

"Shipping ore, eh?" he asked. "High grade, I guess."

The miner demurred.

"Nope—ain't shippin' it. But I've got it. Got the best ore in this country. I'll ship it when I get good and ready."

Jack grinned.

"Wouldn't like to sell a quarter interest, would you?"

The one eye narrowed. The man moved closer to his ancient windlass as if to protect it.

"No!" he shouted. "I ain't in the market. I know what I've got!"

Later on, when a long trip was over, we took a bit of that ore—he had given it to us before the dreaded suspicion had gone through his mind that we might be there to take his beloved bonanza away from him—down to the assay office and had it tested. The assayer smiled as he handed us the sheet. It showed a total value of two dollars and ninety-one cents to the ton.

So it isn't the money. It's the dream of it. And the thrill of pursuit. Like hunting and coming home satisfied with the indications of game, thus giving an excuse to go again.

For the old-time prospector was constantly on the move. As a rule, he did not find a mine and settle down to making a fortune. He sold it and went somewhere else to find another one. Like picking flowers or hunting pretty pebbles along a seashore; the zest always for the next one.

He was not a trained man. What he knew he had learned from experience, or from someone else no more gifted than he. The corner store was his bank; a frying pan, a bedding roll, sowbelly and beans for grub, his rifle, his pick and gold pan, and sometimes a mortar and pestle formed his outfit—including, of course, the pack jack

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LOOK FREAKISH WITH CHEAP IMITATIONS
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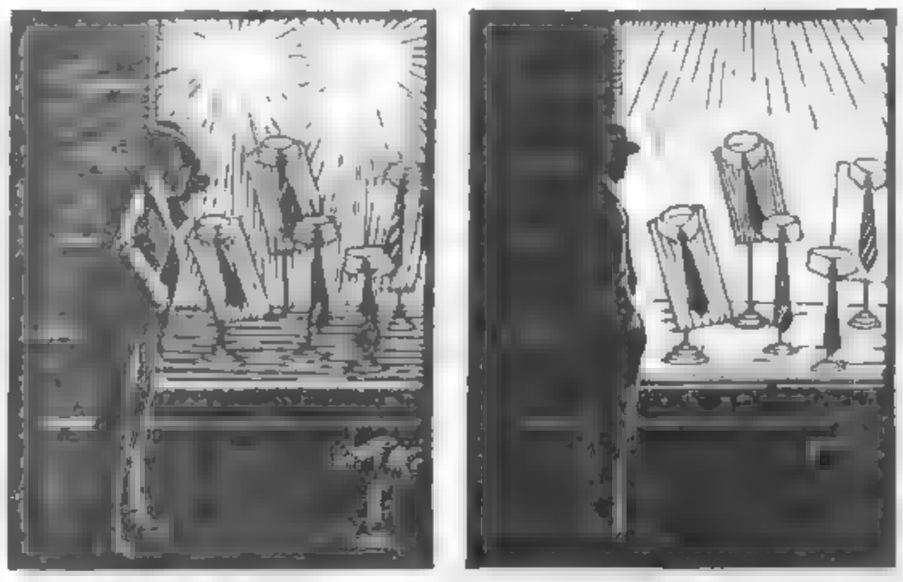


A—wrong lighting

B—right lighting

for instance, in the show-window

A—without Holophane B—with Holophane

Light at the lamp is just light. Only when it reaches the object to be seen does it become useful. Holophane gets it there with maximum efficiency.

For instance, for show-windows, Holophane makes prismatic lighting reflectors in which each prism is so shaped that most of the light is directed on the display, and none of it permitted to shine in the eyes of the observer.

Tests show that the installation of these reflectors makes an astonishing difference in the visibility and attractiveness of the window display, in the number of passers-by who stop, and consequently in the sales that result.

Holophane offers units for *every* lighting need. If you will write us, we shall be glad to tell you just what can be done to meet *your* lighting problems.

Holophane Company, New York and Toronto

Regulation at West Point for fifteen years -- Hays "Superseam" Gloves

The Daniel Hays Company

GLOVERSVILLE, NEW YORK

which lugged it. His journey was a directionless thing, moving where the day took him, or spending whole weeks in one vicinity, roaming aimlessly, yet ever searching

A stream and he would halt to dig to bed rock—for by the system of gravity gold-bearing sands lie at the deepest possible point—then filling his pan and rocking it carefully in a manner that would gradually eliminate all the lighter rocks and sands, finally clearing it of everything except a tiny amount of silt clinging at the edge Then the scrutiny for nuggets or for "colors"—infinitesimal flakes of gold that would indicate a metal-bearing stratum somewhere within the range of the stream.

Or searching the gulleys, picking up every unusual piece of stone to heft it carefully in the hope of metalliferous weight, to study it, and perhaps crush it that he might determine, also by the panning process, if it contained gold. Or tucking it away in his pack for future assaying for silver. Then, with the slightest indication, the slow, toiling process of following up this float, or dislodged piece of metal-bearing rock, until, far away in the higher reaches of the hills, he might come upon the outcropping of the vein and stake out another claim.

Not that all claims were valuable. Most of them were not. It is a comparatively easy matter to find metal-bearing rock in metal mountains. The job, however, is to find one that carries enough silver and gold to pay for the trouble of mining it. A condition, however, which did not apply as much in the old days as it does now. In the first place, mining was cheaper. In the second, gold was gold and silver was silver in those days, and there were plenty of persons who were willing to pay either for claims or for the expenses of grubstaking, that a prospector might go upon his aimless, will-o'-the-wisp way. Usually the grocery store—with results that have lasted even to the present day.

Some years ago a friend of mine went to live in a mining camp. One of the things that impressed him about a certain grocery store was the wide divergence of its prices from that of the other stores in the city. There came the time when natural curiosity caused him to ask questions. The storekeeper, a man of other days in mining, looked at him in amazement.

"Why shouldn't I charge a little more?" he asked. "See those books there? They've got sixty thousand dollars on 'em—money that's been advanced by this store to prospectors and leasers to go out and try to find gold mines and build up this country. Well, they didn't pan out. But that wasn't our fault, was it? It was all being done for the community, and so why shouldn't the community pay for it?"

Perennial Prospectors

Which was a rather broad way of looking at things, for the simple reason that the usual storekeeper was not ordinarily thinking of the community. Instead, he was thinking of himself and of what the advance might mean in the future. There are millionaires in the mining history of Colorado. Some of the most famous were grocers who advanced the grub necessary to send a prospector upon his way, losing everything if the prospector failed to find gold or gaining a half of the claim if his journey was a fortunate one

And the grubstakers usually worked the mine. The prospector almost invariably sold out—and went onward.

"You see," said Charlie one night as we talked it all over, "they sort o' got in a rut. First place, it was an awful easy life—nothin' to worry about as long as their grub an' their pack jack held out, an' always somebody else waitin' at the end of the trip to believe their stories about a new bonanza over on th' other side o' th' hill an' send 'em out after it. If they did strike it they could sell out easy an' get a big stake an' have a big time till they'd blowed it all. Then they could go out again. An' they kept on doin' it until one day they woke up an' found out they was too old to do anything else. By that time they'd gotten just a little bit off from bein' alone so much an' all that, an' so they just stay at it an' after 'while somebody comes along an' finds 'em dead in their cabin. An' that's th' end of another prospector.

"Why, there was an old fellow lived over by home, over above Twin Lakes, way up there where you seen them drifts when we went by. That little cabin. Had a hole in th' ground up there that he couldn't any more work than he could fly to Jerusalem Too old, you know. But do you think he'd leave it? No, sir; somebody might come along there an' steal it away from him. So he stayed, winter an' summer, an' the folks down in town used to kind o' keep watch on him by his light to see that he was all right Well, there came a spell of bad weather, blizzards an' such, an' folks went to bed pretty early, an' nobody noticed much whether the light was on or not. Then somebody remembered that they hadn't seen it, so they sent me 'n' another fellow up there to find out how he was."

Queer Men of the Hills

"He had a habit of markin' off the days on the calendar with a lead pencil—so's, I guess, he could figure how long it'd be till summer came again an' he could fool around in that hole in the ground. Well, the door was unlocked when we went up there an' so we walked right in when nobody answered our knockin'. There he was, sittin' in his chair with a piece of ore layin' on the floor where it'd dropped out of his hand, an' his fingers stretched out, just like it'd happened the minute we walked in the cabin. But there hadn't been any mark on the calendar for thirteen days."

Dead in their cabins. It happens now with increasing frequency; men who were young in the teeming days of the Rocky Mountain gold fever are now in their seventies. And when one is alone at seventy, far from the world, from a doctor—at last a passer-by halts, walks to the window of a slatternly cabin and looks in. Following which he goes into town and notifies the coroner. Then the local paper runs a two-inch notice, and another mountain cabin stands deserted, with the grass growing about the log sill and the pine squirrels chattering along the eaves. It is the usual history.

For they seem to have few relatives these queer men of the hills. Perhaps they have gone long before or perhaps a life of wandering has caused a natural drifting apart. Sometimes the mourner is a companion prospector, awaiting a like fate. Sometimes it is no one at all. And yet it has been the end of a perfect life; there's no one happier than a prospector.

A life incidentally as precarious as it has been joyful. A satisfied life; whether it be by the task of dragging a few tons of ore a year from a hole in the ground, getting it down to the sampler by hook and crook and then with the proceeds making the rounds of the town's mercantile establishments and settling up the comparatively puny bills there are still a dozen or so accounts in every old-time mining camp—whether it be upon the slim remainder of a stake gained at some far time in the past, and now employed that a lone man may remain when others have gone, still waiting, still hoping in some decrepit, defunct mining camp, or whether upon a pittance allowed by the county, the results seem the same. There's always the happiness, the satisfaction, the interest; especially if the object of that interest be a town where the roofs are caving and the windows agape. For then there's no one to bother, no one to interfere with dreams and visions and the running of a city as she should be run!

We found such a municipal manager one day high up on Fremont Pass, in a town where once there had been six thousand persons. There'd been eight dance halls there, too, he told us. And more than that many saloons. Strange, but they can always remember the number of dance halls

(Continued on Page 205)

Sound Teeth *can be kept sound*

Decay germs lose their power when you use this dental cream

FREE If this advertisement interests you; if you are anxious to keep your teeth and gums sound—the first step to take is to fill in the coupon below and send for a generous sample of Kolynos Dental Cream, enough to brush your teeth 22 times, ½ inch to the brushing.

See for yourself the result of killing germs. You will say to yourself, just as thousands of others have, "**How clean my mouth feels!**" So send for the free sample—or, what will be quicker, buy a tube at your druggist's.

Read how it helps your dentist

By Ira Davis Joel, B. S., M. S.

TRY this germ-killing dental cream at our expense. But first read why it is necessary for teeth that germs be killed. Germs are the cause of tooth decay.

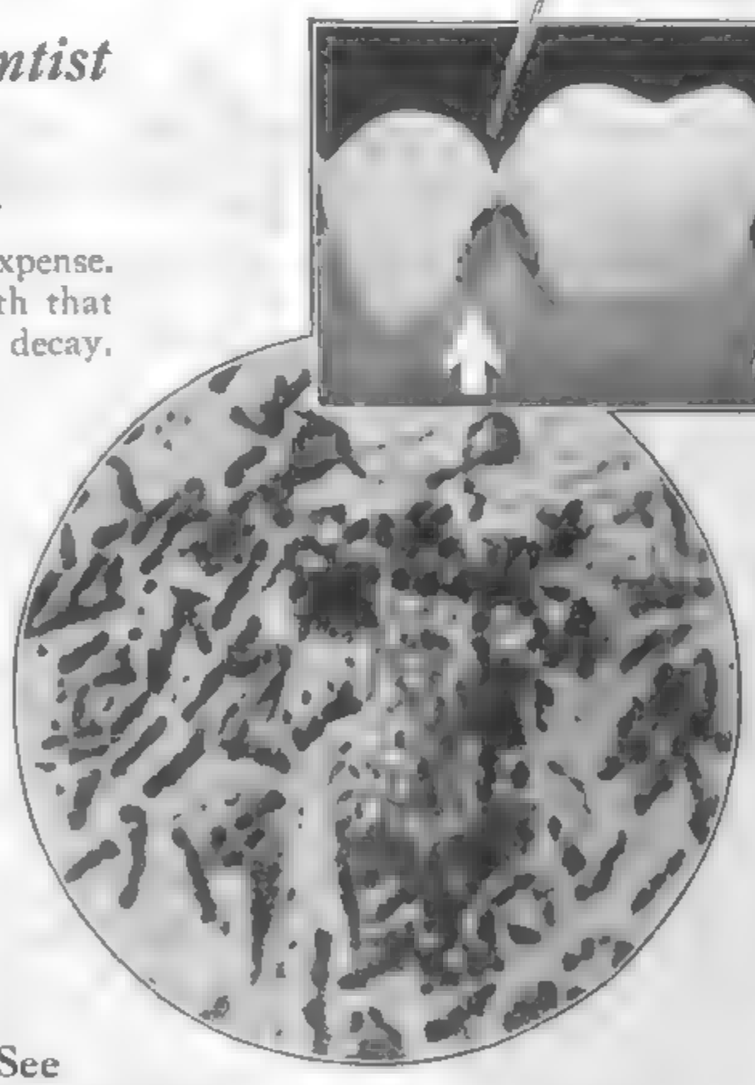
Two University of Michigan scientists examined a great many decayed teeth. In nine out of ten they found a certain germ. They turned this germ loose on sound teeth and in a short time it *ate through* the enamel. Kill this germ, they claim, and you immediately check decay. They made experiments. When teeth were treated with dentifrices that did not kill germs, the teeth decayed; but when the germs were killed, there was no decay.

Many eminent scientists attest the germicidal power of Kolynos Dental Cream. They find that it kills, *in the mouth*, 80 to 90 per cent of the mouth bacteria. And after using Kolynos, hours pass before there are again enough germs to damage your teeth. You say to yourself, "How clean my mouth feels!" which is the best evidence that most of the germs are no longer there.

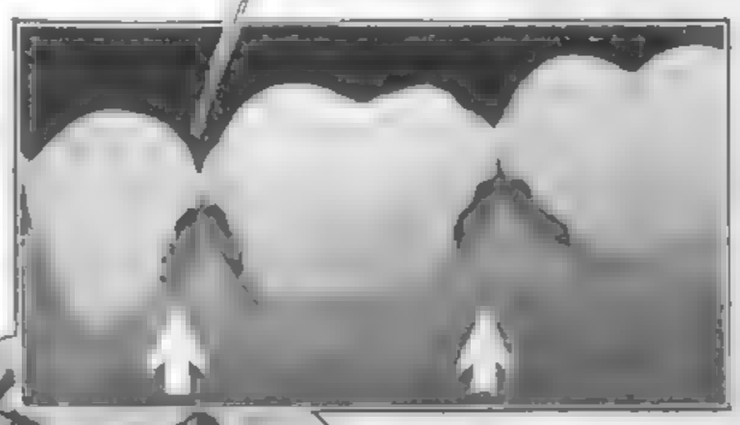
Doctors and dentists say that 85 to 90 per cent of the health-destroying germs enter the body through the mouth. Kolynos helps to keep your mouth free from germs and automatically insures better health.

Recommended by 140,000 dentists and doctors

You have read our claims for Kolynos. Perhaps you think we are too enthusiastic. But do dentists and doctors think so? These professional men do not take our assertions for granted. They make tests; they investigate; they watch what happens when teeth are protected by Kolynos. They tell us that Kolynos is the dentifrice they use themselves. Yet even more significant than this are the testimonials in our files at New Haven. There we have cards or letters written by *51,000 dentists and 89,000 doctors asking us for samples of Kolynos to distribute to their patients.* They recommend Kolynos. They advise their patients to use it twice daily. Surely no dentist or doctor would even suggest a dentifrice to his patients unless he were absolutely convinced of its merits. Kolynos Manufacturing Laboratories are located at New Haven, U. S. A.; at London, England; and at Montreal, Canada.



See these germs? *Look harmless, don't they? Yet they easily eat through hard enamel, a material that blunts the edge of tempered steel. These germs, small as they look here, are magnified hundreds of times. They are soft, yet they eat through the enamel of your teeth as easily as the dentist's powerful drill.*



Snug harbors for decay germs

It is much easier for your tooth brush to clean the more exposed surfaces of your teeth. It is in the crevices that the germs get in their fine work. Kolynos used in the mouth becomes a liquid which flows into the crevices and kills the germs which would otherwise start decay.

This is American Education Week

One day—Saturday, November 21, 1925—is known all over the country as Community and Health Day. All of us should be thinking about more certain safeguards for our own health and our children's. Health is the one essential to business and personal success. Everyone should have it. Almost everyone can. Proper care of the teeth is a vitally important factor.

Try Kolynos in *liquid form* as a spray and gargle. Not only your teeth, but your mouth and throat as well, need the protection of an antiseptic. They, too, are constantly menaced by harmful germs. Kolynos Liquid immediately kills these germs.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM FREE

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New Haven, Conn.
Send sample to:

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Street . . . . . .

City . . . . . .

"Tough as a Rhino"

Stung with speed, and flailed with pounding blows, each Cupples Cord grips the road with dogged endurance. It's built for wear. It's got a fighting heart of honest rubber. Its makers have enjoyed a reputation for integrity throughout 74 years of manufacturing experience. Whether rubber costs be high or low—there's full value for your money in every Cupples Cord. Ask for them at the nearest dealer's. Put a Cupples Tube inside.

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CUPPLES CORD TIRES
Over-Size *Extra Heavy*
CUPPLES INNER TUBES

CUPPLES COMPANY, ST. LOUIS
A National Institution Since 1851

Cupples
TIRES TUBES

Continued from Page 202

and the number of places where one could drink and where one, with a new stake in his pocket, could have it thoroughly and hilariously taken away from him that, penniless, blinking away his headache, he might start forth anew upon the trail of an undiscovered bonanza. Down in the southern part of Colorado is the town of Gunnison, once the center of a scattered mining community, but now a city of tourists, of cattle, of fishing activities and of a normal school. A pretty little town, quiet, well-behaved ——

"But it ain't nothin' to what it used to be," an aged prospector told me. "Why, at one time in this town, countin' dance halls, gamblin' palaces an' everything, there were eighty-three places in this town where a man could get a drink! And the girls! You ought've saw 'em ——"

A Dead Mule in a Dead Town

For girls, it seemed, of a type that wore tinsel on their dresses and wore those dresses short, played more than a mere thinking part in the ancient romance of gold. In many a district they were the only bits of femininity which existed. And soiled though they might be, they were women. To be sought, to be loved, and then, when the gray dawn had come, to be remembered as some prospector wandered forth into the stillness of the hills again that he might name his stake the Molly B and thrill romantic thrills at the name, while back in the slatternly camp and the slab-boarded dance hall which formed her habitation Miss Molly B deftly wiped the bottom of her beer glass on the edge of the table and set her smile for the next denizen of the wild who might come roaming in with gold dust oozing from his wallet. And as if in memory—since the dance halls are gone and the Molly B's have long departed—paint and pine still hold true to their trust, and afar off upon some gullied road that long since ceased to be, one still finds a board careening above the yawning hole of a caved-in tunnel opening, and upon that board the scrawled letters:

SWEeT baBY MiNe

Therefore, with this in mind, it was not unexpected that we should hear of the dance halls and the places where one could get a drink. But what was rather surprising was the advent of a stack of letters from the Forest Service and the announcement that of all the branches of the Government, that particular one was the cussedest one of all. We evinced curiosity. Whereupon we learned that this majestic town with its careening deserted buildings, with its church long paintless and longer unoccupied, with its grass-grown graveyard keeping guard above the wreck of the glory that once was Robinson, had been defiled! A plain, ordinary mule had walked into the center of the town, taken one look at his surroundings—and died!

Whereupon the entire population—and he told us the story himself—had taken up the matter with the Forest Service. Was this right that a town should have a mule drop dead in it? Was it right that a town that had known the glories of Robinson must submit to the fact that the magpies were roosting on the telegraph poles, and that a mule, a common ordinary mule, should continue to be deader and deader? To which the Forest Service replied that it had received the communication of the twelfth instant relative to the dropping dead of a mule in the deserted town of Robinson, and that if the present population of Robinson would look after the removal and proper interment of said mule and determine the owner of said mule the Forest Service would endeavor to refund to the population of Robinson the cost of moving said mule. That was all. No sentiment. No thought of the moral effects of a mule's dropping dead. More: when the population had removed said mule and determined the former owner of said mule as Mike Casanovia of Leadville, the Forest Service had replied, thanking the population for its letter of the eighth instant, in reference to File FH 103,342, pertaining to the dropping dead of a mule in the deserted town of Robinson, and that the Forest Service had investigated the matter in regard to the possible ownership being that of Mike Casanovia, and regretted to state that said Mike Casanovia had denied any knowledge and connection with said mule; and would the population of Robinson kindly state upon what predication the ownership of said mule was established.

"And it ain't the three dollars that it cost me to move him!" mourned the entire population of Robinson as he waived the reading of the dozen or so other letters pertaining to the demise of the unwanted animal. "It's that a mule could come in here and drop dead anyhow. Why, I've seen the time when these streets were so crowded that a mule couldn't get on 'em. What's more," he added *sotto voce*, "it's liable to come again. There was a bunch of New York capitalists up this way last week, looking at that mine. If they'd ever open it up this town'd come right back!"

Grub and the Gold Nugget

Toward that end they live on, regardless of that which may intervene. One night at dusk, high atop the Rabbit Ear Range in Western Colorado, there came into our camp a shadowy figure, trailed by a gray mare and a colt. He had a frying pan, a fishing rod and a bedding roll—but that was all. He wasn't hungry, he said, but he guessed he could eat a little. And that we might not notice that he waded through our stack of grub like some devastating scourge, he told us of his manganese claim over on the other side of the range, and the five stakes he'd made and let slip through his fingers, and of the one that he was just about to lay hands on, adding thereto marvelous and thoroughly boresome stories of the Indian massacre at Meeker Station in Western Colorado—at which he was not present.

When the food was gone and we were recovering from our astonishment at his capacity, he rose, grasped his halter rope, then paused.

"Boys," he said, "it's just this here way. Either I find that gold mine or I don't. Now, a man can't live without grub, can he? Well, I ain't got no grub. And I ain't got no money. But I've got a gold nugget here"—whereupon a hand dived toward his hip pocket, and halted there without displaying the gem—"an' if you'll just let me have a little bacon, I'll either give you this here gold nugget, or I'll leave the money for you down at the mercantile company in Steamboat Springs, just's soon ——"

We couldn't take his last gold nugget! He got the bacon. A week later, far on the other side of the range, we told two ranch

This solid milk chocolate basket filled with assorted chocolates and marzipan fruits, 1½ lbs. net, sent postpaid to any address with your name on gift card shown above on receipt of $2.00. Please see dealer first.

Thanksgiving Day

PERHAPS Thanksgiving is your wedding anniversary. Perhaps some one you love can't share the day with you. Puritan Chocolates are the supremely fitting remembrance. The Thanksgiving Remembrance Box contains a variety of centers sure to please. The coatings are quite the most wonderful she ever tasted. Thicker, smoother, richer, more chocolate-ty. Special Thanksgiving wrappers, remembrance cards.

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Central Parkway, Cincinnati, Ohio

Puritan CINCINNATI Chocolates

"THE PERFECT GIFT"

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Sure I want extra money for Christmas. How may I earn it?

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Street _____

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MR. W. E. BRACKETT of Ohio earns more than $100.00 extra every December.

During November and December last year, Leo Adler of Oregon made more than $175.00.

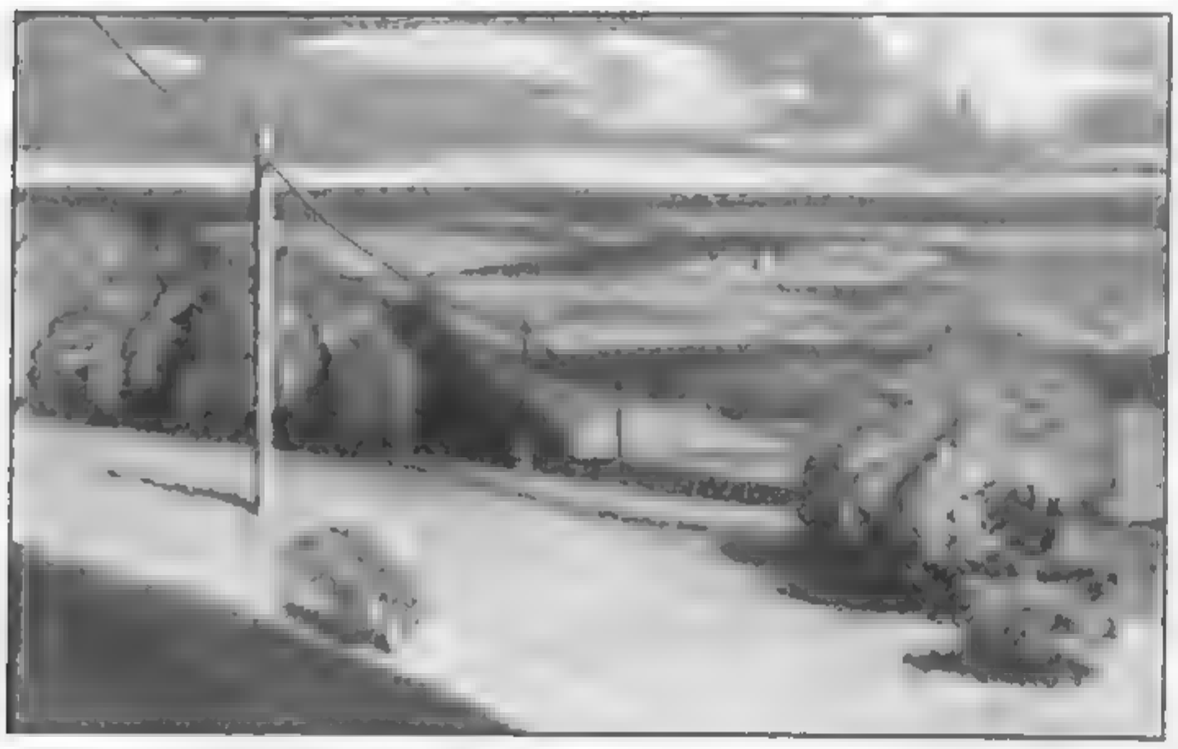
Mrs. L. C. Irwin of Ohio earned more than $100.00 extra for Christmas last year.

Among the things which Mr. John E. Griffith wants for Christmas each year is more money. Mr. Griffiths is employed all day, every working day, yet we have paid him more than $80.00 extra in a single month.

These men and women are our subscription representatives. They would tell you that they are certain to make more Curtis dollars between now and Christmas than they did during the same weeks last year.

Even without experience you, too, can have extra money for Christmas.

Send This Coupon



Safeguarding the lanes of speech

The New York-Chicago telephone cable has been completed and is now in service. A triumph of American telephone engineering, the new cable is the result of years of research and cost $25,000,000 to construct. Its first reach extended along the Atlantic seaboard, then steadily westward until this last long section to Chicago was put into service.

To the public, this cable means dependable service irrespective of weather conditions. It is now not likely that sleet storms, which at times interfere with the open wire type of construction with 40 to 50 wires on a pole, will again cut off the rest of the nation from New York or from the nation's capital as did the heavy sleet storm on the day of President Taft's inauguration.

The new cable means speedier service, as it provides numerous additional telephone circuits and will carry a multitude of telephone and telegraph messages. It would take ten lines of poles, each heavily loaded with wires, to carry the circuits contained in this most modern artery of speech.

This cable, important as it is, is only one of the Bell System projects that make up its national program for better telephone service to the subscriber. It is another illustration of the System's intention to provide the public with speedier and even more dependable service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Christmas!

California Sweets

In Special Gift Boxes

We suggest, for one, popular California Grace Fruits packed in firm, wood boxes, attractively enhanced by a softly colored Mission picture. A delightful gift! A delicious delicacy!

No. 536, 1 lb.—$1.00 No. 538, 3 lbs.—$3.00
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Shipped Prepaid in U.S.A.

Mail coupon today. Include a greeting card, if you like, or we will insert one for you.
Write for catalogue showing 40 other ideas in California Gift Boxes.

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Send Gift Box (Insert No.)
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Will bring you anywhere in the U. S. for 30 days' FREE trial. Test it yourself in your own home and if you do not agree that it is the Greatest Radio Value in the Country RETURN IT TO THE FACTORY. We don't want your money unless you are completely satisfied. The Metrodyne Super Five is a 5 tube Tuned Radio Frequency set. Easy to operate. Dials can be set to stations instantly on any wave length.

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METRO ELECTRIC COMPANY
1343 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 76 Chicago, Ill.

boys of the occurrence and how we might be the potential finders of a gold mine ——

But a snort interrupted.

"He's got a fishing rod, ain't he?"

"Yes. He says he catches some of his food ——"

"Got red wrappings, ain't it?"

"Yes."

Again a snort

"Needn't tell me his name. I know him. Got that rod from me two years ago over at Luna Lake and said he'd give me a dollar for it, but that he didn't have the change then, nothin' but a gold nugget. But just as soon's he got into Steamboat he'd leave the money for me at the mercantile company. And they never even heard of him! Don't do anything but work these lakes along the top of the range, knowing he's pretty sure to find somebody there. I've met a dozen fellows he's worked that gold-nugget racket on. But nobody's ever seen it!"

To which, one, in the ordinary course of life, might reply that here was a different sort of tramp—not taking the more accustomed route of the back doors of the city, nor braving the dogs of the farm yard; knowing full well that the arms of generosity open far wider when one is away from civilization. But a tramp is only a tramp with no object ahead save the food of the day and the shelter of the night. Here was an incentive, something beckoning, something calling—a gold mine just ahead!

A gold mine ahead—and whether it ever materializes or not seems to make but little difference. Suffice that it be waiting somewhere in a far-away gulch, or on the other side of the range, or beyond the rainbow. Far south, along the course of one of the innumerable Beaver Creeks which stream endlessly through the Uncompahgre National Forest, we turned in our saddles one day to watch the uncertain course of a bearded, decrepit old man as, slow hand over slow hand, he worked his way along a rickety fence toward the doorway of a more rickety cabin. We knew his story without asking it—beside the door stood a pick and a gold pan, long crusted with rust. We knew by his uncertain progress that he was blind, and by a store of provisions just visible within the door that the county had just made the contribution which would allow him to live another month. There was nothing more to learn.

"Ain't that awful now?" asked Charlie, as he took up the slack on Big Major's halter rope.

"Poor devil!" I replied.

But then an interruption. From our rear, where an aged man was working his way in the darkness along a careening fence, a voice still vibrant coming from a chest to which a life in the open had given strength and depth and resonance. A voice raised in joyful tune—a song of other days:

"Oh, Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight?
Come out tonight? Come out tonight?
Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight
An' dance in the light of the
mo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-on?"

Ahead of me Jack Nankervis shifted in his saddle. He shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the use?" he asked.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Four Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

November 21, 1925

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES	PAGE
The Doctor—*Perceval Gibbon*	5
What I Have Said I Have Said—*Arnold Bennett*	8
The Woman of It—*Marjory Stoneman Douglas*	12
Buttercup Day—*P. G. Wodehouse*	14
Judith Iscariot—*Will Levington Comfort*	18
Sick Per Cent—*Hugh Wiley*	20
The Fighting Rabbit—*Frank Condon*	24
Even Eve—*Agnes Burke Hale*	40
ARTICLES	
Hindenburg—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	6
The Feel of the Audience—*Fanny Brice*	10
Here We Are Again—*Robert Edmund Sherwood*	11
A Roman Farmer, New Style—*Will Payne*	16
A Million Just Ahead!—*Courtney Ryley Cooper*	22
For Business Reasons—*Maude Parker Child*	26
A State of War—*Chester T. Crowell*	31
Keeping Time—*John Philip Sousa*	37
Judicially Reviewing the Seers—*William McAdoo*	46
An Ascent Into Poverty—*As Told to Margaret Widdemer*	50
SERIALS	
The Peach's Progress (In five parts)—*May Edginton*	3
I Want to be a Lady (Second part)—*Maximilian Foster*	28
MISCELLANY	
Editorials	30
Short Turns and Encores	32
Getting On in the World	34
Out-of-Doors	52

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

This is the famous Eureka "High-Vacuum" test. See it performed on an apparently clean rug.

. . . if every woman could see—

the deeply embedded dirt this famous Eureka "High-Vacuum" test removes!

If every woman could see below the surface of her carpets and rugs—if she could fully realize and appreciate the actual condition of apparently clean floor coverings—she would be both astounded and alarmed!

See the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner, with dust bag removed, passed back and forth across one small section of a rug that has been regularly beaten and swept by ordinary methods. See for yourself the startling amount of germ-laden dust, dirt and grit that the Eureka discharges from the hidden depths of your floor coverings!

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This Test Will Convince You

Let this famous Eureka "High-Vacuum" test prove to you the vital importance of the deeper, more thorough cleaning that results from the use of the Grand Prize Eureka. Then—and then only—can you fully appreciate the superiority of the Eureka "high-vacuum" principle of cleaning that has resulted in the sale today of one Grand Prize Eureka for every two of the 69 competing "makes."

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Do not fail to have our dealer near you show you this convincing "high-vacuum" test. Then witness a complete demonstration of the Grand Prize Eureka and its attachments. Decide now to waste no further time and effort with old-fashioned or less efficient cleaning methods and devices. Get a Eureka today.

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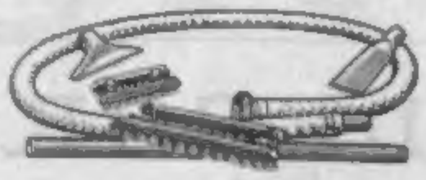

The Grand Prize

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It Gets the Dirt

—"the Riddle tag is your protection in buying lighting equipment for your home"

This is the tag that appears on each fitment of the Riddle Special Series, identifying the unusual values in these popular fitments.

All Riddle Fitments other than the Special Series are identified by this tag, bearing the factory price which is your protection in buying.

You don't buy lighting equipment every day. It's something you purchase only a few times, at most, during a lifetime. And so it is natural to feel some hesitancy in making a selection. You wonder whether the style is right; whether the value is there; whether, in short, you are getting your full money's worth for every dollar you spend.

Riddle

You need have no such hesitancy if you will simply look for the Riddle tag which is attached to every genuine Riddle Fitment. This tag is your assurance, in the first place, that the style is correct, for Riddle Fitments have come to be very widely accepted as the standard of modern home lighting. It is your guarantee, also, that the fitment represents the highest standard of excellence in materials and manufacture. And as every Riddle tag bears the factory price you have the important additional assurance that you are paying a fair manufacturing and retailing profit and no more.

Riddle Fitments are nationally priced and sold only through Authorized Dealers who believe in retailing merchandise of established quality and name; who are satisfied to ask only a reasonable profit, and who are desirous, furthermore, of offering their customers the greatest possible values in residential lighting equipment.

Riddle Fitments are now to be found in over 150,000 homes. This great amount of business has been built up on the definite policy of producing residential lighting equipment of high quality at moderate prices which represent only a fair profit to manufacturer and dealer alike.

You can have confidence in every fitment that bears the Riddle tag, and in every dealer displaying these fitments for sale.

If you are not acquainted with the Riddle dealer in your community we shall be glad to send you his name and also a folder showing many attractive styles of fitments for the various rooms of the home. In case you would like to do as so many others are now doing, and replace your old-style lighting fixtures with new Riddle Fitments, ask your dealer for details of the trade-in plan under which you may secure an allowance that still further reduces the moderate cost of a Riddle installation.

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

Make yours a modern basement . . .

Copyright 1925, United States Gypsum Company

The day of the old, cold, draughty and dismal basement is over.

In the modern home, the basement is one of the show places of the house, one of the things the visiting friend must see and appreciate. It is solidly walled and ceiled, partitioned off into sections suited to different uses, and all neat and clean and comfortable enough to live in.

Two things, chiefly, have made this transformation possible in thousands of homes—new and improved heating plants making cleanly use of oil, gas, coke or coal—and Sheetrock, the *fireproof* wallboard. It is Sheetrock that makes the rigid, tight-jointed, *permanent* walls and ceilings for the modern basement.

Besides the attractiveness and convenience of separate compartments for the furnace, the fuel storage, the laundry with its tubs and stove and ironer, the fruit closet, the workroom, the playroom, there is also great *value* in a basement lined with Sheetrock.

The fuel that is saved by the high *insulating* quality of Sheetrock is an economy that in an average winter or two will pay for the improvement. The *security* added by these gypsum walls that *cannot burn, ignite or transmit fire* is another value. And there is the added profit in having a more *comfortable* dwelling, damp-proof and draught-proof, the year around.

Why not line your basement with Sheetrock? The first cost is low, and there is no upkeep. Sheetrock comes in broad, ceiling high sheets that need only to be nailed to the joists or studding. If you want to decorate, Sheetrock takes any decoration.

Your dealer in lumber or builders' supplies sells Sheetrock. Write us for free copy of "Walls of Worth" (illustrated) and sample of Sheetrock.

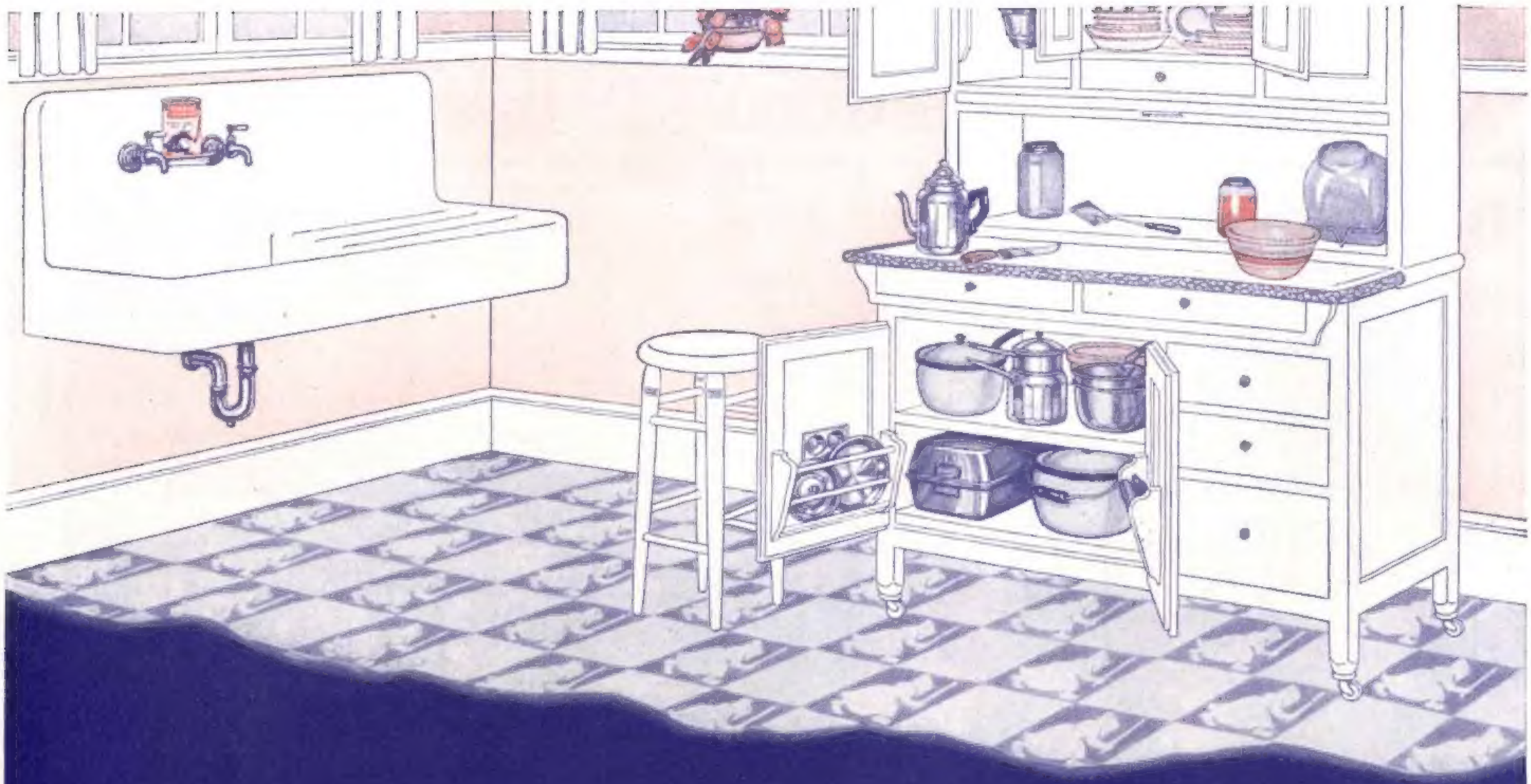
Sheetrock is inspected and approved as an effective barrier to fire by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
General Offices: 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

SHEETROCK

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Use Old Dutch and be assured of

Healthful Cleanliness

The kitchen, the very heart of the home, should be spotlessly clean and wholesome. This is important to the good health of the family.

The pots and pans in which food is prepared; the sink, refrigerator, the kitchen cabinet and the stove, all of these are directly involved in *Healthful Cleanliness.*

Old Dutch is a sure, safe means of keeping everything clean; its flat, flaky particles remove all the dirt, the invisible dangers, as well as the dirt you see. It contains no hard scratchy grit, acid or caustic; it erases dirt instead of scratching it off. This is important as scratches are catch-alls for dirt and impurities, and scratched surfaces are harder to keep clean.

The most efficient and economical way to secure *Healthful Cleanliness* is to use Old Dutch Cleanser. Use it every day, everywhere. Goes further—lasts longer. Doesn't harm the hands.

There's nothing else like it

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